

JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

A N

HEROIC POEM:

!



JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

A N

H E R O I C P O E M:

Translated from the Italian of

T Ø R Q U A T O T A S S O,

By JOHN HOOLE.

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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Christians make a solemn procession, and, with public prayers, implore the assistance of Heaven. The next morning a general assault is given to the city; and numbers are slain on both sides. A breach is made in the wall; Godfrey, preparing to enter first, is wounded by an arrow from Clorinda, and obliged to retire from the field. The day then seems to change in favour of the Pagans. Soliman and Argantes signalize themselves. In the mean time Godfrey, being conveyed to his tent, is miraculously healed by an Angel. He returns to the walls, and renewes the attack, 'till night puts an end to the battle.

THE Christian Leader now, with care oppress'd,
The near assault revolv'd within his breast:
But while he hastes his vast machines to frame,
Before his presence rev'rend Peter came;
The hermit sage apart the Hero took,
And thus sedate with awful words bespoke.

5

VOL.

B

You

2 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XI.

You mighty Prince ! terrestrial arms prepare,
But first another duty claims your care.
To Heav'n your thoughts be turn'd, your vows be paid,
And call the Angels and the Saints to aid : 10
With public pray'rs their succour seek to gain,
So may your arms the wish'd success obtain.
Then let the priesthood in procession move,
And humbly supplicate the pow'rs above :
And you, O Chiefs ! the vulgar herd inspire, 15
And kindle in their souls devotion's fire.

Severely thus the holy hermit said ;
Th' observant Leader his advice obey'd.
O servant, lov'd of JESUS ! (he reply'd)
Well pleas'd I follow where thy counsels guide. 20
While I the chieftains of the camp invite,
Call thou the people's pastors to the rite,
William and Ademar, (a rev'rend pair)
Thine be the sacred pomp, and thine the care !

Soon as th' ensuing morning's light arose, 25
The hermit, with the priests assembled, goes
Where in a vale, to worship sacred made,
The Christians oft their pure devotions paid.
Robes, white as snow, the priestly band enfold ;
The pastors shone in mantles rich with gold, 30
That hung divided on their breasts before,
And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.

First Peter leads, and waves aloft in air
The sign which Saints in *Paradise* revere :
Next in two ranks, with solemn steps and slow,
The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go : 35

Then



B. XI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

3

Then, side by side, the holy Chiefs appear,
William and Ademar, and close the rear:
 Next *Godfrey* comes, like one of high command,
 Alone and foremoit of his martial band. 40
 By two and two the field the leaders tread ;
 Then, sheath'd in arms, the warrior-host succeed.
 Thus from the trenches move the pious train,
 Sedate and silent stretching o'er the plain ;
 Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet's sound is heard, 45
 But holy hymns from humble hearts preferr'd.

Thee **FATHER** ! first, omnipotent, they sung,
 Thee, **SON**, coequal ! from the **FATHER** sprung:
 Thee, **SPIRIT** ! in whose influence both combine ;
 Thee, Virgin-Mother of the Man-Divine ! 50
 And you, ye Leaders ! who in Heav'n above
 Th' effulgent bands in triple circles move :
 And thee, whose hand baptiz'd th' incarnate God
 With the pure stream in *Jordan's* hallow'd flood.
 Thee, *Peter* ! they invoke in songs of praise, 55
 The rock on which Heav'n fix'd his church to raise ;
 Where now thy great descendant holds the place,
 T' unclose the gates of pardon and of grace :
 And all the nunciates of th' ethereal reign,
 Who testify'd the glorious death to man : 60
 With those, the martyrs for the truth, who stood
 To seal the precious doctrine with their blood:
 And those, whose words or writings taught the way
 To the lost regions of eternal day :
 And her the damsel true, of Christ belov'd, 65
 Whose pious choice the better life approv'd :

Then

B 2

The

The virgins chaste, in lonely cells enclos'd,
By mystic rites to Heav'n alone espous'd:
With every other name in torments try'd,
Whose zeal the nations and their Kings defy'd !

Thus chanting hymns devout, the num'rous train,
In ample circuit, mov'd along the plain:
Their penfive march to *Olivet* they frame,
(Fruitful in olives whence it bears the name;
Eastward it rises from the sacred town,
A mount by fame thro' ev'ry region known.)
So pass the tuneful bands with cadence sweet,
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat;
The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply.

Meantime, in wonder fix'd, the *Pagan* band
All hush'd and silent on the ramparts stand ;
Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,
The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.
But when their wonder ceas'd, th' ungodly crew
From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw :
With barb'rous shouts they shake the bulwarks round
The hills and vallies to the noise resound !
But not their course the *Christian* pow'r's refrain,
Nor cease their ritual or melodious strain :
Fearless they move, nor heed the clamours more
Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.

Then on the summit of the hill they rear'd
A splendid altar, for the priest prepar'd ;
On either side, resplendent to behold,
A beamy lamp was plac'd of burnish'd gold !

XI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED,

5

There *William* now, in costlier robes array'd,
 His rev'rend homage at the altar paid ;
 There, with low voice, his humble suit prefers,
 And supplicates with vows and holy pray'rs. 100

Devoutly hush'd the near assistants stand ;
 in, With eyes intent behold the distant band :
 But when compleat the mystic rites were ceas'd,
 The sacred Sire th' attending train dismiss'd,
 And with his priestly hand the squadrons bles'd 105 }
 }

The pious troops return (this duty o'er)
 And tread the path their feet had trod before :
 Till, at the vale arriv'd, their ranks they broke,
 When to the tents his course the Hero took :
 With smiles he parted from the vulgar band, 110
 But there the captains of his host detain'd
 To due repast ; and full before him plac'd
Toulouse's valiant Earl with honours grac'd.
 The call of thirst and hunger now repress'd,
 The Chief of Chiefs his leaders thus address'd. 115

Soon as the morn ascends her early throne,
 Rise all in arms t' assault *Judea*'s town :
 Be that the day t' invade our impious foe,
 The present hours to needful tasks bestow.

This said, the chiefs depart ; with trumpet's sound 120
 Th' obedient heralds send his mandates round ;
 And bid each ardent warrior rise to fight,
 Array'd in armour, with the dawning light.
 In diff'rent works the tedious day they waste,
 And various thoughts revolve in ev'ry breast, 125

6 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XI.

'Till welcome night, that irksome care relieves,
A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.

Aurora still with doubtful lustre gleams,
Scarce has the dawn display'd her orient beams ;
No stubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear ; 130
No watchful shepherds to the meads repair ;
Each bird secure his peaceful slumber takes ;
Nor hound nor horn the silent forest wakes :
When now the trumpet's echoes rouze the morn,
To arms ! to arms ! the vaulted skies return : 135
To arms ! to arms ! with universal cry
A hundred legions to the notes reply.
First *Godfrey* rose, but now neglects to bear
His pond'rous cuirass, oft approv'd in war ;
A slight defence the fearless hero chose, 140
And o'er his limbs the lighter burthen throws ;
Arm'd like the meanest of the martial name :
When aged *Raymond* to his presence came :
Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd
What deed the leader's secret foul design'd. 145
Where is thy cors'let's massy weight (he cry'd)
Where all thy other arms of temper try'd ?
What do'st thou seek ? a private palm to gain,
To scale the walls amongst the vulgar train ?
Think not this task a Gen'ral's sword demands ; 150
Such dangers leave to less important hands.
Resume thy arms : regard thy safety most,
And save a life, the spirit of our host.

He ceas'd. The gen'rous Leader thus reply'd ;
When holy *Urban* girded to my side 155
This

XL. B. XI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

7

This sword in *Claramont* ; when first 'twas giv'n
 To *Godfrey*'s hand to wage the wars of Heav'n,
 To God I vow'd my social arms to wield,
 A private warrior in the dang'rous field.

130 Since I have ev'ry duty now display'd, 160
 As fits a chief by whom the host is led ;
 It next remains (with justice shalt thou own)
 To march in equal arms t' assault the town.
 Thus shall I keep the faith to Heav'n I gave,
 His hand shall lead me, and his pow'r shall save. 165

This said ; his brethren soon th' example took ;
 Each knight of *France* his heavy arms forsook ;
 The other chiefs less cumb'rous harness chose,
 And boldly march'd on foot t' invade the foes.

140 Alike prepar'd the *Pagan* troops ascend 170
 Where tow'rd the north the crooked ramparts bend ;
 And where the west surveys the rising tow'rs,
 Of least defence against the hostile pow'rs :
 For well secur'd on ev'ry part beside,

145 The town th' attempts of all their host defy'd. 175
 Nor here alone the Tyrant's watchful care
 Had plac'd the best and bravest of the war ;
 But, summon'd in this utmost risque of state,
 Old age and childhood share the toils of fate :

150 These to the brave supply (as time requires) 180
 Sulphur, and stones, and darts, and missile fires.
 With vast machines and arms the walls they stow,
 Whose rising height commands the plain below ;
 There from aloft, the Soldan strikes the eyes,
 In form a giant of stupendous size ! 185

8 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XI.

There on the ramparts, flaming from afar,
The fierce *Argantes* tow'rs with threat'ning air :
And where the highest fort its summit rears,
The fam'd *Clorinda* o'er the rest appears,
And stor'd with darts her deadly quiver bears. 190 }
Already in her hand the bow she tries,
Now strains the nerve, and now the shaft applies.
Eager to strike the lovely archer stands,
And waits, with longing eyes, the hostile bands.
So feign'd of old, from Heav'n's ethereal height, 195
The *Delian* Virgin dealt a feather'd flight.

The hoary King, forgetful of his state,
Within the city moves from gate to gate ;
Renews again his orders on the wall,
And breathes a hope and confidence in all : 200
Here adds supplies of men, and there provides
Fresh store of arms, and o'er the whole presides.
But to the fanes the matrons sad repair,
And seek their fabled God with fruitless pray'r.

O ! hear our vows ! thy righteous arm advance, 205
And sudden break the *Christian* robber's lance :
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend !

While thus the city bends her diff'rent cares,
The pious Chief his arms and troops prepares : 210
And first he leads the foot, a num'rous train,
In skillful order marshall'd on the plain :
Then in two squadrons he divides his pow'rs
T'attack, on either side, the hostile tow'rs.

XL B. XI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 9

The huge Balistæ in the midſt appear, 215
 And ev'ry dreadful implement of war ;
 Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown
 Enormous darts and crags of pond'rous ſtone.
 The heavy arm'd the weaker foot ſustain ;
 The lighter horse are ſent to ſcour the plain. 220
 At length the word is giv'n, the ſignals found ;
 The bows are bent, the ſlings are whirl'd around :
 Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,
 And gall the *Pagans* with a rocky ſhow'r :
 Some quit their poſts, and others headlong fall, 225
 And thinn'd appear the ranks that guard the wall.

The *Franks* impatient now to prove their force,
 More near the walls advance with eager course.
 Some, ſhield to ſhield in clofeſt texture laid,
 Above their heads an ample cov'ring made : 230
 And ſome, beneath machines, in ſafety move,
 A ſure defence from falling ſtones above.
 And now the foſſe th' advancing ſoldiers gain,
 And ſeek the depth to level with the plain.
 (The bottom firm a ſafe foundation show'd) 235

This ſoon they fill'd, a late impervious road !
Adraslus foremost of the troop appears,
 And 'gainſt the walls a ſealing-ladder rears :
 Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour
 The ſtones and ſulphur in a mingled ſhow'r : 240
 The fierce *Helvætian* wond'ring crowds ſurvey,
 Who now had finish'd half his airy way :
 When lo ! with fury ſent, a rugged ſtone,
 With rapid force, as from an engine thrown,

10 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XI.

(Sent by the vigour of *Circassia's* knight) 245
 Struck on his helm and hurl'd him from his height.
 Nor wound ensu'd, nor mortal was the stroke,
 Yet prone he tumbled senseless with the shock.
 Then thus *Argantes* with a threat'ning cry :
 Fall'n is the first, who dares the second try ? 250
 Behold, I fearless stand before your sight,
 Why, warriors ! draw ye not to open sight ?
 Think not those sheds can fence your dastard train,
 For you, like beasts, shall in your caves be slain !

He said ; yet not for this the *Christians* stay ; 255
 But in their coverts still pursue their way :
 While others on their fencing bucklers bear
 The storm of arrows, and the rattling war.
 Now to the walls the batt'ring rams drew nigh,
 Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye ! 260
 Strong iron plates their massy heads compose,
 The gates and ramparts fear th' approaching blows.
 'Gainst these a hundred hands their aid supply,
 And roll vast beams and ruins from on high ;
 The pond'rous fragments thunder on the fields ; 265
 At once they break the well-compacted shields,
 And the crush'd helmet to the fury yields ! }
 The plain is strewn with arms, and cover'd o'er
 With shatter'd bones, and brains, and mingled gore !

The fierce assailants now, for bolder fight, 270
 Forth from their covert rush to open light :
 Some place their ladders and the height ascend ;
 Against the ramparts some their engines bend.

The

II. B. XI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 11

The rams begin to shake the batter'd wall,
The nodding bulwarks threat a sudden fall. 275
But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare
Each various method of defensive war:
And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,
A mass of wool, suspended from above,
Whose yielding substance breaks the dreadful blows,
The wary *Pagans* 'gainst the storm oppose. 281

While thus, with dauntless hearts, the warrior-train
Against the walls the bold attack maintain;
Sev'n times her twanging bow *Clorinda* drew,
As oft her arrow from the bow-string flew: 285
And every shaft that to the plain she sped,
Its steel and feathers dy'd with blushing red.
The noblest warriors drench'd her weapons o'er,
She scorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.

The first who, 'midst the tumult of the war, 290
Felt her keen darts, was *England*'s youngest care;
Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view,
When wing'd with speed, the vengeful arrow flew:
Swift thro' his better hand it held its course,
Nor could the steely gauntlet stop the force. 295
Disabled thus, with grief he left the plain,
And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.
Then, near the fosse, the Earl of *Amboise* fell:
Clitheroe mounting found the deadly steel.

That, pierc'd from back to breast reluctant dy'd: 300
This headlong fell, transfix'd from side to side.
The *Flemish* Chief the batt'ring engine heav'd,
When his left arm the sudden wound receiv'd:

He stay'd, and furious strove to draw the dart,
But left the steel within the wounded part. 30;
To rev'rend *Ademar*, who, plac'd afar,
Uncautious stood to view the raging war,
The fatal reed arriv'd, his front it found ;
He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound ;
Another dart, with equal fury sent, 310
Transfix'd his hand and thro' his visage went.

He fell, and falling, pour'd a purple flood,
And stain'd the virgin-shaft with holy blood.
As *Palamede* to scale the bulwarks strove,
In his right eye the fatal arrow drove, 315
Thro' all the optic nerves its passage tore,
And issu'd at his nape besmear'd with gore :
At once he tumbles with a dreadful fall,
And dies beneath the well-contested wall !

While thus the virgin round her shafts bestows, 320
With new devices *Godfrey* press'd his foes :
Aside he brought against a portal near,
The largest of his huge machines of war ;
A tow'r of wood, stupendous to the sight,
Whose top might mate the lofty rampart's height : 325
Its ample womb could arms and men contain,
And roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.
Near and more near the bulk enormous drew,
While from within the darts and jav'lins flew.
But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes 330
With spears and stones th' advancing pile oppose :
Against the front and sides their strokes they bend,
And heavy fragments on the wheels they send.

So thick, on either side, the jav'lins pour,
 30; The air is darken'd with the missile show'r: 335
 Cloud meets with cloud; and clashing in the sky,
 Back to the senders oft the weapons fly.
 As from the trees are torn the shatter'd leaves,
 What time the grove the stormy hail receives;
 310 As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls: 340
 So fell the *Pagans* from the lofty walls:
 While others that surviv'd, with deep dismay,
 Fled from the huge machine's tremendous sway.
 Not so the Soldan; fearless he remain'd,
 315 And with him many on the height detain'd. 345
 Then fierce *Argantes* thither bent his course,
 And feiz'd a beam t' oppose the hostile force:
 Firm in his hand th' enormous weight he held,
 By this his mighty strength the tow'r repell'd,
 And kept aloof. With these the martial * fair 350
 320 Appear'd, their glory and their toils to share.
 Meanwhile, with scythes prepar'd, the *Franks* divide
 The cords to which the woolly fence is ty'd;
 No more sustain'd, at once on earth it falls,
 325 And undefended leaves the threaten'd walls. 335
 Now from the *Christian* tow'r more fierce below,
 The thund'ring ram redoubles ev'ry blow.
 A breach is made: when, fir'd with martial fame,
 The mighty *Godfrey* to the bulwarks came:
 330 His body cover'd with his amplest shield, 360
 (A weight his arm was seldom wont to wield)

* CLORINDA.

He

He saw, as round he cast his careful view,
 Where from the walls fierce *Solyman* withdrew,
 And swift to guard the dang'rous passage flew ; }
 While still *Clorinda* and *Circassia*'s knight, 365
 Maintain'd their station on the rampart's height.
 He sees, and instant from *Sigero*'s hands,
 A lighter buckler and his bow demands.
 Myself (he cries) will first the deed essay
 Thro' yon' disjointed stones to force the way : 370
 'Tis time to shew some act that merits praise,
 That may to either host our glory raise.

Then, changing shields, he scarce the word had said,
 When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled:
 The destin'd passage in his leg it found, 375
 Where strong each nerve, and painful is the wound.
 The deadly shaft from thee, *Clorinda*! came,
 To thee alone the world ascribes the faine:
 This day, preserv'd by thy unerring bow,
 Thy *Pagan* friends to thee their safety owe. 380
 But still his troops the dauntless Leader fires,
 Still o'er the works his daring foot aspires:
 'Till now he feels the wound's increasing pains ;
 No more the leg his sinking bulk sustains:
 To noble *Guelpho* then a sign he made : 385
 Behold compell'd I leave the field (he said)
 Thou, in my place, a leader's task sustain,
 And, in my absence, head my social train.
 Soon will I turn the combat to renew—
 He said, and on a courser thence withdrew, 390 }
 Yet not unnoted by the *Pagan* crew.

Thus

Thus parts th' unwilling hero from his post,
And with him Fortune quits the *Christian* host :
While on the adverse side their force increas'd,
And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in ev'ry breast. 395
In ev'ry *Christian* heart new terrors rose,
And chilling fears their former ardor froze :
Already flew their weapons slow to wound,
And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter sound.

Now on the ramparts height again appear 400
The bands, so late dispers'd with coward fear.
Incited by *Clorinda*'s glorious fires,
Their country's love the female train inspries :
Eager they run to prove the tasks of war
With vestments girded and dishevell'd hair : 405
They hurl the dart ; nor fear, where danger calls,
T' expose their bosoms for their native walls.
But that which most the *Franks* with doubts oppres'd,
And banish'd fear from ev'ry *Pagan* breast,
The mighty *Guelpho*, 'midst the rage of fight, 410
Fell by a wound, in either army's fight :
Amongst a thousand fates, on earth o'erthrown,
Sent from afar he felt the missile stone.
Another stone alike on *Raymond* flew,
And prone to earth the hoary warrior threw. 415
While in the fosse the brave *Eustatius* stood,
A weapon deeply drank his gen'rous blood.
This hour (ill-fated for the *Christian* train)
No *Pagan* weapon flies, which flies in vain.
Fir'd with succeſs, and swell'd to loftier pride, 420
The fierce *Circassian* rais'd his voice and cry'd.

Not

Not *Antioch* this ; nor now the shades extend,
 The shades of night that *Christian* frauds befriend !
 A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,
 Far other forms, far other tasks of fight ! 425
 No sparks of glory now your soul enflame,
 No more ye thirst for plunder or for fame !
 Do ye so soon from weak attacks refrain ?
 O ! less than women in the shape of men !

He spoke, and scorn'd in narrow walls confin'd, 430
 To hide the purpose of his daring mind :
 With eager bounds he seeks the wall below,
 Where gaping stones a dang'rous passage show.
 While dauntless there to guard the pass he flies,
 To *Solyman*, who stood beside, he cries. 435

Lo ! *Solyman*, the place, the destin'd hour,
 In danger's field to prove our martial pow'r :
 Why this delay ? O ! rouze thy noble fire ;
 Who prizes fame must here to fame aspire.

He said : and either warrior's ardor grows : 440 }
 At once they issue where the combat glows,
 And, unexpected, thunder on the foes.
 Beneath their arms what numbers press the ground,
 What broken shields and helms are scatter'd round !
 What rams and ladders cleft in ruins fall, 445
 And raise new ramparts for the shatter'd wall !

Now those, who lately hop'd the town to gain,
 Can scarce in arms the doubtful fight maintain.
 At length they yield, and to the furious pair
 Resign their engines and machines of war. 450

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The *Pagan* chiefs, as native fury sway'd,
 With dreadful shouts invoke the city's aid :
 Now here, now there, they call for fiery brands,
 And arm with flaming pines their dreadful hands ;
 Then on the tow'r with furious haste they bend : 455
 So from the black *Tartarean* gates ascend
Pluto's dire ministers, (tremendous names !)
 With hissing serpents and infernal flames !

Tancred, no less with thirst of fame inspir'd,
 In other parts his hardy *Latians* fir'd ; 460
 When now the spreading carnage he beheld,
 And saw the torches blazing o'er the field,
 He left the walls and turn'd his rapid course
 T' oppose the *Saracens'* impetuous force :
 He comes, he turns the scale of victory ; 465
 The vanquish'd triumph and the victors fly !

Thus stood the war, while from the martial band
 His lofty tent the wounded Leader gain'd.

Baldwin and good *Sigero* near him stood,
 And round of mourning friends a pensive crowd. 470
 He strove to draw the shaft with eager speed,
 And broke within the flesh the feather'd reed :
 Then swift he bade explore the wounded part,
 And bare a passage for the barbed dart.
 Restore me swift to arms (the hero cries) 475
 Ere rising night th' unfinish'd strife surprize.
 Now old *Erotimus* t' assist him stood,
 Who drew his birth by *Po's* imperial flood ;
 Who well the pow'r of healing simples knew,
 The force of plants and ev'ry virtuous dew ; 480
 Dear

Dear to the Muse; but pleas'd with lowly fame,
He gain'd by private arts an humbler name :
His skill could mortals from the grave reprise ;
His verse could bid their names for ever live !

All unconcern'd the godlike Chief appears, 48;
While ev'ry pale assistant melts in tears.
The sage physician for the task prepares,
He girds his vesture and his arm he bares ;
With lenient med'cine bathes th' afflicted part,
And with a gentle hand attempts the dart ; 490
With pincers next the stubborn steel he strains,
Yet fix'd it stands and mocks his utmost pains.
What means shall next his baffled art devise,
Since Fortune thus her fav'ring aid denies ?
Full soon the Chief th' increasing anguish found, 495
And fleeting life hung doubtful in the wound.
But now the guardian Angel, touch'd with grief,
From *Ida*'s summit brought the wish'd relief ;
A branch of Dittany, of wond'rous pow'r,
Whose downy foliage bears a purple flow'r: 500
By nature taught (th' instructress of their kind)
The mountain goats its secret virtue find,
What time they feel the winged dart from far,
And in their wounded sides the arrow bear.
With this, tho' distant thence the region lies, 505
The pitying Angel in a moment flies :
Unseen, with this, the vase prepar'd he fills,
And odorif'rous Panacy distills.
The Leech anoints the part, and, (strange to tell !)
Loos'd from the wound, the shaft spontaneous fell : 510
The

The blood forbore to flow, the anguish ceas'd,
And strength, return'd, in ev'ry nerve increas'd.

Then thus *Erotimus* with wonder cries :

No skill of mine thy sudden cure supplies ;

48; A greater pow'r his timely aid extends, 515

Some guardian Angel from his Heav'n descends :

I see celestial hands! — To arms! to arms!

Return and rouze again the war's alarms!

He said; and *Godfrey*, eager for the fight,

49; Soon o'er his thighs dispos'd the cuishes bright; 520

He shook his pond'rous lance, his helmet lac'd,

And his forsaken shield again embrac'd.

He moves; a thousand on his steps attend ;

Thence to the town their rapid march they bend.

49; With clouds of dust the face of Heav'n is spread, 525

Wide shakes the earth beneath the warrior's tread.

The foes behold the squadron drawing near,

And feel their blood congeal'd with chilling fear.

Thrice on the field his voice the hero rear'd ;

500 Full well the welcome found his people heard; 530

The found that oft was wont to chear the fight ;

Then, fir'd anew, they rouze their fainting might.

Still at the walls, the haughty *Pagan* pair,

Plac'd in the breach, support the dang'rous war ;

505 Firm in the pass a bold defence maintain, 535

'Gainst noble *Tancred* and his valiant train.

Now sheath'd in arms, the glorious Chief drew nigh,

Disdain and anger flashing from his eye :

On fierce *Argantes* all his force he bends,

And 'gainst the foe his lance impatient sends. 540

Not

Not with more noise some stone enormous flies,
 Sent by an engine thro' th' affrighted skies !
 Thro' sounding air its course the jav'lin held ;
Argantes, fearless, lifts th' opposing shield :
 The riven target to the force gives way, 545
 Nor can the corslet's plates the fury stay :
 Thro' shatter'd armour flies the missile wood,
 And dips its thirsty point in *Pagan* blood :
 Swift from his side the lance *Argantes* drew,
 And to its lord again the weapon threw : 550
 Receive thy own, he cry'd—but, stooping low,
 The wary *Christian* disappoints the foe :
 The deadly point the good *Sigero* found,
 Full in his throat he felt the piercing wound :
 Yet with a secret joy he sunk in death, 555
 Pleas'd in his sov'reign's stead to yield his breath.

A craggy flint the raging Soldan threw ;
 Resistless on the *Norman* chief it flew :
 Stunn'd with the dreadful blow he reel'd around,
 Then sudden tumbled headlong to the ground. 560
 No longer *Godfrey* now his wrath repell'd,
 Grasp'd in his hand the flaming sword he held ;
 And now to nearer fight his foes defy'd :
 What deeds had soon been wrought on either side !
 But night, to check their rage, her veil display'd, 565
 And wrapt the warring world in peaceful shade :
 Then *Godfrey*, ceasing, left th' unfinish'd fray.
 So clos'd the dreadful labours of the day !

But ere the Chief retir'd, with pious care,
 He bade the wounded from the field to bear : 570
 Nor

C. XI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 21

Nor would he leave (a welcome prey) behind
 His warlike engines to the foes resign'd.
 Safe from the walls he drew the loftiest tow'r,
 Tho' broke and crush'd with many a horrid show'r.
 So seems a ship from seas and tempests borne, 575
 Her planks all shatter'd and her canvas torn,
 When 'scap'd from furious winds and roaring tides,
 Within the port she scarce securely rides,
 The broken wheels no more the tow'r sustain,
 Heavy and slow it drags along the plain, 580 }
 The weight supported by th' assiting train.
 And now the workmen haste, with ready care,
 To search the pile, and ev'ry breach repair:
 So *Godfrey* bade, who will'd that morning light
 Should view the wond'rous tow'r renew'd for fight: 585
 On ev'ry side his watchful thoughts he cast,
 And guards around the lofty engine plac'd.
 But, from the walls, their speech the *Pagans* hear,
 And strokes of hammers breaking on the ear:
 A thousand torches gild the dusky air, 590
 And all their purpose and their toils declare.

565 The End of the ELEVENTH Book.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes and Clorinda undertake by night to burn the tower of the Christians. Arfetes, who had brought up Clorinda from her infancy, endeavours to dissuade her from the enterprize, but in vain: he then relates to her the story of her birth. The two adventurers sally from the town and set fire to the tower: the Christians take arms: Argantes retreats before them and gains the city in safety; but the gates being suddenly closed, Clorinda is left amongst the Enemy. Tancred, not knowing her, pursues her as she is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat: Clorinda is slain, but before she dies, receives baptism from the hand of Tancred. His grief and lamentation.

TWAS night; but either host, with cares oppres'd,
Reliev'd not yet their toils with balmy rest;
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,
The busy Franks repair'd their batter'd tow'r;

And

And there the *Pagans*, pres'd with equal care, 5
 Review'd their bulwarks tott'ring from the war,
 And propp'd the walls. Alike on either side,
 The warriors' wounds each skilful leech employ'd.
 Now deeper darkness brooded on the ground,
 And many an eye was clos'd in sleep profound : 10
 But not in slumber sunk the * martial dame,
 Whose gen'rous bosom ever pants for fame :
 With her *Argantes* join'd the watch partook ;
 Then thus in secret to her soul she spoke.

What wond'rous praise has *Solyman* obtain'd, 15
 What, by his deeds to day, *Argantes* gain'd ?
 Alone, amidst yon num'rous host to go,
 And crush the engines of the *Christian* foe !
 While I (how poor the vaunted fame I share !)
 Here plac'd aloft maintain'd a distant war : 20
 'Tis true my shafts may boast succesful aim :
 And is this all a woman's hand can claim ?
 'Twere better far in woods and wilds to chace,
 And pierce with darts remote the savage race,
 Than here, when manly valour braves the field, 25
 Appear a maid in feats of arms unskill'd.

She said ; and soon revolving in her breast
 Heroic deeds, *Argantes* thus address'd.

Long has my soul unusual ardor prov'd,
 And various thoughts this restless bosom mov'd : 30
 I know not whether God th' attempt inspires,
 Or man can form a God of his desires.

* CLORINDA.

See !

See! from yon vale the *Christians'* glimm'ring light—
 My mind impels me, this auspicious night
 To burn their tow'r; at least the deed be try'd, 33
 And for th' event let Heaven alone provide.
 But should it chance (the fate of war unknown)
 The foes forbid me to regain the town;
 I leave my damsel-train thy care to prove,
 And one that loves me with a father's love: 40
 Protect them, chief! and safe to *Ægypt* send
 My mourning virgins, and my aged friend:
 O grant my pray'r!—This duty from thy hands
 Those claim by sex, and this by age demands.

With wonder fill'd *Argante* heard the dame, 45
 And caught the kindling sparks of gen'rous flame.
 Then shalt thou go, and leave me here behind,
 Despis'd (he cry'd) among th' ignoble kind?
 Think'it thou I shall behold with joyful eyes,
 Secur'd afar, the curling flames arise?
 No—if in arms I ever grac'd thy side, 54
 Still let me here thy doubtful chance divide,
 I too can boast a heart despising death,
 That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath!

O gen'rous chief! (reply'd the fearless maid) 55
 In such resolves thy virtue stands display'd:
 Yet here permit me to depart alone,
 A loss like mine shall ne'er distress the town:
 But (Heav'n avert the omen!) should'ft thou fall, 64
 What hand shall longer guard *Judæa*'s wall?

In vain is each pretence (the knight rejoin'd)
 For fix'd remains the purpose of my mind:

Behold

XII. B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 25

Behold I tread the path thy feet shall lead,
But if refus'd, myself will dare the deed.

35 This said, they sought the careful King, who sate 65
In nightly council for the public state:
There 'midst the brave and wise (an awful train)
They came, and first *Clorinda* thus began.

Vouchsafe awhile, O King; to bend thy ear,
40 And what we proffer with acceptance hear: 70
Argantes vows (nor vainly boasts the pow'r)
With vengeful flames to burn yon hostile tow'r:
Myself will aid—our course alone we stay,
Till added toil the foes in slumber lay.

45 To Heav'n his trembling hands the Monarch rears,
His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears: 76
All praise to thee, O guardian Pow'r! (he cries)
Who still thy people view'st with gracious eyes!
Long wilt thou yet preserve my threaten'd reign,
50 When souls like these the town's defence maintain. 80
For you, ye pair! what praises can I find,
What gifts to equal your heroic mind?
Fame shall to distant times your worth proclaim,
And earth aloud repeat each glorious name.
55 Your deed be your reward — to this receive 85
Such recompense as fits a King to give.

Thus *Aladine*; and as he spoke, he pres'd,
Now this, now that, with transport to his breast.
No more the list'ning Soldan could controul
60 The gen'rous emulation in his soul: 90
Think not (he cry'd) in vain this sword I wear,
This hand with you shall ev'ry labour bear.

Behold VOL. II. C Then

Then let us issue all (the maid rejoin'd)
 Should'st thou depart, who dares remain behind ?
 And now, with envy fill'd and jealous pride, 95
Argantes his consent had here deny'd ;
 But strait the word *Judea's* Monarch took,
 And mildly thus the Chief of *Nice* bespoke.

Intrepid warrior ! whom no dangers fright,
 Nor toil can weary in the day of fight : 100

Full well I deem that, issuing on the foe,
 Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage show :
 But much unmeet it seems, that, parting all,
 None, fam'd in arms, remain within the wall.
 Nor would I these permit th' attempt to dare, 125
 (So high their safety and their lives I bear)

Were this a work of less important kind,
 Or meaner hands could act the part design'd.
 But since, so well 'gainst ev'ry chance dispos'd,
 'The lofty tow'r is round with guards enclos'd, 110
 No little force can hope the pass to gain ;
 Nor must we issue with a num'rous train :
 Let these who claim the task, this valiant pair,
 Oft prov'd before in ev'ry risk of war,
 Let these alone depart, in happy hour, 115
 Whose strength is equal to a legion's pow'r ;
 While thou, as best befits thy regal state,
 Here with the rest remain within the gate.

And when (so fate succeed the glorious aim)
 These shall return and wide have spread the flame, 120
 If chance a hostile band pursue their course,
 Then haste and guard them from superior force.

So spoke the King; nor ought the *Turk* rejoin'd,
Tho' discontent lay rankling in his mind.

Then thus *Ismeno*: You who boldly dare 125
Th' advent'rous task, awhile th' attempt forbear;
'Till various mixtures, cull'd with art, I frame,
To burn the hostile tow'r with sudden flame;
Perchance the guards, that now the pile surround,
May then be lost in friendly slumbers drown'd. 133

To this they yield; and each apart retir'd,
Expects the season for the deed desir'd.

And now *Clorinda* threw her vest aside,
With silver wrought; her helmet's crested pride:
For these (ill omen!) fable arms she wore, 135
And fable casque that no plum'd honours bore.

She deem'd it easier, thus disguis'd to go,
And pierce the watchful squadrons of the foe.
The Eunuch, old *Arsetes*, near her stay'd,

Who from her childhood bred the warrior-maid; 143
Who all her steps with faithful age pursu'd,
And near her now a trusty guardian stood.

He saw the virgin change her wonted arms;
Her rash design his anxious breast alarms:
He weeps, adjures her oft with earnest pray'rs, 145
By his long service, by his silver hairs,

By the dear mem'ry of his former pains,
To cease th' attempt; but she unmov'd remains.

To whom he said: Since, bent on future ill,
Thou stand'st resolv'd thy purpose to fulfill; 153
Since neither helpless age, nor love like mine,
Nor tears, nor pray'rs can change thy dire design,

Attend—my tongue shall wond'rous things reveal,
Nor longer now thy former state conceal.
That done, no more I strive thy thoughts to shake;
Resume thy purpose, or my counsel take. 156

He said; with eyes intent the virgin stood,
While thus the rev'rend fire his speech pursu'd.

In *Ethiopia* once *Senapus* reign'd,
(And still perchance he rules the happy land) 160
Who kept the precepts giv'n by *Mary's Son*,
Where yet the fable race his doctrines own.
There I, a *Pagan* liv'd, remov'd from man,
The Queen's attendant 'midst the female train;
Tho' native gloom was o'er her features spread, 165
Her beauty triumph'd thro' the dusky shade.
Her husband lov'd—but Ah! was doom'd to prove
At once th' extremes of jealousy and love:
He kept her close, secluded from mankind,
Within a lonely deep recess confin'd; 170
While the sage matron mild submission pay'd,
And, what her lord decreed, with joy obey'd.

Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows,
Where, rich with life, each mimic figure glows:
There, white as snow, appears a beauteous maid, 175
And near a dragon's hideous form display'd.
A champion thro' the beast a javelin fends,
And in his blood the monster's bulk extends.

Here oft the Queen her secret faults confess'd,
And prostrate here her humble vows address'd. 180
At length her womb disburthen'd gave to view
(Her offspring thou) a child of snowy hue.

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E. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 29

Struck with th' unusual birth, with looks amaz'd,
As on some strange portent, the matron gaz'd :
She knew what fears possess'd her husband's mind, 185
And hence to hide thee from his sight design'd,
And, as her own, expose to public view
A new-born infant like herself in hue :
And since the tow'r, in which she then remain'd,
Alone her damsels and myself contain'd ; 195
To me, who lov'd her with a faithful mind,
Her infant charge she unbaptiz'd consign'd,
With tears and sighs she gave thee to my care,
Remote from thence the precious pledge to bear.
What tongue her sorrows and her plaints can tell, 205
How oft she pres'd thee with a last farewell ?
With streaming tears each tender kiss is drown'd,
While frequent sighs her fault'ring words confound ;
At length with lifted eyes—O GOD ! (she cry'd)
By whom the secrets of my breast are try'd ; 200
If still my thoughts have undefil'd remain'd,
And still my heart its constancy maintain'd ;
(Not for myself I ask thy pitying grace,
A thousand sins, alas ! my soul deface !)
O ! keep this harmless babe, to whom, distress'd 205
A mother thus denies her kindly breast :
Give her from me her spotless life to frame,
But copy in her fate some happier name !
Thou, Heav'nly Chief ! whose arm the serpent brav'd,
And from his rav'ous jaws the Virgin sav'd : 210
If e'er I tapers burn'd with rites divine,
Or offer'd gold and incense at thy shrine ;

For her I pray, that she, thy faithful maid,
On thee, in ev'ry chance, may call for aid.

She ceas'd; her heart convulsive anguish wrung, 215
And on her face a mortal sorrow hung.

With tears I took thee, and with care bestow'd
Within a chest, with leaves and flow'rs o'erstrow'd,
And bore thee thence conceal'd, a pleasing load ! }
At length remote, my lonely footsteps stray'd 220
Amidst a forest thick with horrid shade:
When, lo ! a tigress drawing near I view'd,
Her threat'ning eyes suffus'd with rage and blood :
Wild with affright I left thee on the ground,
And climb'd a tree and thence my safety found: 225
'The furious beast now cast her eyes aside,
And thee deserted on the herbage spy'd:
Intent she seem'd to gaze, and milder grew
'Till all the fierceness from her looks withdrew;
Approaching nigh, she fawn'd in wanton play, 230
And lick'd your infant members as you lay;
While you secure the savage form caref'd,
And stroak'd with harmless hand her dreadful crest;
She offer'd then her teats, and (strange to view !)
Thy willing lips the milky moisture drew. 235
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld
A sight so new that all belief excell'd.
Soon as she found thee fated with the food,
The beast departed, and regain'd the wood.
Then hast'ning down to where on earth you lay, 240
I with my charge resum'd my former way :

"Till

XII. B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVRED. 31

'Till 'midst a village my retreat I made,
In secret there thy infancy was bred:
And there I dwelt, 'till coursing round, the moon
Had sixteen changing months to mortals shewn; 243
'Till thy young feet began their steps to frame,
And from thy tongue imperfect accents came.

But sinking now, as middle life declin'd,
To hoary age, the winter of mankind;
Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand 250
The Queen had giv'n me when I left the land,
I loath'd this irksome life, with wand'ring tir'd,
And to review my native soil desir'd;
There 'midst my friends to pass my latter days,
And cheer my ev'nings with a social blaze. 255

To Egypt then I turn'd, my natal shore,
And thee the partner of my journey bore.

When, lo! a flood we gain — there thieves enclose
My doubtful pass, and here the current flows.

What should I do, reluctant to forego 260
My dearest charge, or trust the barb'rous foe?
I take the flood; one hand the torrent braves;
And one sustains thee while I plough the waves.

Swift was the stream, and in its midmost course,
A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force: 265
There round and round, with giddy motion tost,
Sudden I sunk in depth of waters lost;

Thee soon I mis'd; but thee the waters bore,
And winds propitious wafted to the shore.

Breathless and faint at length I reach'd the land, 270
And there, with joy, my dearest pledge regain'd.

But now what time to dusky shade consign'd,
 Night spreads her veil of silence o'er mankind,
 Behold a warrior in my dream appear'd,
 And o'er my head a naked faulchion rear'd. 275
 Hear my command! (he cry'd with threat'ning air)
 What once a mother trusted to thy care;
 Thy infant charge with sacred rites baptize;
 Belov'd of Heav'n, with me her safety lies:
 For her to rav'nois beasts I pity gave, 280
 And breath'd a living spirit in the wave.
 Oh! wretched thou! if, such a warning giv'n,
 'Thou dar'st to slight the messenger of Heav'n !

He ceas'd; I wak'd, and then resuin'd my way,
 Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray. 285
 But, partial to my faith, I kept thee still,
 Nor would thy mother's last commands fulfill:
 I heeded not the visions of the night,
 But bred thy youth in ev'ry *Pagan* rite.
 Mature in years now shone thy dauntless mind 290
 Above thy sex, the rival of mankind!
 In many a fight thy deeds have glory won;
 'Thy fortune since full well to thee is known.
 In me thou still hast prov'd, in peace or war,
 A servant's duty and a parent's care. 295
 As yester-morn my mind, with thought oppres'd,
 Lay senseless in a deep, a death-like rest,
 The phantom-warrior came with fiercer look,
 And dreadful with a louder accent spoke.
 Lo! wretch! th' appointed hour at hand (he cry'd) 300
 That must *Glorinda* from this life divide.

In thy despite the virgin shall be mine,
And thee to tears and anguish I resign.

He said ; and vanish'd swift to fleeting air :
Then hear my best belov'd ! my tend'rest care ! 305
For thee these threat'ning visions Heav'n has sent ;
To thee, alas ! foretells some dire event ;
Perchance displeas'd by me to see thee train'd
In rites unpractic'd in thy natal land ;
Remote perhaps from truth. — O ! yet forbear ; 310
Consent, no longer now those arms to wear : }
Suppress thy daring and relieve my care.

He ceas'd, and wept : In deep suspense she stay'd,
A dream, like his, her troubled soul dismay'd :
At length her looks she clear'd and thus reply'd : 315
That faith, which seems the truth, be still my guide ;
The faith I learn'd from thee in early years,
Which now thou seek'st to shake with causeless fears :
Nor will I (noble minds such thoughts disdain)
Forego these arms or from th' attempt refrain ; 320
Tho' death, in ev'ry shape that mortals fear,
Should undisguis'd before my eyes appear.

So spoke the gen'rous maid, and gently strove
To calm his anguish and his doubts remove.

Now came the season for the deed design'd, 325
When 'parting thence th' expecting * knight she join'd ;
Ismeno, with his words, their zeal inspir'd,
(But no incitement either breast requir'd)
And to their hands two sulph'rous balls consign'd,
With secret fire in hollow reeds confin'd. 330

* ARGANTES.

C 5

Now

Now thro' the night their silent march they bend,
 Now leave the city and the hill descend:
 Till near the place arriv'd, where tow'ring high,
 The hostile engine rises to the sky;
 No longer can their daring souls restrain 335
 The warmth that breathes in evry glowing vein.
 Too eager now, their quicken'd pace alarms
 The watchful guard, who call aloud to arms.
 No more conceal'd remain the gen'rous pair,
 But boldly rushing forth provoke the war. 340
 As missile stones from batt'ring engines fly,
 As forked thunders rend the troubled sky:
 One instant sees them, with resistless hand,
 Attack, disperse, and penetrate the band.
 'Midst clashing spears and hissing darts they flew, 345
 And unreproduc'd their glorious task pursue:
 Now, held in fight, the ready fires they raise:
 Now near the pile the threat'ning vapours blaze;
 'Till on the tow'r the dreadful pest they bend:
 On ev'ry side the curling flames ascend: 350
 Heavy and thick the smoky volumes rise,
 And shade with sable clouds the starry skies.
 Flash follows flash, the mingled blaze aspires,
 'Till all the *Æther* glows with ruddy fires !
 Fann'd by the wind the flame more furious grows:
 Down falls the pile, the terror of the foes, 356 }
 And one short hour the wond'rous work o'erthrows !
 Meanwhile with speed two *Christian* squadrons came,
 Who from the field had seen the rising flame :

B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 35

To these the bold *Argantes* turn'd, and vow'd 360
To quench the burning ruins with their blood:
Yet, with *Clorinda* join'd, retreating still,
By slow degrees he gain'd the neighb'ring hill ;
While, like a flood, by sounding rains increas'd,
Behind their steps the eager *Christians* press'd. 365

Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready stands
The King, surrounded with his num'rous bands,
To welcome back (if fate th'attempt succeed)
The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.
Now near the town the knight and virgin drew, 370
And swift behind the troop of *Franks* pursue ;
These *Solyman* dispers'd : the portal clos'd,
But left *Clorinda* to the foe expos'd ;

Alone expos'd ; for while the hasty bands
Shut fast the sounding gate with ready hands, 375
She follow'd *Arimon*, by fury driv'n,
T' avenge the wound his luckless arm had giv'n :

His life she took : nor yet *Argantes* knew
That she, ill-fated ! from the walls withdrew.

All cares were lost, the tumult of the fight 380
Amaz'd the senses 'midst the gloom of night.

At length, her rage allay'd with hostile blood,
The maid at leisure all her peril view'd :
The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate,

She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate. 385
But when she finds no *Christian* eye descries

The hostile warrior in the dark disguise,
New schemes of safety in her mind arise.

Herself securely 'midst the ranks she throws,
And undiscover'd mingles with the foes. 390

Then, as the wolf retires besmear'd with blood,
And seeks the shelter of the distant wood;
So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,
The dame, departing, shunn'd the prying fight.

Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view, 395
Some *Pagan* foe as near the place he drew.

He came what time she *Arimom* had slain,
Then mark'd her course and follow'd o'er the plain:
Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight,
Esteem'd a warrior worthy of his might, 400

Her sex unknown. And now the virgin went
A winding way along the hill's ascent:
Impetuous he pursu'd, but ere he came,
His clashing armour rouz'd th' unwary dame.

Then turning swift--What bring'st thou here? (she cry'd)
Lo! war and death I bring!—(the chief reply'd) 406

Then war and death (the virgin said). I give;
What thou to me would'st bring, from me receive!

Intrepid then she stay'd; the knight drew near;
But when he saw the foe on foot appear, 410 }
He left his steed to meet in equal war.

Now with drawn swords they rush the fight to wage:
With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.

What glorious deeds on either part were done,
That claim'd an open field and conscious fun! 415

Thou, night! whose envious veil with dark disguise,
Conceal'd the warrior's acts from human eyes;

II. B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

37

Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,

And give to future times each mighty name:

So shall they shine, from age to age display'd, 420

For glories won beneath thy sable shade !

All art in fight the dusky hour denies,

And fury now the place of skill supplies.

The meeting swords with horrid clangor sound ;

Each whirls the faulchion, each maintains the ground :

Alternate furies either breast enflame, 426

Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.

No pause, no rest th' impatient warriors know,

But rage to rage, and blow succeeds to blow :

Still more and more the combat seems to rise, 430

That scarce the weapons can their wrath suffice :

Till grappling fierce, in nearer strife thy close,

And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.

Thrice in his nervous arms he held the maid ;

And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled. 435

Again with threat'ning swords resum'd they stood,

And dy'd again the steel with mutual blood :

'Till, spent with labour, each awhile retir'd,

And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.

Now shines the latest star with fainter ray, 440

And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day :

Each views the foe ; while, bending on the plain

The swords rever'd their sinking bulk sustain.

Then *Tancred* marks the blood that drains his foe,

But fees his own with less effusion flow. 445

He fees with joy : — O ! mortals blind to fate,

Too soon with Fortune's fav'ring wind elate !

Ah!

Ah! wretch! rejoice not — Thou too soon shalt mourn;
Thy boast and triumph shall to sorrow turn!
Soon shall thy eyes distil a briny flood,
For all those purple drops of precious blood!

Thus for awhile the weary warriors stay'd,
And speechless each the other's wounds survey'd.
At length the silence gallant *Tancred* broke,
Besought her name and mildly thus bespake.

Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,
When darkness veils our deeds from ev'ry fight:
But since ill fortune envies valour's praise,
And not a witness here our strife surveys;
If pray'r's from foes can e'er acceptance claim,
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name:
So shall I know, whate'er th' event be found,
Who makes my conquest or my death renown'd.

Thou seek'st in vain (the haughty maid reply'd)
To fathom what my soul resolves to hide.
Yet, one of those thou see'st (whate'er my name)
Who gave thy boasted engine to the flame.

At this with rage indignant *Tancred* burn'd:
In hapless hour thou speak'st (he thus return'd)
Alike thy speech, alike thy silence proves,
And either, wretch! my arm to vengeance moves.

With rest refresh'd, with wrath enflam'd anew,
Again transported to the fight they flew.
What dreadful wounds on either side are giv'n!
Thro' arms and flesh the ruthless swords are driv'n.
Tho' faint with blood effus'd from ev'ry vein,
Their stagg'ring limbs can scarce their weight sustain,

Yet

Yet still they live and still maintain the strife,
Disdain and rage with-hold their fleeting life.

So seems th' *Egean* sea, the tempest past, 480
That here and there its troubled waters cast;
It still preserves the fury gain'd before,
And rolls the sounding billows to the shore.

But now behold the mournful hour at hand,
In which the fates *Clorinda*'s life demand. 485
Full at her bosom *Tancred* aim'd the sword;
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd:
The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red
Th' embroider'd vest that o'er her arms was spread.
She feels approaching death in ev'ry vein; 490
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain:
But still the *Christian* knight pursues the blow,
And threatens and presses close his vanquish'd foe:
She, as she falls, her voice, unhappy! rears,
And her last suit with moving tone prefers. 495

Some pitying Angel form'd her last desire,
Where faith, and hope, and charity conspire!
On the fair rebel Heav'n such grace bestow'd,
And now in death requir'd the faith she ow'd.

'Tis thine, my friend! — I pardon thee the stroke —
O! let me pardon too from thee invoke! — 501
Not for this mortal frame I urge my pray'r,
For this I know no fear and ask no care:
No for my soul alone I pity crave;
O! cleanse my follies in the sacred wave! 505
Feebly she spoke; the mournful sounds impart
A tender feeling to the victor's heart;

His

His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise,
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.
Not far from thence, adown the mossy hill 510
In gentle murmurs roll'd a crystal rill:
There in his casque the limpid stream he took;
Then sad and pensive hasten'd from the brook.
His hands now trembled, while her helm he rear'd,
Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd!— 515
He sees!— he knows!— and senseless stands the knight!
O fatal knowledge!— O distracting sight!
Yet still he lives, and rouz'd with holy zeal,
Prepares the last sad duty to fulfil.
While from his lips he gave the words of grace, 520
A smile of transport brighten'd in her face:
Rejoic'd in death, she seem'd her joy to tell,
And bade for Heav'n the empty world farewell.
A lovely paleness o'er her features flew;
As vi'lets mix'd with lilies blend their hue. 525
Her eyes to Heav'n the dying virgin rais'd;
The Heav'ns and sun with kindly pity gaz'd;
Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of lasting peace,
She gave the chief; her lips their music cease.
So life departing left her lovely breast; 530
So seem'd the virgin lull'd to silent rest!

Soon as he found her gentle spirit fled,
His firmness vanish'd o'er the senseless dead.
Wild with his fate, and frantic with his pain,
To raging grief he now resigns the rein. 535
No more the spirits fortify the heart,
A mortal coldness freezes ev'ry part.

Speechless

B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 41

Speechles and pale like her the warrior lay,
And look'd a bloody corse of lifeles clay !
Then had his soul pursu'd the fleeting fair, 540
Whose gentle spirit hover'd yet in air:
But here it chanc'd a band of *Christians* came
In search of water from the crystal stream:
Full soon their leader, with a distant view,
Well by his arms the *Latian* hero knew: 545
With him the breathless virgin he beheld,
And wept the fortune of so dire a field:
Nor would he leave (tho' deem'd of *Pagan* kind)
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves consign'd :
But either burthen, on their shoulders laid, 550
To *Tancred's* tent the mournful troop convey'd.
Thus step by step their gentle march they took,
Nor yet the warrior from his trance awoke :
Yet oft he groan'd, and shew'd that fleeting life,
Still in his breast maintain'd a doubtful strife: 555
While hush'd and motionless, the damsel shew'd
Her spirit parted from its mortal load.
Thus either body to the camp they bear,
And there apart dispose with pious care.
With ev'ry duteous rite, on either hand, 560
Around the wounded Prince th' assistants stand.
And now by slow degrees he lifts his sight,
Before his eyes appears a glimm'ring light ;
He feels the helping hand, the speech perceives,
Yet, scarce recov'ring, doubts if yet he lives : 565
Amaz'd he gazes round : at length he knows
The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes.
And

And do I live! — and do I yet survey
The hated beams of this unhappy day?
Ah! coward hand! to righteous vengeance flow! 57
Tho' deeply vers'd in ev'ry murd'rous blow!
Dar'st thou not, impious minister of death!
Transfix this heart and stop this guilty breath?
But haply us'd to deeds of horrid strain,
Thou deem'st it mercy to conclude my pain, 575
Still, still 'tis mine with grief and shame to rove,
A dire example of disast'rous love!
While keen remorse for ever breaks my rest,
And raging furies haunt my conscious breast,
The lonely shades with terror must I view, 580
The shades shall ev'ry dreadful thought renew:
The rising sun shall equal horrors yield,
The sun that first the dire event reveal'd!
Still must I view myself with hateful eye,
And seek, tho' vainly, from myself to fly! — 585
But ah! unhappy wretch! what place contains
Of that ill-fated fair the chaste remains?
All that escap'd my rage, my brutal pow'r,
Perhaps the natives of the woods devour!
Ah! hapless maid! 'gainst whom alike conspire 590
The woodland savage and the hostile ire!
O! let me join the dead on yonder plain,
(If still her beauteous limbs untouched remain)
Me too those greedy jaws alike shall tear,
Me too the monster in his paunch shall bear. 595
O! happy envy'd hour! (if such my doom)
That gives us both in death an equal tomb!

And

XII. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 43

And now he heard that near his tent was laid
The lifeless body of his much-lov'd maid.
At this awhile his mournful look he clears: 600 }
(So thro' the clouds a transient gleam appears)
And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears: }
With falt'ring steps he thither bends his way,
Where plac'd apart the hapless virgin lay.
But when arriv'd he saw the wound impress'd, 605
With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breast:
And deadly pale, yet calm as evening's shade,
Beheld her face, with ev'ry rose decay'd:
His trembling knees had sunk beneath their load,
But here his circling friends their aid bestow'd, 610 }
'Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud.
O ! fight ! that e'en to death can sweetness give,
But cannot now, alas ! my grief relieve !
O ! thou dear hand, that once to mine was press'd,
The pledge of amity and peace confess'd ; 615
What art thou now ? alas ! how chang'd in death !
And what am I that still prolong my breath ?
Behold those lovely limbs in ruin laid,
The dreadful work my impious rage has made !
This hand, these eyes alike are cruel found ; 620
That gave the stroke, and these survey the wound !
Tearless survey ! — since tears are here deny'd,
My guilty blood shall pour the vital tide !
He ceas'd ; and groaning with his inmost breath,
Fix'd in despair and resolute on death, 625
Each bandage strait with frantic passion tore :
Forth gush'd from ev'ry wound the spouting gore :
And But

44 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XI.

But here excess of grief his will deceiv'd,
His sences fetter'd and his life repriev'd.

Then to his bed again the knight was borne ; 63
His spirits to their hated home return.
And soon around the tongues of fame relate
The hero's sorrow, and his hapless fate.
Now *Godfrey* sought his tent ; and with him came
Each noble chief, a friend to *Tancred's* name. 63
But nor reproof nor soothing yields relief,
And words are vain to calm his rage of grief.
So when some limb a mortal wound receives,
Each probing hand increasing anguish gives.
But rev'rend *Peter's* care the rest transcends, 64
(A shepherd thus his sickly charge attends).
With awful words the lover's breast he moves,
And wisely thus his wand'ring thought reproves.

Unhappy Prince ! why thus indulge thy shame,
Why thus forgetful of thy former fame ? 64
Why thus obscure thy eye and deaf thy ear ? —
View honour's charms and virtue's summons hear.
Thy Lord recalls thee to thy former past,
And shews the path thy erring feet have lost !
New tasks await thee in the field of fight, 65
The glorious station of a *Christian* knight !
Which thou hast left, by fatal love betray'd,
Lost in wild passion for a *Pagan* maid !
To thee this chast'ning is in mercy giv'n,
And thou, do'st thou reject the grace of Heav'n ? 65
Think where thy errors tend ; thy state survey,
To senseless sorrow a regardless prey !

Th

B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED, 45

Thy feet are tott'ring on the brink of death,
Behold th' eternal gulph that gapes beneath !
Think, *Tancred*, think ! this impious grief controul, 660
That in a twofold death involves thy soul !

He ceas'd ; nor here in vain the youth affail'd ;
The fear of second death o'er all prevail'd.
His yielding heart confess'd the kind relief ;
Returning reason calm'd his raging grief : 665
Yet still the frequent sighs his sorrow speak ;
Still from his tongue the mournful accents break :
With tender found his lips invoke the fair,
Who lent perchance from Heav'n a pitying ear.
On her, when sets the sun and when returns, 670
He calls incessant. and incessant mourns.
So fares the nightingale, with anguish stung,
When some rude swain purloins her callow young,
Torn from the nest ; all helpless and alone,
Each night she fills the woods with plaintive moan. 675
At length one morn, as sleep his eyes oppres'd,
And o'er his sorrows shed the dews of rest ;
Lo ! in a dream, with starry robes array'd,
With heav'nly charms appear'd the warrior-maid :
She seem'd to view him with a pitying look, 680
And dry'd his tears and gently thus bespoke.

Behold what glories round my person shine !
Then weep no more, thy faithful grief resign :
Such as I am, to thee my state I owe,
Who freed me from the vale of sin below : 685
Who made me worthy, 'midst the saints above,
To dwell with God in realms of endless love.

There

There wrapt in heav'nly blis, and crown'd with grace,
 My hopes prepare for thee an equal place:
 Where thou shalt stand before th' Eternal throne, 690
 Partake my glories and enjoy thy own !
 Unless thyself reject the mercy giv'n,
 Or sensuall follies spurn the grace of Heav'n :
 Then live ! — and know thou hast *Clorinda's* love,
 As far as earthly thoughts can souls immortal move. 695

So speaking, from her eyes the lightning came,
 And all her features glow'd with holy flame :
 Then, lost in rays, she vanish'd from his sight,
 And breath'd new comfort in the mourning knight.
 Consol'd he wak'd; and with a temp'rate mind 700
 To skillful hands his wounded limbs confign'd.
 And next he bade t' inhume, with pious care,
 The last dear relicks of the breathles fair.
 Tho' for the tomb no costly marbles came,
 Nor hand *Dedalean* wrought the sculptur'd frame : 705
 Yet, as the time allow'd, the stone they chose,
 And o'er the grave the figur'd structure rose.
 With fun'ral pomp the troops the corse convey'd,
 While torches round their solemn light display'd :
 High on the naked pine her arms were plac'd, 710
 And ev'ry rite the martial virgin grac'd.

Now *Tancred* sought the tomb his vows to pay,
 Where, cold in death, her precious relicks lay :
 Soon as he reach'd the pile, in which enshrin'd,
 Repos'd the treasure of his tortur'd mind ; 715
 All pale and speechless for a time he stood,
 Awhile, with eyes unmov'd, the marble view'd :

At length releas'd the gushing torrents broke,
He drew a length of sighs, and thus he spoke.

O tomb rever'd ! where all my hopes are laid ; 720
O'er which my eyes such copious sorrows shed ;
Thou bear'st not in thy womb a lifeless frame,
There love still dwells and lights his wonted flame !

Still, still that form ador'd my breast inspires,
With not less ardent, but more painful fires ! 725
O give these kisses, give these mournful sighs
To that lov'd form that in thy bosom lies.

Should e'er her looks her blameless spirit turn,
Where sleep these relicks in the silent urn ;
Would she thy pity or my tears reprove ? 730
Nor scorn nor anger touch the blest above.

Ah ! may she then my hapless crime forgive,
In that dear hope my foul consents to live :
She knows my erring hand the deed has wrought,
My heart was guiltless of so dire a thought : 735

Nor will she scorn that he who owns his flame,
Should still, 'till life shall cease, adore her name ;
'Till death shall bid me here no longer rove,
But join us both in mutual peace above.

Then in one tomb our mortal parts may rest ! 740
And in one Heav'n our spirits may be blest,
So shall I dead enjoy what life deny'd,
O happy change ! if Fate such blis provide !

Thus he : but now the dreadful tidings flew,
And spread in whispers thro' the hostile crew : 745
At length, the certain tale divulg'd around,
With cries and female shrieks the walls resound,

As

As if the foes had ev'ry fortress won,
And one vast blaze involv'd the ruin'd town.

But chief *Arfetes* ev'ry eye demands, 750
He o'er the rest in grief superior stands ;
No tears from him, like common sorrows flow,
Toc deep his bosom feels the frantic woe.
With sordid dust he stains his hoary hairs,
He strikes his aged breast, his cheeks he tears. 755
While fix'd on him the vulgar bend their look,
Thus in the 'midst the fierce *Argantes* spoke.

When first I heard the city gates were clos'd,
And 'midst the foes the glorious dame expos'd,
Fain would I then have issu'd to her aid, 760
And shar'd one fortune with the hapless maid !
In vain I pray'd !—the king's command restrain'd,
And me reluctant in the town detain'd.
O ! had I issu'd then, this faithful sword
Had safe the virgin to these walls restor'd : 765
Or, where her blood now stains the purple ground,
My days had run their race with glory crown'd !
What could I more ? what means remain'd untry'd ?
But men and Gods alike my suit deny'd !
Pale lies she now in fatal conflict slain, 770
Then hear what duties for this arm remain !
Hear all *Jerusalem* ! my purpose hear !
And conscious Heav'n be witness whilst I swear !
I vow dire vengeance on the *Christian*'s head :
And if I fail, on me thy bolts be shed ! 775
The task be mine the murd'lers life to take ;
Ne'er shall this trusty sword my side forsake,

IL B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 49

'Till deep in *Tancred's* heart it finds a way,
And leaves his corse to rav'ous fowls a prey!

He spoke: well pleas'd his speech the *Syrians* hear,
And loud applauses rend the sounding air. 781
The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve;
Each calms his sorrow and forgets to grieve.
O empty words! O Heav'n in vain adjur'd!
Far other end disposing Fate ensur'd! 785
For soon subdu'd the *Pagan* boaster dies
By him who now in thought beneath his prowess lies!

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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ismeno, by his enchantments, raises the Demons, and appoints them to guard the wood which supplied the Christians with timbers to carry on the siege. The workmen being sent to fell the trees, are terrified, and return to the camp. Several of the Chiefs successively attempt the adventure, but in vain. Tancred then undertakes it, and penetrates into the wood; but at length retires, deceived by new illusions. The Christian army is afflicted with a drought, by which it is reduced to the utmost extremity. A disaffection spreads amongst the troops, several of whom withdraw themselves under favour of the night. Godfrey invokes the assistance of Heaven, and the camp is relieved by a seasonable shower.

BUT scarce consum'd in smoil'dring ashes falls
Th' enormous pile that shook the *Pagan* walls;
When other schemes *Ismeno*'s arts compose,
To save the ramparts from th' invading foes:

He Wh

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 51

He bends his thought to guard the woodland shade, 5
From which the *Franks* their mighty beams convey'd;
That thus their engines they no more may rear,
Nor *Sion* more the threat'ning fury fear.

Not far from where encamp'd the *Christian* bands,
Midst lonely vales an aged forest stands: 10

Here, when the day with purest beams is bright,
The branches scarce admit a gloomy light;
Such as we view from morning's doubtful ray,
Or the faint glimm'rings of departing day.

But when the sun beneath the earth descends, 15
Here mournful night her deeper veil extends:

Infernall darkness seems the sight to fill!

And sudden terrors ev'ry bosom chill!

No shepherd here his flock to pasture drives;

No village swain, with lowing herd, arrives: 20

No pilgrim dares approach; but struck with dread
In distant prospect shews the dreary shade.

Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,
Convey'd on flitting clouds thro' yielding air:

While one a dragon's fiery image bears;

And one a goat's mishapen likeness wears.

And here they celebrate, with impious rite,

The feasts profane and orgies of the night.

Thus went the fame: untouch'd the forest stood;

No hand presum'd to violate the wood;

Till now the fearless *Franks* the trees invade,

From these alone their vast machines they made.

Here the magician came; the hour he chose,

When night around her deepest silence throws:

Close to his loins he girt his flowing vest,
Then form'd his circle and his signs impress'd :
With one foot bare, within the magic round
He stood, and mutter'd many a potent sound.
Thrice turning to the East his face was shewn ;
Thrice to the regions of the setting sun ;
And thrice he shook the wand, whose wond'rous force
Could from the tomb recall the buried corse :
As oft with naked foot the soil he struck,
Then thus aloud with dreadful accents spoke.

Hear you! who once by vengeful lightning driv'n
Fell headlong from the starry plains of Heav'n !
Ye pow'rs who guide the storms and wintry war,
The wand'ring rulers of the middle air !
And you, the ministers of endless woe
To sinful spirits in the shades below !
Inhabitants of hell ! your aid I claim,
And thine, dire Monarch of the realms of flame !
Attend my will ; these woods in charge receive ;
To you consign'd each fatal plant I leave.
As human bodies human fouls contain,
So you enshrin'd within these trees remain.
Thus shall the *Christian* fly, at least forbear
To fell this forest, and your anger fear.

He said ; and added many an impious spell,
Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.
While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night
Th' affrighted stars withdrew their glitt'ring light
The moon, disturb'd, no more her beams reveal'd
But, wrapt in clouds, her silver horns conceal'd.

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B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 53

Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again: 65
Why are you thus, ye fiends! invok'd in vain?
Why this delay? or do ye wait to hear
More potent words and accents more severe?
Tho' long disus'd my mem'ry yet retains
Each deeper art that ev'ry pow'r constrain: 70
These lips can found that name with terror heard,
That awful name by ev'ry demon fear'd;
The name that startles hell's tremendous reign,
And calls forth *Pluto* from his own domain.
Hear! and attend! — no more th' Enchanter said, 75
The spell was ended and the fiends obey'd.

Unnumber'd spirits to the grove repair,
Of those that wander thro' the fields of air;
Of those that deep in earth's foundations lie,
In seats far distant from the cheerful sky. 80
Still in their mind they bear the high command
That late, from fields of fight, their host restrain'd:
Yet each compell'd the direful charge receives,
Invades the trunk, or lurks beneath the leaves.

The Sorc'rer now, his impious purpose wrought, 85
Without delay the Monarch's presence sought.
O King! dismiss thy doubts (he thus begun)
Behold secur'd thy walls and regal throne!
No more the *Christians*, as their thoughts intend,
Can bid their tow'rs against the town ascend. 90
He said; and to the list'ning Prince disclos'd
The various spells by magic pow'r compos'd.
Then thus pursu'd — To what my lips have told,
As grateful tidings let me now unfold.

Know *Mars* and *Sol* will soon their force combine, 95
 'To dart their mutual beams from *Leo*'s sign:
 No fav'ring winds shall cool the burning ray,
 No show'rs or dews refresh the sultry day.
 Yet we may here the parching season bear,
 Reliev'd with pleasing shade and gentle air; 100
 'This town such shelter yields and plenteous streams,
 And gentle gales to check the scorching beams:
 While on the barren earth the *Franks* shall lie,
 And feel the fury of th' inclement sky.
 Thus, first subdu'd by Heav'n, th' *Egyptian* train 105
 Shall o'er their host an easy conquest gain.
 So shall the foes, without thy labour, yield:
 'Then tempt no more the fortune of the field.
 But if too high *Argante*'s courage grows,
 To bear, what prudence wills, a short repose: 110
 If still, as wont, he urge thee to the fight,
 The care be thine to curb th' impetuous knight:
 For soon will Heav'n on thee its peace bestow,
 And whelm, in ruin, yon flagitious foe!
 With joy the King these welcome tidings heard, 115
 The engines of the foes no longer fear'd:
 But not for this he ceas'd his watchful care,
 The walls to view, and ev'ry breach repair:
 Alike the citizens the toils divide,
 And various throngs the work incessant ply'd. 120
 Meanwhile the pious Chief, their labours known,
 Resolv'd no more t' attempt the sacred town,
 'Till once again his lofty tow'r he rear'd,
 And ev'ry engine for th' attack prepar'd.

Where

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVRED. 55

Where 'midst the wood the living timbers grew, 125
The workmen swift he sent the trees to hew ;
These reach'd, at early dawn, the gloomy shade,
But sudden fears their trembling souls dismay'd.

As simple children dread the hours of night
When fabled spectres fill their minds with fright :
So these were seiz'd with dread ; yet scarce they knew
From what new cause th' unwonted terrors grew.
But fancy form'd perhaps a num'rous train
Of empty Sphinxes and chimeras vain !

Back from the wood with speed the camp they sought,
And wild reports, and tales uncertain brought. 136
The *Christian* warriors scorn'd their daftard fears,
And heard their words with unbelieving ears.

Then *Godfrey* next dispatch'd a squadron try'd,
A valiant troop that ev'ry chance defy'd, 140
To succour those, and urge their fainting hands
To act with courage what their Chief commands.

Now near they came, where 'midst the horrid shade
The fiends conceal'd their impious dwelling made.

Soon as their eyes the dreary seats behold, 145
Each beating heart is numb'd with freezing cold.
Yet on they move, while looks of boldnes hide
Th' ignoble thoughts that ev'ry breast divide.

Arriv'd at length within the vale they stood,
And reach'd the entrance of th' enchanted wood. 150
When sudden issu'd forth a rumbling sound,
As when an earthquake rocks the trembling ground ;
A hollow noise, like murmur'ring winds, they hear,
Or dashing billows breaking on their ear :

56 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XIII.

There serpents seem to hiss, and lions roar, 155
 To howl the wolf, to grunt the tusky boar:
 The trumpet's clangor sounds, the thunders roll,
 And mingled clamours echo to the pole!
 At once their bloodless cheeks their thoughts display'd;
 A thousand signs their tim'rous hearts betray'd:
 No more could discipline their ranks sustain, 161
 A secret pow'r dismay'd the routed train:
 At length they fled: when one with looks confus'd,
 To pious *Godfrey* thus their flight excus'd.

No more we boast, O Chief! thcse woods to fell, 165
 Impervious woods secur'd by hidden spell!
 Infernal furies 'midst the gloom resort,
 And *Pluto* there has fix'd his horrid court!
 Of triple adamant his heart is made,
 Who unappall'd beholds the fatal shade: 170
 And more than mortal he, who free from fear,
 Can the dire howlings and the thunders hear.

He said ; and while he thus his tale pursu'd,
 Amongst the lift'ning chiefs *Alcaftus* stood;
 A man of courage rash, whose daring mind 175
 Scorn'd ev'ry monster dreadful to mankind;
 Nor storms nor earthquakes could his fear excite,
 Nor ought that fills the world with pale affright.

He shook his head, and smiling thus reply'd :
 By me this arduous task shall soon be try'd ! 180
 Alone I go yon dreaded woods to fell,
 Where visionary shapes and terrors dwell!
 No ghastly spectres shall this hand restrain,
 And fiends shall howl, and thunders roar in vain:

Behold

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 57

Behold my soul each threat'ning pow'r defies, 185
Tho' Hell's dire passage gape before my eyes!

Boastful he spoke: the leader gave consent:
From thence with daring steps the warrior went.
At length the forest to his sight appear'd,
And from within the mingled noise was heard. 190
But still the knight pursu'd his course unmov'd;
No terrors yet his dauntless bosom prov'd.
Now had his feet the soil forbidden trod,
When lo! a rising fire his steps withstood!
Wide and more wide it spread, and seem'd to frame 195
Huge lofty walls and battlements of flame!
The wond'rous fence around the wood extends,
And from the sounding axe its trees defends.
What monsters arm'd upon the ramparts stand,
What horrid forms compose the griesly band!
With threat'ning eyes some view him from afar,
And some, with clashing arms, the champion dare.
At length he flies, but with a tardy flight,
So parts a lion, yielding in the fight.
Surpriz'd his conscious heart the doubts confess'd, 205
And own'd the fears that struggled in his breast.
Then, to the camp return'd, with humbled pride,
From ev'ry eye he sought the shame to hide:
Nor longer durst, his face with grief o'erspread,
Among the warriors lift his haughty head. 210

By Godfrey summon'd now, awhile he stay'd,
And with excuses vain the time delay'd:
Slowly at length he came, unwilling spoke,
And from his lips imperfect accents broke.

3 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XIII.

Full well the Leader saw his troubled mind, 215
 And, by his looks, the boaster's flight divin'd.

What may (he cries) these strange events portend ?
 What tales are these that nature's laws transcend ?
 Is there a man who, fill'd with glorious heat,
 Dares yet explore the forest's dark retreat ? 220
 Now let his courage yonder seats invade,
 Or bring more certain tidings from the shade.

So spoke the Chief: and three succeeding days
 The boldest warriors, urg'd by thirst of praise,
 Assay'd the dreary wood: but, struck with dread, 225
 Each knight by turns the threat'ning terrors fled.

Now in her tomb has noble *Tancred* laid
 The honour'd relicks of his much-lov'd maid:
 Pale are his looks, his languid limbs appear
 Too weak the cuirass or the shield to bear. 230
 But since the *Christian* cause his sword requires,
 Nor toil nor danger damps his gen'rous fires;
 Heroic ardors all his soul enflame,
 And give new vigour to his feeble frame.
 With native firmness arm'd, he hastes to prove 235
 The secret perils of the magic grove.
 Unmov'd his eyes the gloomy shade behold:
 In vain the earthquakes rock'd, the thunders roll'd:
 At first a transient doubt assail'd his breast,
 But each unworthy thought was soon repreſ'd. 240
 Still on he pass'd, till full before his eyes
 The burning walls and flaming ramparts rise.
 At this awhile his hasty course he stay'd:
 What here can arms avail? (the warrior said)

Shall

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 59

Shall I, where yon devouring furies wait, 245
Amidst the flames attempt a desp'rate fate?
Ne'er would I fly from death in glory's strife,
When fame, when public good demands my life.
From useless perils yet the brave refrain ;
The warrior's courage here were spent in vain : 250
Yet how will yonder camp my flight receive ?
What other forest can their want relieve ?
By *Godfrey* then the task will sure be try'd :
These fires perhaps may vanish when defy'd.
But be it as it may ! Th' attempt I claim ! — 255
He said ; and fearless rush'd amidst the flame :
At once he leapt and press'd unhurt the ground,
Nor fire nor heat th' intrepid hero found :
At once the visionary flames were fled,
And all around a dismal darknes spread ; 260
Tempests and clouds arose : but soon anew
The storms were vanish'd and the clouds withdrew !
Surpriz'd, but dauntless noble *Tancred* stood.
And when the skies thus clear'd the warrior view'd.
With steps secure he pierc'd th' unhallow'd glade, 265
And trac'd each secret winding of the shade.
No wond'rous phantoms now his course oppos'd,
No burning tow'rs the guarded wood enclos'd :
But oft the trees, with tangled boughs entwin'd,
Perplex'd his passage and his fight confin'd. 270
At length a sylvan theatre he found ;
Nor plant, nor tree within the verdant round ;
Save in the midst a stately cypres rose,
And high in air advanc'd its spreading boughs.

To

60 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XIII.

To this the Knight his wand'ring steps address'd, 275
 And saw the trunk with various marks impress'd :
 Like those (e'er men were vers'd in scriptur'd lore)
 Mysterious *Egypt* us'd in days of yore.

Amidst the signs unknown he chanc'd to find
 These words engrav'd conspicuous on the rind. 280

O ! valiant Knight ! whose feet have dar'd to tread
 These mansions sacred to the silent dead :
 If pity e'er thy dauntless breast could move,
 Forbear to violate this fatal grove.
 Revere the souls depriv'd of vital air, 285
 Nor with the dead an impious war declare.

These lines the Knight perus'd, and lost in thought,
 He long in vain the secret meaning sought.
 Now thro' the leaves a whisp'ring breeze he hears,
 And human voices murmur'ring in his ears ; 290
 That various passions in his heart instill ;
 Soft pity, grief and awe his bosom fill !

At length, resolv'd, his shining steel he drew,
 And struck the tree, when (dreadful to his view !)
 The wounded bark a sanguine current shed, 295
 And stain'd the grassy turf with streaming red.
 With horror fill'd, yet fix'd th' event to know,
 Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow :
 When from the trunk was heard a human groan,
 And plaintive accents in a female tone. 300

Too much on me thy rage before was bent,
 O ! cruel *Tancred* ! cease — at last relent !
 By thee from life's delightful seat I fell,
 Driv'n from the breast where once I us'd to dwell.

Why

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 61

Why do'st thou still pursue with ruthless hate, 305
This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?
Ah! cruel! — shall not death th' unhappy save?
And would'st thou reach thy foes within the grave?
Clorinda once was I! — nor here confin'd,
My soul alone informs a rugged rind: 310
The like mysterious fortune waits on all
Who sink in fight beneath yon lofty wall;
By strange enchantment here (relentless doom!)
They find in sylvan forms a living tomb:
These trunks and branches human sense endows, 315
Nor canst thou, guiltless, lop the vital boughs.

As one, distemper'd, to whose sleeping eyes
A dragon or chimera seems to rise,
Attempts to fly, while yet he scarce believes
The monstrous phantom that his sense deceives: 320
So far'd the lover, doubting what he heard,
Yet, 'midst his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.
A thousand tender thoughts his fancy struck;
And soon the sword his trembling hand forsook.
Now in his mind he views th' offended Fair 325
With all the sighs and tumults of despair:
Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes,
To view the streaming bark, or hear the mournful cries!
Thus he, whose courage ev'ry deed had try'd,
And all the various forms of death defy'd; 330
Submits his reason to delusive charms,
And Love's all-pow'rful name his breast disarms.

A whirlwind now arose with sudden roar,
Which from the wood his fallen faulchion bore.

And

And thus subdu'd, the Knight no longer strove, 335
 But left th' attempt, and issu'd from the grove:
 His sword regaining to the Chief he came,
 And thus at length began his tale to frame.

Unthought-of truths, O Prince! I shall reveal,
 Wond'rous to know, incredible to tell! 340
 I heard the dreadful sounds, the fire I view'd
 That, sudden rising, in my passage stood;
 Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd,
 Where armed monsters for defence appear'd.
 Yet free from heat I pass'd the burning tow'rs, 345
 Nor found my path oppos'd by hostile pow'rs;
 To this succeeded clouds, and storms, and night,
 But soon again return'd the cheerful light.
 More shall I speak? — A human spirit lives
 In ev'ry tree, and sense and reason gives 350
 To ev'ry plant — deep groans assail'd my ear,
 And still I seem the mournful sounds to hear.
 Each parted trunk pours forth a purple stream,
 Like sanguine currents from a wounded limb!
 I own myself subdu'd — no more I dare 355
 A branch dis sever or a sapling tear.

While *Tancred* thus his wond'rous tidings brought,
 The Leader waver'd, lost in anxious thought;
 Uncertain if himself th' attempt to prove,
 And try the dangers of th' enchanted grove; 360
 Or seek what other distant wood might yield
 The planks to frame his engines for the field;
 But from his doubts the Hermit soon relieves
 The pensive Chief, and thus his counsel gives.

Forego

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 63

Forego thy schemes, nor think the wood t' invade,
Another hand must pierce the fatal shade. 366

Now, now, the vessel gains the desert strand,
She furls her sails, she cuts the yielding sand!
See! where at length th' expected hero breaks
His shameful bondage, and the shore forsakes! 370

Full soon will Heav'n yon tow'ring walls o'erthrew,
And quell the numbers of th' *Egyptian* foe!
While thus he spoke, enflam'd his looks appear'd;
With more than mortal sound his voice was heard.

The pious *Godfrey*, still with cares oppres'd, 375
New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breast.

But now, receiv'd in *Cancer's* fiery sign,
The sun, with scorching rays, began to shine:
A direful drought succeeds: the martial train
No more the labours of the field sustain. 380

Each gentle star has quench'd its kindly beam;
From fullen skies malignant planets gleam;
Their baneful influence on the earth they shed,
And wide thro' air infectious vapours spread.
To dreadful day more dreadful night succeeds, 385
And each new morn increasing terror breeds.

The sun ne'er rises chearful to the fight,
But sanguine spots distain his sacred light:
Pale hov'ring mists around his forehead play,
The sad forerunners of a fatal day! 390

His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,
Denouncing greater woes at his return;
And adds new horrors to the present doom,
By certain fear of evils yet to come!

All

All nature pants beneath the burning sky : 395
 The earth is cleft; the less'ning streams are dry :
 The barren clouds, like streaky flames, divide,
 Dispers'd and broken thro' the sultry void.
 No cheerful object for the sight remains ;
 Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains ; 400
 Alone the wind from *Lybia*'s sands respires,
 And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.
 Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,
 Thick lightnings flash and livid comets glare !
 No pleasing moisture nature's face renews : 405
 The moon no longer sheds her pearly dews
 To cheer the mourning earth : the plants and flow'rs
 In vain require the soft and vital flow'rs !
 Sweet slumber flies from ev'ry restless night,
 In vain would men his balmy pow'r invite ; 410
 Sleepless they lie : but far above the rest,
 The rage of thirst their fainting souls oppress'd.
 For, vers'd in guile, *Judea*'s impious King
 With pois'nous juice had tinctur'd ev'ry spring ;
 Whose currents now with dire pollution flow, 415
 Like *Styx* and *Acheron* in realms below !
 The slender stream where *Siloa*'s gentle wave
 Once to the *Christians* draughts untainted gave :
 Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,
 And yield their fainting host a small supply. 420
 But not the *Po*, when most his waters swell,
 Would seem too vast their raging thirst to quell ;
 Nor mighty *Ganges*, nor the sev'n-mouth'd *Nile*,
 That, with his deluge, glads th' *Egyptian* soil.

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 65

If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd, 425
Begirt with grassy turf, some crystal flood :
Or living waters foam from *Alpine* hills,
Or thro' soft herbage purl the limpid rills :
Such flatt'ring scenes again their fancies frame, 430
And add new fewel to increase their flame.

Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns :
But still the fervor rages in the veins !
Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,
Whose limbs robust could ev'ry clime defy ; 435
Inur'd the weight of pond'rous arms to bear,
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare :
Deep in thir veins the hidden furies prey,
And eat, by slow degrees, their lives away.

The courser, late with gen'rous pride indu'd, 440
Now loaths the grass his once delightful food :
With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread,
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.
No mem'ry now of ancient fame remains,
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains :
The conquer'd spoils and trappings once bestow'd, 445
His joy so late, are now a painful load !

Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,
Nor heeds the service of his dearer lord !
Out-stretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,
Receives at ev'ry gasp new draughts of death. 450

In vain has nature's law the air assign'd
T' allay the inward heat of human kind :
What here, alas ! can air mankind avail,
When fevers float on ev'ry burning gale !

Thus

Thus droop'd the earth, and ev'ry glory lost, 455
 Dire prospects terrify'd the faithful host :
 Complaints aloud resound from ev'ry band,
 And words, like these, are heard on either hand.

What next can *Godfrey* hope ? Why longer stay
 'Till one sad fate sweep all our camp away ? 460
 Still can he think yon lofty walls to gain,
 What force is left, what engines now remain ?
 And sees not he, of all the host alone,
 The wrath of *God* by ev'ry signal shewn ?
 A thousand signs and prodigies declare
 His will oppos'd against this fatal war. 465
 What scorching rays the sick'ning land invade !
 Nor *Ind* nor *Lybia* asks a cooler shade !
 Then thinks our Leader no regard we claim,
 And views us as a vile, a worthless name ! 470
 That souls like ours to death must tamely yield,
 So he may still th' imperial sceptre wield !
 Behold the boasted Chief, the pious nam'd,
 For acts of mercy and for goodness fam'd,
 Forgets his people's weal, his pow'r to raise, 475
 And on their ruin builds destructive praise !
 While thus we mourn each spring and fountain dry'd,
 From *Jordan*'s stream his thirst is well supply'd ;
 Amidst his festive friends the prince reclines,
 And mixes cooling draughts with *Cretan* wines. 480

Thus said the *Franks*; but louder far complain'd
 The *Grecian* chief, who *Godfrey*'s sway disdain'd :
 Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd ;
 Why should I tamely perish here ? (he said)

And

B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 67

And why with me on mine should ruin wait? 485
If Godfrey blindly rush on certain fate,
On him and on his *Franks* th' event be thrown,
Nor let us fall for follies not our own.

Thus said the Chief; nor bade the host adieu,
But, with his train, at ev'ning's close, withdrew. 490
Soon as the morn beheld his squadron fled,
On other troops the quick contagion spread.

Those that in battle *Ademar* obey'd,
And brave *Clothareus*, now in silence laid,
(Since death, which all dissolves, had burst the bands
That held them subject to their lord's commands) 496
Already meditate their secret flight,
And some depart beneath the fav'ring night.

All this full well observant *Godfrey* knew,
Nor yet his soul would rig'rous means pursue 500
T' oppose the ill; resolv'd the faith to prove,
That rapid streams can stay, and rocks remove;
The Ruler of the world with pray'rs t' implore
The sacred fountains of his grace to pour.

With hands conjoin'd, and eyes with zeal on flame, 505
He thus aloud invok'd th' Eternal name.

O King! and Father! if thy pitying hand
E'er shed thy manna in the desart land;
If e'er thy will to man such virtue gave,
From veins of rock to draw the gushing wave; 510
Be now for these thy wond'rous pow'r display'd:
But if their merits less can claim thy aid,
O! let thy grace, to veil their faults, be giv'n,
Still may thy warriors feel the care of Heav'n!

These

These righteous pray'rs, in humble words express'd,
On eagle-wings to Heav'n their flight address'd ; 516
There full before the throne of God appear'd :
Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard ;
His awful eyes he bent on *Syria*'s lands,
And view'd the labours of his faithful bands : 520
He saw their suff'rings with a gracious look,
Then thus, with mild benevolence, he spoke.

Lo ! to this hour, on earth my camp belov'd
Has various woes and dreadful perils prov'd !
The world, in arms, resists their glorious toils, 525
And hell obstructs their course with all its wiles.
Now, chang'd the scene, a happier fate attends :
From fav'ring clouds the friendly show'r descends :
Their matchless hero comes t' exalt their name,
And *Egypt*'s host arrives to crown their fame. 530

Th' Almighty ceas'd : Heav'n trembled as he spoke ;
The stars and ev'ry wand'ring planet shook ;
The air was hush'd, the sea was calm'd to rest,
And ev'ry hill and cave their awe confess'd.
Swift to the left the lightning's blaze appear'd ; 535
At once aloft the thunder's noise was heard.
The troops transported view the low'ring skies,
And hail the rolling sound with joyful cries.
Now thick'ning clouds their gloomy veil extend ;
Not these in vapours from the earth ascend 540
By *Phœbus*' warmth ; but Heav'n the deluge pours,
And opens all the sluices of its stores.
The torrents fall impetuous from the skies ;
Above their banks the foamy rivers rise.

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B. XIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED, 69

As on the shore, when heats have parch'd the plain,
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain ; 546
Then greet the moisture with expanded wings,
And sport and plunge beneath the cooling springs :
The Christians thus salute with joyful cry
The grateful deluge from the pitying sky. 550
These on their locks or vests the stream receive ;
From helms or vases those their thirst relieve :
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave ;
Their faces some, and some their temples lave :
While Earth, that late her gaping rifts disclos'd, 555
And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd ;
Receives and ministers the vital show'rs
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees and flow'rs :
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns,
No more the flame within her bosom burns ; 560
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd soil,
Again renew'd her hills and valleys smile.

Now ceas'd the rain ; the sun restor'd the day,
And shed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray :
As when his beams benign their influence bring 565
T' unlock, with genial pow'r, the welcome spring.
O wond'rous faith ! that, trusting Heav'n above,
Can purge the air and ev'ry ill remove :
Can change the seasons, and reverse their state,
And quench the fury of impending Fate ! 570

The END of the THIRTEENTH Book.

JERU-

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Godfrey is admonished in a dream to recall Rinaldo to the camp. Guelpho pleads for his nephew's return, and Godfrey consents to it. Ubald and Charles the Dane are appointed the messengers for that purpose: these, by the directions of Peter, proceed to Ascalon, where they are entertained by a Christian Magician, who shews them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which Rinaldo was ensnared by Armida, and then instructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the Enchantress.

NOW from her mother's antient lap arose
Indulgent Night, befriending sweet repose:
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew:
The flutt'ring Zephyrs breath'd a grateful wind, 5
And sooth'd the balmy slumbers of mankind.
Now, ev'ry thought forgot, the peaceful host
Their cares and labours in oblivion lost:

But

B. XIV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 71

But ever watchful o'er his creatures' state,
In light eternal Heav'n's Almighty fate : 10
His looks he turn'd, and view'd, from upper skies,
The *Christian* Leader with benignant eyes :
To him, with speed, he sent a mystic dream,
To speak the purpose of the will supreme.
Not far from where the sun, with eastern ray, 15
Thro' golden portals pours the beamy day,
A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold
Ere yet the skies the dawning light behold.
From thence the dreams arise, which Heav'nly pow'r
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour. 20
From thence to *Godfrey*'s tent the Vision fled,
And o'er the Chief his radiant pinions spread.
No slumber e'er such pleasing scenes display'd,
As now the hero, in a trance, survey'd :
That brought the starry mansions to his eyes, 25
And open'd all the secrets of the skies :
Then full reflected to his sense was shown
The happy state, by righteous spirits known.
He seem'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd,
Where beams on beams with mingled lustre blaz'd. 30
There while he, wond'ring, view'd the seats around,
And heard the sacred choir their hymns resound ;
Begirt with rays, and cloath'd with lambent flame,
Full in his sight a graceful warrior came.
His tuneful voice no sounds can reach below, 35
And from his lips these gentle accents flow :
Then will not *Godfrey* own this face again,
And is thy friend, thy *Hugo* seen in vain ?

To

But

To whom the Chief reply'd: That form divine,
 Where circling beams of dazzling glory shine, 40
 So far my feeble mortal sense obscur'd,
 That scarcely yet my mem'ry stands assur'd.
 He said; and thrice with eager arms assay'd
 With pious love to clasp the friendly shade:
 And thrice the phantom mock'd his fruitless care, 43
 And fled like empty dreams or fleeting air.

Think not (the Vision cry'd) thy eyes behold
 A mortal substance of terrestrial mould:
 A naked spirit stands before thy sight,
 A citizen of this celestial light. 50
 Behold God's temple! here his warriors rest,
 With these shalt thou reside for ever blest.
 When comes that happy hour? (the Chief replies)
 Ah! now release my soul from earthly ties!

Soon shalt thou (*Hugo* thus return'd again) 55
 Partake the triumphs of th' immortal train:
 But first thy warfare claims new toils below;
 In fields of fight thy courage yet must glow.
 'Tis thine to free from impious *Pagan* bands
 The sacred empire of *Judea*'s lands;
 And, firmly fix'd, the *Christian* throne to place,
 The seat thy brother is decreed to grace.
 But that thy breast may feel a holier fire,
 And purer pleasures purer thoughts inspire: 60
 Contemplate well this place, these starry rays,
 Where Heav'n's Almighty pours the boundless blaze.
 Hark! how th' Angelic Choir their hymns prolong
 And warble to the lyre celestial song!

B. XIV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 73

Now cast thy sight to yonder globe below,
See! all that earth on mortals can bestow! 70

Behold what vileness there obscures mankind;
Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find?
A naked solitude, a narrow space
Confines the senseless pride of human race.

Earth, like an isle, is round with waves embrac'd: 75
Survey yon sea, the mighty and the vast!
Which here can no such glorious titles claim,
A pool unnoted and a worthless name!

He said; and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,
And view'd the earth with pity and surprize: 80
He smil'd to see the num'rous nations' boast,
Lands, floods, and oceans in an atom lost;
Amaz'd that man, with sensual follies blind,
Should there, immers'd in smoke, in gloom confin'd,
Pursue vain empire, and an airy name, 85
Nor heed the call of Heav'n, and virtue's lasting fame.

Then thus he said: Since 'tis not God's decree,
From mortal prison yet my soul to free;
O! be my guide! Vouchsafe the path to show,
Amidst the errors of the world below. 90

The path before thee (*Hugo* then reply'd)
Pursue, nor from the track remove aside.
This only counsel from thy friend receive;
From exile brave *Bertoldo*'s son reprieve.

For if to thee th' Almighty King of Heav'n 95
The sov'reign guidance of the host has giv'n;
'Tis his decree no less th' intrepid knight
Should execute thy high commands in fight:

'Tis thine the foremost duties to sustain,
 'To him the second honours must remain : 100
 To him alone, 'tis giv'n the woods to sell,
 So deeply guarded by the fiends of hell :
 From him the troops, that seem a lifeless host,
 Their numbers weaken'd and their courage lost ;
 That inly meditate a shameful flight, 105
 Shall gain new vigour for th' approaching fight :
 So shall they teach yon haughty walls to yield,
 And rout the Eastern armies in the field.

He said, and ceas'd ; when *Godfrey* made reply :
 'The knight's return would fill my breast with joy : 110
 'Thou know'st (and thou my secret thought canst prove)
 That in my soul he meets a brother's love.
 But say, what offers must I make ? and where
 'To seek him must the messengers repair ?
 How suits it with my state the youth to greet, 115
 'T' exact obedience, or with pray'r entreat ?

To whom the shade : Th' Eternal King, whose grace
 To thee has giv'n on earth a leader's place,
 Decrees that those o'er whom he gave thee sway,
 'To thee, their head, should rightful homage pay : 120
 Request not then (thou canst not, void of blame,
 With servile pray'rs debafe a gen'ral's name)
 But when thy friends beseech, thy ears incline ;
 The part be their's t' entreat, to yield be thine :
 To thee, inspir'd by Heav'n, shall *Guelph* plead, 125
 And ask forgiveness for *Rinaldo*'s deed.
 Tho' now far distant from th' abandon'd host,
 He lives in love and ease inglorious lost ;

B. XIV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 75

A few short days will bring the youth again
To shine in arms amidst his social train : 130

For holy *Peter* can thy envoys send
Where certain tidings shall their search attend :
They shall be taught the arts, and giv'n the pow'r
The knight to free, and to the camp restore.

Thus all thy wand'ring partners of the war 135
Shall Heav'n at length reduce beneath thy care.

Yet ere I cease, one truth I shall reveal,
Which well I know thy breast with joy shall fill :
His blood shall mix with thine, and thence a race
Of glorious names succeeding times shall grace ! 140

He ended here; and pass'd like smoke away,
Or fleeting clouds before the solar ray.
Then sleep, departing, left the hero's breast
At once with wonder and with joy posses'd.
The pious Chief th' advancing morn survey'd, 145
And strait his limbs in weighty arms array'd.
Soon in his tent th' attending leaders met,
In daily council where conven'd they fate ;
There ev'ry future act they weigh with care,
And ev'ry labour of the war prepare. 150

Then noble *Guelpho*, who, by Heav'n impress'd,
New thoughts revolv'd within his careful breast,
First turn'd to *Godfrey* 'midst the warrior-train :
O! Prince ! for mercy fam'd (he thus began)
Come t' implore thy grace ; thy grace dispense, 155
Tho' rash the deed, tho' recent be th' offence :
Hence may it seem too boldly here I stand,
And immaturely urge the fond demand.

But when I think to *Godfrey's* gentle ear
 For brave *Rinaldo* I my suit prefer ; 160
 Or view myself, of no ignoble strain,
 That intercedes thy fav'ring grace to gain :
 I trust thou wilt not such a boon deny,
 Which all will here receive with equal joy.
 Ah ! let the youth return, retrieve his name, 165
 And lave, in fields of blood, his fully'd fame.
 What hand but his intrepid shall invade
 The forest-gloom, and bare the fatal shade ?
 Who more advent'rous in the field to dare
 Despising death amidst the ranks of war ? 170
 Behold he shakes the walls, the gates o'erthrows,
 Or foremost scales the ramparts of the foes !
 Restore him to the camp ! — O Chief ! restore
 The hope of battle, and the soldiers' pow'r.
 Restore to me a nephew well-belov'd, 175
 A champion to thyself, in arms approv'd :
 Nor let him in ignoble sloth remain,
 But give him to his rank and fame again,
 Thy conquering banners let him still pursue,
 So may the gazing world his virtues view : 180
 Great deeds he then shall shew in open light,
 While thou, his leader, rul'st the field of fight.

He ended here ; and, while his suit he press'd,
 All join'd, with fav'ring murmurs, his request :
 And *Godfrey* now (each inward thought conceal'd) 185
 Seem'd to his reasons and his suit to yield.
 Can I (he cry'd) refuse the grace requir'd,
 By all expected, and by all desir'd ?

B. XIV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 77

Here rigor ends — enough your counsel moves ;
Then be it as the public voice approves. 190
Let young *Rinaldo* view the camp again,
But learn henceforth his anger to restrain :
May he, with actions equal to your praise,
Fulfill your wishes and his glory raise !
Him to recall, O *Guelpho* ! be thy care : 195
(And grateful sure the tidings to his ear !)
'Tis thine the trusty envoy to select,
And where the youth resides, his steps direct.

He ceas'd ; when, rising, thus the *Dane* began :
An envoy if you seek behold the man ! 200
Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,
To him this honour'd weapon to resign.

So spoke the knight with gen'rous ardor mov'd,
And noble *Guelpho* his desire approv'd ;
And join'd with him, the labours to divide, 205
Ubald in ev'ry art of wisdom try'd.

Ubald, in youth, had many regions seen,
Explor'd the customs and the ways of men ;
And wander'd long with unremitting toil,
From polar cold to *Lybia*'s burning soil : 210
From diff'rent nations diff'rent arts he drew ;
Their laws, their manners and their speech he knew :
In age mature him *Guelpho* now caress'd,
His much-lov'd friend and partner of his breast.

Such were the men, selected 'midst the host, 215
From exile to recall the champion lost :
These *Guelpho* now instructs their course to bend
Where mighty *Ba'mond*'s regal walls ascend :

78 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XIV.

Since all (for thus the public fame was blown)
 Had fix'd the knight's retreat in *Antioch*'s town: 220
 But here the word the rev'rend hermit took,
 And interpos'd and thus their converse broke.

Ye warriors brave! attend my words (he said)
 Nor be by voice of vulgar fame misled;
 But haste to *Ajalon*, and seek the shores 225
 Where to the sea a stream its tribute pours:
 There shall a sage, the *Christians'* friend, appear;
 Attend his dictates and his counsel hear:
 Full well he knows, long since foretold by me,
 Of this your journey, fix'd by God's decree; 230
 'Tis his your steps to guide; from him receive
 Such welcome as a faithful heart can give.

The hermit said: and as his words requir'd,
 The ready knights obey'd what Heav'n inspir'd.
 Direct to *Ajalon* they bent their way, 235
 Where breaks against the land the neighb'ring sea.
 Their ears perceiv'd not yet the hollow roar
 Of dashing billows sounding on the shore:
 When now the chiefs a rapid stream beheld,
 With sudden rains and rushing torrents swell'd: 240
 The banks no more confine its headlong course;
 Swift as a shaft it drives with furious force.
 While in suspense they stand, a sage appears
 Of rev'rend aspect and experienc'd years.
 An oaken wreath surrounds his aged brows; 245
 In lengthen'd folds his snowy vesture flows;
 A wand he shakes; secure he treads the waves,
 And with his feet unbath'd the torrent braves.

E. XIV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 79

So near the freezing pole, the village-swains
(When winter binds the floods in icy chains) 250
Oft o'er the *Rhine* in fearless numbers glide
With hissing sound, and skim the solid tide.

Now came the sage to where in deep surprize,
On him the silent warriors fix'd their eyes;
Then thus: O friends! you tempt an arduous task, 255
Your high designs uncommon guidance ask.
What toils, what dangers still attend your way,
What seas to pass, what regions to survey!
Far must your search, where other suns ascend,
Beyond the limits of our world extend! 260
But first vouchsafe to view my lonely cell,
The hidden mansion where retir'd I dwell:
There shall my lips such wond'rous truths declare,
As well befits your purpose now to hear.

He ceas'd; and bade the stream a passage yield; 265
Th' obedient stream a sudden path reveal'd;
Full in the midst the parting waves divide,
A liquid mountain rose on either side.
Then by the hand he seiz'd the knights, and led
Within the winding river's secret bed. 270
There doubtful day scarce glimmers to their sight,
As when pale *Cynthia*, thro' the groves by night,
Sheds from her slender horns a trembling light.
There caverns huge they view; from these arise
The watry stores that yield the earth supplies, 275
To run in rills, in gushing springs ascend,
To flow in rivers, or in lakes extend.

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There might they see whence *Po* and *Ister* came,
Hydaspes, *Ganges*, and *Euphrates*' stream :
 Whence mighty *Tanais* first derives his course; 280
 And *Nilus* there reveals his secret source.
 Deep underneath they next a flood behold,
 Where sulphur, mix'd with living silver, roll'd ;
 'Till these by *Sol*'s enliv'ning rays refin'd,
 In solid gold or lucid crystal shin'd ! 285
 Along the banks they saw, on either side,
 Unnumber'd jewels deck the wealthy tide :
 From these by fits, a flashing splendor play'd,
 And chac'd the horrors of the dusky shade.
 There shines the sapphire gay with azure bright, 290
 And there the jacinth gives a pleasing light :
 There flames the ruby; there the di'mond beams ;
 And milder there the verdant em'rald gleams !

The warriors still pursu'd their rev'rend guide ;
 These wond'rous scenes in deep amazement ty'd 295
 Each various sense ; 'till prudent *Uballd* broke
 The silence first, and thus the sage bespake.
 Say Father ! what the place we now behold ;
 Where do'st thou lead ? and what thy state, unfold ?
 Scarce can I tell, bewilder'd with surprize, 300
 If truth I view, or dreams deceive my eyes !

Then he : Lo ! here the spacious womb of earth,
 Where all productions first receive their birth :
 Nor could you thus her entrails dark explore,
 Without my guidance and superior pow'r : 305
 Now to my palace I your steps convey :
 (My palace shining with resplendent day)

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A Pagan was I born, but gracious Heav'n
 A second life by cleansing streams has giv'n.
 Think not these wonders that confound your thought
 By influence of the *Stygian* Angels wrought. 311
 Heav'n shield I should invoke *Cocytus'* shore,
 Or *Phlegethon* with impious arts implore!
 But well my knowledge from its source reveals
 The virtue ev'ry plant or spring conceals: 315
 I meditate the stars, explore the cause
 Of Nature's works, and trace her secret laws.
 Yet deem not, ever distant from the skies,
 In subterranean seats my dwelling lies.
 For oft on *Lebanon* or *Carmel*'s brow 329
 I make abode, and view the world below.
 There *Mars* and *Venus* to my searching eyes,
 Without a cloud, in all their aspects rise.
 Each star I know, of swift or ling'ring course,
 Of mild appearance, or malignant force: 325
 Beneath my feet the vapours I survey,
 Now dark, and now with *Iris'* colours gay.
 What exhalations rains and dews compose
 I mark, and how the wind obliquely blows:
 What fires the lightning, how the bolt descends 330
 And thro' the air a dreadful passage rends.
 There, near at hand, I see the meteors stream,
 And wand'ring comets dart a fiery gleam!
 Elate with pride, I deem'd my art could soar
 To ev'ry height, and fathom Heav'nly Pow'r. 335
 But when your *Peter*, in the sacred flood,
 With mystic rites my sinful soul renew'd;

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I rais'd my thoughts, and own'd my wisdom's boast,
Without a guide divine, in darkness lost !
The minds of men, in truth's immortal ray, 340
Appear like birds of night before the day !
Only I smil'd my follies past to view,
From which so late my empty pride I drew :
Yet, (so your pious hermit gave command)
I still my former magic arts retain'd : 345
But all my knowledge now obeys his word,
'Tis his to bid, my teacher and my lord !
He now vouchsafes with me (a worthless name !)
T'entrust a task more righteous hands might claim :
To me he gives to call from distant lands 350
'Th' unconquer'd hero to his social bands :
Long have I stay'd your coming to behold ;
For this event the holy sage foretold.

Thus spoke the fire ; and now the knights he show'd
Where in the lonely rock he made abode : 355
The mansion like an ample cave was seen,
And halls and stately rooms appear'd within.
There shone whate'er th' all-breeding earth contains
Of riches nourish'd in her fruitful veins :
There native splendor dwells in ev'ry part, 360
And nature rises o'er the works of art !
A hundred dutious slaves obsequious stand
T' attend the guests, and wait their lord's command :
Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,
With vases huge of gold and crystal grac'd. 365
At length the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
The wise Magician to the warriors said.

'Tis

'Tis time, what most imports, should now be shown;
 To you in part *Armida*'s arts are known:
 How to the camp she came, and thence convey'd 370
 The bravest champions, by her wiles betray'd.
 Full well you know that these, in bonds restrain'd,
 Th' insidious dame within her tow'r detain'd;
 And sent them guarded thence to *Gaza*'s land,
 When fortune, in the way, releas'd their band. 375
 It now remains for me, th' events to tell
 (As yet unknown) which since that time befel.

Soon as th' Enchantress saw her pris'ners lost,
 Her schemes defeated and her labours crost;
 Oppress'd with sudden grief her hands she wrung, 380
 And thus exclaim'd with raging fury stung.

Then shall he live to boast th' audacious deed,
 My guards defeated and my captives freed!
 No—if his arms to others freedom give,
 Let him in pains and shameful bondage live: 385
 Nor he alone my just revenge shall claim,
 My rage shall burst on all the *Christian* name!

Furious she spoke, and as she spoke design'd
 A new device within her fraudulent mind:
 She sought the plain, where late *Rinaldo*'s might 390
 Her warriors vanquish'd and dispers'd in fight.
 The battle o'er, his mail the chief unbrac'd,
 And on his limbs a *Pagan*'s armour lac'd.
 Perchance he sought to veil his glorious name,
 Conceal'd in humbler dress unknown to fame. 395
 His arms th' Enchantress took, in these enclos'd
 A headless trunk, and near a stream expos'd:

Here

Here well she knew that, charg'd with daily care,
 A band of *Franks* would from the camp repair.
 And fast beside she station'd in the shade 400
 A crafty slave in shepherd's garb array'd,
 Instructed well suspicion's bane to spread :
 He first amongst your troops th' infection shed ;
 That, wide diffusing, scatter'd discord far,
 And threaten'd direful rage and civil war. 405
 Thus, as her arts design'd, the *Christian* train
 Believ'd by *Godfrey* brave *Rinaldo* slain.
 'Till soon to all confess'd the truth appear'd,
 And jealous doubts from ev'ry breast were clear'd.
 Behold the first device *Armida* try'd ; 410
 Now, mark what next her wily thoughts employ'd.
 The Sorc'ress stay'd by fam'd *Orontes'* stream,
 'Till near the banks the young *Rinaldo* came ;
 Where from the main a parting riv'let glides,
 And forms an island in the limpid tides. 415
 There by the shore a little bark appear'd ;
 A marble pillar close beside was rear'd ;
 On this, as in suspense, awhile he stood,
 Engrav'd in gold these words the hero view'd.
 O thou ! whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led, 420
 By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread ;
 No greater wonders East or West can boast,
 Than yon small Island on its pleasing coast.
 If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
 This current pass and seek the further shore. 425
 Th' uncautious warrior with th' advice comply'd,
 And curious turn'd, resolv'd to cross the tide ;
 But,

But, for the bark could only one contain,
Alone he pass'd, and bade his squires remain.
Now, to the land th' impatient hero brought, 430
With eager looks, the promis'd wonders sought;
Yet nought beheld but meadows deck'd with flow'rs,
Clear waters, cooling caves, and shady bow'rs.
Th' enticing scenes awhile the youth delay'd;
He stretch'd his weary limbs beneath the shade; 435
Then from the massy helm his brows reliev'd,
And in his face the fresh'ning breeze receiv'd.

But soon he heard the stream, with bubbling noise,
Remurm'ring soft, and thither turn'd his eyes:
When 'midst the flood the circling waves he spy'd 440
That form'd an eddy in the whirling tide:
Whence, rising flow, dishevell'd locks appear'd,
And female features o'er the water rear'd;
The snowy neck, and gently swelling breast;
A crystal veil beneath conceal'd the rest. 445
So from the parting stage is seen to rise
A nymph or goddess to the gazer's eyes.
This, tho' her form a *Syren's* charms display'd,
Was but a semblance and delusive shade;
Yet one of those she ferm'd, who wont of yore, 450
In faithless seas t' infest the *Tyrrhene* shore.
Sweet as her looks, so sweet her tuneful voice;
And thus she sings while winds and skies rejoice.

O happy man! when youth reigns o'er your hours,
And strews the paths of life with smiling flow'rs; 455
Ah! let not virtue with fallacious ray,
Or glory lead your tender mind astray.

Who

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Who learns the fruit, each season yields, to prize,
 Who follows pleasure, he alone is wise.
 Know, this is Naure's voice! — Will you withstand
 Her sacred laws, and slight her high command? 461
 Infensate he who wastes his bloomy prime,
 Nor takes the transient gifts of fleeting time.
 Whate'er the world may worth or valour deem,
 Is but a phantom, and delusive dream! 465
 Say, what is fame, that idol of the brave,
 Whose charms can thus deceiv'd mankind enslave?
 An echo — or a shade — to none confin'd;
 A shifting cloud dispers'd with ev'ry wind!
 Then rest secure; in ev'ry offer'd joy 470
 Indulge your senses, and your soul employ.
 Past woes forget; nor antedate your doom,
 By vain presage of evils yet to come.
 Let thunders roll, and nimble light'nings fly;
 Yet heed not you the threat'nings of the sky. 475
 This, this is wisdom; hence each blessing flows;
 This Nature bids, and this the path she shows.

Thus impious she: The soothing accents creep,
 And lull the lift'ning knight to balmy sleep:
 In vain the thunder's noise had rent the skies, 480
 So deep entranc'd in death-like rest he lies.

Now fir'd with vengeance, issuing from the wood,
 The false Enchantress o'er the warrior stood:
 But when she view'd intent his manly face,
 His features glowing with celestial grace, 485
 Rapt in suspense, beside the youth she fate,
 And, as she view'd, forgot her former hate.

Low.

Low-bending o'er his charms, she hangs amaz'd;
So once *Narcissus* in the fountain gaz'd.

Now from his cheeks she wipes the dews away; 490

Now bids the fanning breeze around him play:

Now thro' the meads, that smil'd with various flow'rs,

She stray'd, and wanton cropt the fragrant stores;

The rose and lily, with her artful hands

Together join'd, she forms in pleasing bands; 495

With these the warrior's arms and legs enfolds,

And gently thus in flow'ry fetters holds!

Then, while in soft repose he senfeless lies,

She lays him on her car and cuts the skies.

Nor seeks she to regain *Damascus*' lands, 500

Or where, with waves enclos'd, her castle stands;

But jealous of her prize, and fill'd with shame,

In ocean's vast profound she hides her flame:

Where from our coast no bark the billow ploughs,

There 'midst circumfluent tides an isle she chose: 505

Then to a mountain's lofty summit flies,

Forlorn and wild, expos'd to stormy skies:

She cloaths the foot and sides with dreary snows,

While on the brow eternal verdure grows.

There rear'd by spells and more than mortal hands, 510

Beside a lake her spacious palace stands;

Where in unfailing spring, and shameful ease,

Th' imprison'd champion leads his am'rous days.

'Tis yours the jealous Sorc'ress' guards to quell,

That watch th' ascent and near the palace dwell. 515

Nor shall you want a guide your course to lead;

Nor arms t' assist you in th' advent'rous deed.

Soon

Soon as you quit my stream, your eyes shall view
A dame, tho' old in years, of youthful hue ;
Known by the locks that o'er her forehead play, 520
And changeful robes with various colours gay.
'Tis hers to guide you to the task decreed,
With more than eagle's wings or lightning's speed.
'Tis hers to waft you o'er the watry plain,
And safe return you from the roaring main. 525
The mount ascending, on whose tow'ring height
Th' Enchantress dwells, remote from human sight ;
Then shall you num'rous savage forms behold :
There *Pythons* hiss in dreadful volumes roll'd ;
With horrid bristles stands the foaming boar ; 530
With gaping jaws the bear and lion roar !
Then sudden shake this potent wand around,
And all with fear shall fly the hissing sound.
But when your feet the steepy summit gain,
Yet greater perils in your way remain : 535
A fountain rises there, whose streams invite
Th' admiring stranger, and the thirst excite ;
But, deep within, th' alluring crystal hides
A secret venom in its treach'rous tides :
One fatal draught can strange effects dispense, 540
And fill with dire delight the madding sense :
Unbidden laughter swells the panting breath,
'Till lo ! the dread convulsion ends in death !
But far, ah ! far from thence with speed remove,
Nor let your lips the deadly waters prove : 545
Nor let the banks, with tasteful viands grac'd,
Invite your senses to the rich repast :

Nor

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Nor heed th' enticing dames, whose voice decays,
Whose beauty poisons, and whose smile destroys:
O! fly their looks, their guileful words despise; 550
And enter where the lofty gates arise.
Within, high walls with winding paths surround
The secret dwelling, and the search confound:
Maze within maze distracts the doubtful sight:
A map shall guide your wand'ring steps aright. 555
Amidst the lab'rynth lies the magic grove,
Where ev'ry leaf impregnate seems with love,
There shall you view, beneath th' embow'ring shade,
Th' enamour'd champion and the damsel laid.
But when awhile th' Enchantress shall depart, 560
And leave behind the partner of her heart;
Then sudden issue forth, to light reveal'd,
And shew the knight my adamantine shield:
There shall he see, reflected to his eyes,
His own resemblance, and obscure disguise: 565
Th' ignoble sight his gen'rous wrath shall move,
And banish from his breast inglorious love.
No more remains to tell; 'tis yours alone,
To take secure the path my words have shown;
Safe thro' the winding maze to bend your course, 570
Nor fear th' opposing spells of magic force:
Not ev'n *Armida* (such is Heav'n's decree)
Can your arrival, by her arts, foresee.
Nor less, returning from th' enchanted seat,
Propitious pow'rs shall favour your retreat. 575
But now the wasting hours to sleep invite,
The morn must see you rise with dawning light.

Thus

Thus spoke the rev'rend Sage ; and speaking led
The knights to slumber on a downy bed :
There, fill'd with joy and wonder either guest 580
He left ; and theace himself retir'd to rest.

The END of the FOURTEENTH Book.

JERU.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The two Knights take their leave of the Hermit, and embark on a vessel steered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean described. They pass the streights and proceed to the fortunate Islands. Their conversation with the pilot during the voyage. They arrive at the Island of Armida, where the Knights land, who overcome all the obstacles they meet with in ascending the mountain, and afterwards withstand all the various allurements of pleasure offered to their senses.

NOW rose the ruddy morn with gladsome ray,
And 'waken'd mortals to the toils of day ;
When to the Knights the Sage the buckler bore,
The map and golden wand of wond'rous pow'r :
Prepare t' attempt your arduous way (he cries) 5
Ere yonder sun advances o'er the skies.
These are my promis'd gifts, and these your arms,
To quell th' Enchantress and dissolve her charms.

At

At once the warriors rose, and eager round
 Their limbs robust the shining armour boud :
 Thence, as the Hermit led, they bent their way
 Thro' paths ne'er lighted by the chearful day ;
 Again their former steps returning tread :
 But when they reach'd the river's secret bed ;
 I now dismiss you from my care (he cry'd)
 Farewell ! and prosp'rous fortune be your guide !

Soon as they came where still the parted flood
 On either side a crystal mountain stood,
 The waters clos'd, and from the depth upbore
 The knights, and left them on the flow'ry shore. 21
 So, from the branch by winds autumnal torn,
 Light on the tide the scatter'd leaves are borne.
 Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,
 And soon beheld the promis'd guide in view.
 Amidst the stream a little bark appear'd,
 A virgin, at the stern, the vessel steer'd :
 Depending ringlets o'er her forehead stray,
 And mild benevolence her looks display :
 Her lovely features beams effulgent shed,
 And heav'ly glories blaze around her head. 30
 Her vesture gay a thousand colours shows,
 Now flames with red, and now with azure glows :
 At ev'ry turn it shifts the transient light,
 And cheats with momentary hues the sight !
 Such various grace the billing dove assumes,
 Whose gentle neck is cloath'd with glossy plumes ;
 For ever new the vary'd feathers play,
 Reflecting ev'ry tint of ev'ry ray ;

While

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While, as they move, successive beauties rise,
And fill with strange delight the gazer's eyes ! 40

Favour'd of Heav'n ! ascend this bark (she cry'd)
In which secure I plough the swelling tide :
The stormy winds their wonted rage restrain,
While safe in this each freight may pass the main ;
From him, whose sov'reign mercies wide extend, 45
I come, at once your pilot and your friend !

So spoke the dame ; and hast'ning to the land,
The crooked keel divides the yielding strand.
Soon as her bark the nobler pair receives,
She quits the shore and swift the water cleaves ; 50
Then gives the spreading canvas to the wind,
And guides the vessel from the helm behind.
So wide, so deep the river swells its tide,
That lofty ships might there securely ride ;
Tho' now a shallow stream could well suffice, 55
So light the pinnace o'er the surface flies !
Now, rising from the land, th' inspiring gales
With prosp'rous breath distend the bellying sails :
The foaming stream is white with froth before,
Behind the stern the parted waters roar. 60
At length they came where 'midst its mightier waves,
The sea's vast gulph the river's store receives.

Soon as the vessel gains the briny tides,
The winds are hush'd, the angry surge subsides :
The clouds disperse, the south forgets to blow, 65
That threaten'd tempests to the world below :
Light Zephyrs only brush along the main,
And scarcely curl the smooth cerulean plain.

By

By *Ascalon* they pass'd; to left they veer'd,
 And tow'r'd the west the rapid vessel steer'd. 70
 Then gliding swift, to *Gaza* next they came,
 (An antient harbour not unknown to fame)
 But now, from many a neighb'ring ruin great,
 An ample city, and a potent state!
 The warriors, from the bark, beheld the shore 75
 With tents of various nations cover'd o'er:
 There horse and foot along the crowded way
 Swarm thick between the city and the sea.
 There loaded camels move in solemn state,
 And the huge elephant's unweildy weight. 80
 Safe in the port they see the vessels ride,
 Or floating loose, or at their anchors ty'd.
 Some hoist their spreading sails, while others sweep,
 With level strokes, the surface of the deep.
 Then thus the guiding maid—Tho' here we view 85
 The thronging numbers of this impious crew;
 Yet these that fill the seas and line the shore,
 Compose not all the mighty Tyrant's pow'r.
 These *Egypt* and the neighb'ring lands supply:
 But other aids he waits, that distant lie. 90
 Far to the east extends his ample sway,
 To realms that burn beneath the southern ray;
 And hence I trust our swift return to make,
 Ere these, departing, shall their tents forsake.

While thus she spoke; as thro' th' aërial space, 95
 An eagle tow'rs above the feather'd race;
 'Till soaring in the sun, the sharpest eye
 No more can trace his progress thro' the sky:

So 'midst the ships the bark its passage cleaves,
And far behind the less'ning navy leaves. 100
Now, quick as thought, by *Paphia*'s tow'rs they fail,
(The town that first *Egyptian* pilots hail
On *Syria*'s land) then near the shore they fly,
And *Rhinocera*'s barren fands espy.
Not far from thence a mountain, crown'd with wood,
Casts a brown shadow o'er the subject flood; 106
Around its rocky foot the billows rave,
There hapless *Pompey*'s bones obtain'd a grave.
Fair *Damiata* next the eye surveys,
Where antient *Nile* his sacred tribute pays 110
Thro' seven wide mouths, and many a stream beside,
His waters mingling with the briny tide.
They pass the city rais'd by him *, whose name
To latest times shall bear the *Grecian* fame.
By *Pharos* then they glide, an isle no more, 115
An isthmus now projecting from the shore.
Nor *Rhodes*, nor *Crete* they to the north survey,
But near the climes of *Afric* speed their way.
Fruitful her coast; but more remote her lands
Are fill'd with monsters dire and burning fands. 120
By *Marmarie* they steer'd, and now they pass'd
Where five fair cities fam'd *Cyrene* grac'd.
Here *Ptolemai*s stands, and here they view
Whence his slow stream the fabled *Lethe* drew.
The greater *Syrtes* next (the sailor's fear) 125
They leave aloof, and far to seaward veer:
And now *Judeca*'s cape behind them stood;
And now they left the mouth of *Magra*'s flood;

Now

Now *Tripoly*'s high rising tow'rs espy'd,
 Now *Malta* scarcely o'er the waves descry'd. 130
 The *Syrtes* past ; *Acerbè* they beheld,
 Where once the race that fed on *Lotos* dwell'd.
Tunis they see, whose crooked shores display,
 With circumjacent arms, a spacious bay :
Tunis the rich, a place well known to fame, 135
 No *Lybian* city boasts a greater name.
 Near this *Sicilia*'s fertile lands are spread ;
 There *Lilybeum* rears its lofty head.

Now to the knights the damsel pilot shew'd
 The spot where once imperial *Carthage* stood. 140

Ill-fated *Carthage* ! scarce amidst the plains,
 A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains !
 Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay,
 The world's unstable glories fade away !
 Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain ; 145
 O impious folly of presuming man !

From thence they see *Biserta*'s spires arise ;
 Far to the right *Sardinia*'s Island lies :
 They view where once the rude *Numidian* swain
 Pursu'd a wand'ring life from plain to plain. 150
Algiers and *Bugia* then they reach, the seat
 Of impious corsairs ; next *Oran* they greet ;
 And now by *Mauritania*'s strand proceed,
 Where elephants and hungry lions breed ;
Morocco here and *Fez* their cities rear : 155
 To these oppos'd *Granada*'s lands appear.
 At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds
 Between the capes, the boiling deep resounds.

'Tis feign'd that first *Alcides* forc'd a way,
 And gave this passage to th' indignant sea. 160
 And here perchance a lengthen'd tract of land,
 With one continu'd mound the flood restrain'd ;
 But now the furious main, with rushing tides,
 From tow'ring *Calpe Abyla* divides :
 A freight 'twixt *Lybia* now and *Spain* appears, 165
 Such is the force of time and change of years !

Four times the east had seen the rising sun,
 Since first its wond'rous course the bark begun :
 Nor shelt'ring bays, nor ports its speed delay,
 It shoots the freight, and leaves the midland sea. 170
 But what are seas to ocean's vast profound,
 Whose circling arms the spacious earth surround ?

Soon from the sight amid the waves are lost
 The fertile *Gades* and each neighb'ring coast.
 Behind, the less'ning shores retreating fly; 175
 Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the sky.

Then *Ubald* thus began: Say thou ! whose pow'r
 Gives us these endless waters to explore ;
 Did ever prow before these seas divide,
 Do mortals here in distant worlds reside ? 180
 He ceas'd ; the virgin-pilot thus reply'd.

When great *Alcides* had the monsters slain
 That wasted *Lybia* and the realms of *Spain* ;
 Your lands subdu'd, at yonder freight he stay'd ;
 Nor durst old ocean's surgy gulph invade. 185
 He fix'd his pillars there, in vain design'd
 To curb the searching spirit of mankind :

Urg'd by desire new regions to explore,
Ulysses scorn'd the confines of the shore:
 He pass'd the bound'ry, loos'ning to the gales, 190
 Amidst the wider flood, his daring sails:
 But all his skill in naval arts was vain,
 He sunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main.
 And those, by tempests forc'd amidst the waves,
 Have ne'er return'd, or found untimely graves. 195
 Hence undiscover'd still the seas remain,
 That num'rous isles and mighty states contain.
 Inhabitants abound on many a coast;
 The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boast;
 Where, not ungrateful to the lab'lers toil, 200
 The sun prolific warms the pregnant soil.

Then *Ubald*—Of those climes, remov'd afar,
 The manners and religious rites declare.
 Various their lives (the virgin thus rejoin'd)
 Their speech, their customs, are of various kind: 205
 Some worship beasts, the stars, or solar pow'r;
 And earth, the common parent, some adore.
 There are who stain their feasts with human blood,
 And load their dreadful board with horrid food:
 And ev'ry land, from *Calpe*'s tow'ring heights, 210
 Is nurs'd in impious faith and cruel rites!

Will then that pitying God (the knight reply'd)
 Who came with heav'nly truths mankind to guide,
 Leave, far excluded from the sacred light,
 So large a portion of the world in night? 215
 O no! the faith of CHRIST shall there be spread,
 (She cry'd) and science rear her laurell'd head.

Think

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Think not this length of ocean's whelming tide
Shall from your future search those climes divide:
The time shall come, when sailors, yet unborn, 220
Shall name *Alcides'* narrow bounds in scorn:
Lands now unknown, and seas without a name,
Shall then thro' all your realms extend their fame:
Perils untry'd some future ship shall brave,
And cut, with daring course, the distant wave; 225
Thro' all the flood's unfathom'd currents run,
Gird the vast globe, and emulate the sun.
From fair *Liguria* see th' advent'rer rise,
Whose courage first the threat'ning passage tries.
Nor raging seas, by furious whirlwinds tost, 230
Nor doubtful prospects of th' uncertain coast,
Shall, in the freights of *Abyla* confin'd,
Detain the ardor of his dauntless mind!
'Tis thou, *Columbus!* to another pole
Shalt rear the mast, and o'er the surges roll; 235
While, with a thousand wings, and thousand eyes,
Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!
Let *Bacchus* or *Alcides* claim her praise,
Thy worth, in future time, her trump shall raise:
Thy deeds shall last in storied annals long, 240
The copious subject of some poet's song.
She said, and westward steer'd before the wind,
Then gently tow'rds the south her sails inclin'd.
Now in their front they see the sun descend,
And now the morn behind her beams extend. 245
But when *Aurora*, from her radiant head,
Had all around her pearly moisture shed;

Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,
 That 'midst the clouds its lofty summit rear'd.
 Near as they came, the fleeting clouds withdrew, 250
 And like a pyramid it shew'd to view :
 From whence black curling smoke was seen to rise ; }
 As where 'tis feign'd th' * *Ætnæan* giant lies }
 Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the skies. }
 By day thick vapours from the mouth aspire, 255
 By night terrific flames of ruddy fire.

Then other islands 'midst the main they 'spy'd,
 And lands less sleepy rising o'er the tide.
 Delightful isles, renown'd of ancient date,
 And stil'd by tuneful bards, the fortunate. 260
 'Twas said that Heav'n to these such grace allow'd,
 No shining share th' unlabour'd furrows plough'd.
 'The lands untill'd could plenteous crops produce ;
 And vines, unprun'd, supply'd nectareous juice.
 Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green ; 265
 From hollow oaks was liquid honey seen.
 The rivers murmur'ring from the hills above,
 With crystal streams renew'd the vernal grove.
 No sultry heat oppres'd the grateful day ;
 Soft dews and *Zephyrs* cool'd the solar ray. 270
 And here were feign'd the mansions of the blest,
 'Th' *Elysian* seats of everlasting rest.

To these the damsel steer'd and thus begun :
 Behold, O chiefs ! our destin'd course is run :
 The isles of fortune to your sight appear, 275
 Whose fame, tho' doubtful, yet has reach'd your ear ;

Fair is their soil ; but fame each wonder swells,
And ev'ry truth, with added fiction, tells.
While thus she spoke, along the main they flew,
'Till near the foremost isle their vessel drew. 280

Then *Charles* began—O ever sacred dame !
If this the cause permits for which we came :
Grant that our feet awhile may tread the shore,
To view a race and land unknown before ;
T' observe their rites, and mark with curious eyes 285
Whate'er may claim th' attention of the wise :
So may our lips declare, in future time,
The wonders witness'd in this foreign clime.

Your suit demands my praise (the maid replies)
But Heav'n's decree the bold request denies. 290
The time arrives not yet, by God design'd
To give the great discov'ry to mankind :
Nor must you, back from ocean's bosom borne,
With certain tidings to your world return.
To you, beyond the sailor's art, 'tis giv'n 295
To pass these billows, by the will of Heav'n ;
To rouze your champion from his fatal sleep,
And safe convey him o'er the watry deep :
Let this suffice—with prouder thoughts elate,
'Twere impious folly to contend with fate. 300

Thus while she spoke ; the foremost isle withdrew,
And soon the second gain'd upon the view :
She shew'd the warriors how the islands lay,
In order rang'd against the rising day.
The lands with equal space the sea divides, 305
And rolls between the shores its beating tides.

In sev'n are seen the marks of human care,
Where cultur'd fields and rural cots appear :
But three a barren desart foil reveal,
Where savage beasts in woods and mountains dwell. 310

Amidst these isles a lone recess they found,
Where circling shores the subject flood surround,
And, far within, a spacious bay enclose ;
Sharp rocks, without, the rushing surge oppose ;
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance rise, 315
A welcome sign to future sailors' eyes :
Within, the waves repose in peace serene ;
Black forests nod above, a Sylvan scene !
A grotto opens in the living stone,
With verdant moss and ivy leaves o'er-grown : 320
The grateful shade a gentle murmur fills,
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.
No cables need the floating ships secure,
No bearded anchors here the vessels moor.
To this retreat her course the pilot bore, 325
And, ent'ring, furl'd her sails, and reach'd the shore.

Behold (she cry'd) where yonder structure stands
Rais'd on the mountain, and the isle commands !
There lost in festive sloth, in folly lost,
Slumbers the champion of the *Christian* host. 330
'Tis yours, when next the sun forsakes the deep,
With lab'ring feet t' ascend the threat'ning steep :
Meanwhile this short delay with ease be borne ;
All times are luckless fave the hour of morn :
But to the mountain's foot pursue your way, 335
While yet remains the light of parting day.

Thus

Thus she ; the word th' impatient warriors took,
And leaping from the bark, the strand forsook.
With ready steps a pleasing road they cross'd,
And all their toils in sweet delusion lost. 340

At length th' expected hill's broad base they gain,
(The sun yet hov'ring o'er the western main)
From hence their eyes the arduous height survey,
The pendent ruins and the rocky way.

Inclement frost the mountain's sides deforms, 345
And all around is white with wintry storms.

The lofty summit yields a milder scene,
With budding flow'rs and groves for ever green !

There ends the frozen clime ; there lilies blow,
There roses blush upon the bord'ring snow. 350

There youthful spring, and hoary winter here ;
Such pow'r has magic o'er the changing year !

Now at the mountain's foot the heroes stay'd,
And slept secure beneath a cavern's shade.

But when the sun (eternal fount of day !) 355
Spread o'er the laughing skies his golden ray ;

At once they rose, at once their course renew'd,
And up the steep ascent the way pursu'd.

When lo ! a serpent, rushing from his cell,
Oppos'd their passage, horrible and fell ! 360

Aloft his head and squalid crest he held
Bestreak'd with gold ; his neck with anger swell'd ;

Fire fill'd his eyes ; he hid the path beneath ;
And smoke and poison issu'd with his breath.

Now in thick curls his scaly length he wound ; 365
Now trail'd his op'ning folds along the ground.

Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,
Yet on the heroes press'd with fearless pace.
The *Dane* his faulchion draws, and eager flies
T' assaile the snake, when sudden *Ubald* cries : 370
Forbear ! can arms like these our foes repel ?
And think'st thou thus the monster's rage to quell ?

He said ; and shook the golden wand around ;
The serpent fled, astonish'd at the sound.

The knights proceed ; a lion fierce descends, 375
And, roaring loud, the dang'rous pass defends ;
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears,
Wide as a gulph his gaping mouth appears ;
His lashing tail his flumb'ring wrath awakes :
But when his potent rod the warrior shakes, 380
Unusual fears the dreadful beast surprize,
Sunk is his rage, he trembles, and he flies !

Still on they pass'd ; but soon a num'rous host
Of monsters dire their daring passage crost.

In various shapes the ghastly troops appear, 385
With various yells they rend the startled ear.
Each savage form that roves the burning sands,
From distant *Nilus* to the *Lybian* lands,
Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam
Hircania's woods, or deep *Hircinia*'s gloom ! 390
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain ;
The pow'rful wand made all their fury vain.
These dangers past ; the conqu'ring pair ascend ;
Now near the brow their eager steps they bend ;
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows 395
And slipp'ry ice awhile their course oppose.

But

B. XV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 105

But when at length they reach the rocky height,
A spacious level opens to their sight.

There youthful spring salutes th' enraptur'd eye,
Unfading verdure, and a gladsome sky! 400.

Eternal *Zephyrs* thro' the groves prevail,
And incense breathes in ev'ry balmy gale!

No irksome change th' unvary'd climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate snows:

A genial pow'r the tender herbage feeds, 405

And decks with ev'ry sweet the smiling meads;

Diffuses soft perfumes from ev'ry flow'r,

And cloaths with lasting shade each rural bow'r:

There rear'd aloft a stately palace stands,

Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands. 410.

The warriors, weary'd with the steep ascent,
More slowly o'er th' enamell'd meadow went;
Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,
Now paus'd awhile, and now their course pursu'd.

When sudden, falling from the rocky heights, 415

A copious stream the trav'ller's thirst excites;

From hence a thousand rills dispersing flow,

And trickle thro' the grassy vale below:

At length, uniting all their diff'rent tides,

In verdant banks a gentle river glides, 420.

With murmur'ring found a bow'ry gloom pervades,

And rolls its sable waves thro' pendent shades:

A cool retreat! the flow'ry border shows

A pleasing couch inviting soft repose.

Behold the fatal spring where laughter dwells, 425

Dire poison lurking in its secret cells!

106 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XV.

Here let us guard our thoughts, our passions rein,
And ev'ry loose desire in bonds detain ;
A deafen'd ear to dulcet music lend,
Nor dare the *Syren's* impious lays attend. 430

The knights advanc'd till, from their narrow bed,
Wide in a lake the running waters spread.
There on the banks a sumptuous banquet plac'd,
With costly viands seem'd t' allure the taste.
Two blooming damsels in the water lave, 435
And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.
Now round in sport they dash the sprinkling tide ;
And now with nimble strokes the stream divide :
Now, sunk at once, they vanish from the eyes ;
And now again above the surface rise ! 440

The naked wantons with enticing charms,
Each warrior's bosom fill'd with soft alarms :
As those their pastime unconcern'd pursu'd ;
Awhile they stay'd their steps and silent view'd,
Till one erect in open light appear'd, 445
And o'er the stream her iv'ry bosom rear'd ;
Her upward beauties to the sight reveal'd ;
The rest, beneath, the crystal scarce conceal'd !

As when the morning star with gentle ray,
From seas emerging leads the purple day : 450
As when, ascending from the genial flood,
The Queen of love on ocean's bosom stood :
So seems the damsel, so her locks diffuse
The pearly liquid in descending dews !
Till on th' approaching chiefs she turn'd her eyes, 455
Then feign'd, with mimic fear, a coy surprize :

Swift

E.XV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 107

Swift from her head she loos'd, with eager haste,
The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd :
The falling tresses, o'er her limbs display'd,
Wrapt all her beauties in a golden shade! 460

Thus hid in locks, and circled by the flood,
With side-long glance, o'erjoy'd the knights she view'd.
Her smiles amid her blushes lovelier show;
Amid her smiles her blushes lovelier glow!

At length she rais'd her voice with melting art, 465
Whose magic strains might pierce the firmest heart.

O happy strangers! to whose feet 'tis giv'n
To reach these blissful seats, this earthly Heav'n!
Here are those rapt'rous scenes so fam'd of old,
When early mortals view'd an age of gold. 470

No longer bear the helm, the faulchion wield,
The cumb'rous cors'let, or the weighty shield;
Here hang your useless arms amidst the grove,
The warriors now of peace-inspiring love!

Our field of battle is the downy bed, 475
Or flow'ry turf amid the smiling mead.

Then let us lead you to our Sov'reign's eyes,
From whose diffusive pow'r our blessings rise.

She shall amongst those few your names receive,
Elected here in endless joys to live. 480

But first refresh your limbs beneath the tide,
And taste the viands which our cares provide.

She ceas'd; her lovely partner join'd her pray'r,
With looks persuasive, and enticing air.
So, in the scene, the active dancers bound, 485
And move responsive to the tuneful sound.

But firmly steel'd was either champion's heart,
Against their fraudulent strains and soothing art.
Or if forbidden thoughts a wish inspire,
And wake the slumb'ring seeds of wild desire ; 490
Soon to their aid assisting reason came,
And quench'd the infant sparks of kindling flame.

Their arts in vain the vanquish'd damsels view'd ;
The warriors thence their fated way pursu'd :
These seek the palace ; those indignant hide 495
Their shameful heads beneath the whelming tide.

The END of the FIFTEENTH Book.

J E R U -

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Charles and Ubald enter the palace of Armida. The gardens are described. Rinaldo is seen with his mistress. At the departure of Armida the two Knights discover themselves; and Ubald reproves Rinaldo for his sloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with shame, abandons those seats of pleasure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers. Armida pursues him, and makes use of every argument to move him, but in vain: He endeavours to pacify her: She then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till her strength being exhausted, she falls into a swoon. The three warriors go on board their vessel and set sail for Palestine. Armida, recovering, finds her lover gone: She then gives herself up to rage, and, resolving on revenge, destroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to Egypt.

ROUND was the form in which the palace rose; Deep in the midst the circling walls enclose

A sumptuous garden, whose delightful scene
 Eclips'd the fairest works of mortal men !
 The fiends had bent their skill a pile to raise 5
 Perplex'd with walks in many a devious maze :
 And in the center lay the magic bow'rs,
 Impervious to the search of human pow'rs !

Now thro' the loftiest gate the warriors pass'd,
 (A hundred gates the spacious structure grac'd) 10
 With sculptur'd silver, glorious to behold,
 The valves on hinges hung of burnish'd gold !
 Surpriz'd they saw, excell'd in ev'ry part,
 The rich materials by the sculptor's art.
 In all but speech alive the figures rise; 15
 Nor speech they seem to want to wond'ring eyes !
 In female converse there (inglorious state !)

Alcides 'midst *Mæonia*'s damsels fate.

There he who propp'd the stars, and hell subdu'd,
 The distaff bore; while *Love* beside him stood, 20
 And with exulting smiles his conquest view'd. }
 There *Iole* was seen, whose feeble hand,
 With pride the hero's pond'rous club sustain'd :
 The lion's hide conceal'd the beauteous dame,
 Too rough a cov'ring for so soft a frame ! 25

To this oppos'd the chiefs a sea beheld ;
 Its azure field with frothy billows swell'd.
 There, in the midst, two hostile navies ride ;
 Their arms, in lightning flash from side to side.

Augustus o'er his *Romans* here commands : 30
 There *Anthony* conducts from eastern lands
 His *Indian*, *Arab*, and *Egyptian* bands.

Thou

B. XVI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 111

Thou would'st have thought the *Cyclades* upturn,
And hills with hills in horrid conflict borne!
So fierce the shock, when joining ship with ship, 35
The navies met amidst the roaring deep!
Firebrands and jav'lins fly from foe to foe;
Unusual slaughter stains the flood below.
Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight)
Behold where *Cleopatra* takes her flight.
See! *Anthony*, of fame forgetful, flies,
No more his hopes to glorious empire rise.
Yet o'er his soul no servile fear prevails;
Her flight alone impels his yielding fails.
Contending passions all his soul enflame, 45
Disdain and rage, and love and conscious shame:
While, with alternate gaze, he views from far
Her parting vessel and the dubious war.
Now *Nile* receives him on his wat'ry breast;
There in his mistress' arms he sinks to rest; 50
There seems, resign'd, the threat'ning hour to wait,
And soften, with her smiles, the stroke of fate.
With storied labours thus the portals grac'd
The heroes view'd, and thence intrepid pass'd.
And now they try'd the lab'rinth's winding maze: 55
As fam'd *Meander* moves a thousand ways;
Now rolls direct, now takes a devious course,
Now seems to seek again his native source:
The frequent turnings so their eyes deceiv'd:
But soon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd; 60
Display'd each various passage to their sight,
And led thro' paths oblique their steps aright.

The

The garden then unfolds a beauteous scene,
With flow'rs adorn'd and ever-living green.
There silver lakes reflect the beaming day ; 65
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play :
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,
And groves, and caves, and grottoes strike the eyes.
Art shew'd her utmost pow'r ; but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held. 70
It seem'd as Nature play'd a sportive part,
And strove to mock the mimic works of art !
By pow'rful magic breathes the vernal air,
And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear :
Eternal fruits on ev'ry branch endure ; 75
Those swelling from their buds, and these mature.
There, on one parent stock, the leaves among,
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.
Depending apples here the boughs unfold ;
Those green in youth, these mellow'd into gold. 80
The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
And curls her tendrils to the genial sky :
There the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce,
And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.
The joyous birds, conceal'd in ev'ry grove, 85
With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.
Soft Zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round ;
The woods and waters yield a murmur'ring sound :
When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies ;
But, when they sing, in gentle whispers dies : 90
By turns they sink, by turns their music raise,
And blend, with equal skill, harmonious lays,

Amongst

Amongst the rest, with plumes of various dies,
And purple beak, a lovely songster flies ;
Wond'rous to tell, with human speech indu'd, 95
He fills with vocal strains the blissful wood :
The birds attentive close their silent wings,
While thus the fair the fothing charmer sings.

Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose ; 100
When half inwrapt, and half to view reveal'd,
She gives new pleasure from her charms conceal'd.
But when she shews her bosom wide display'd,
How soon her sweets exhale, her beauties fade !

No more she seems the flow'r so lately lov'd, 105
By virgins cherish'd, and by youths approv'd !
So, swiftly fleeting with the transient day,
Passes the flow'r of mortal life away !
In vain the spring returns, the spring no more
Can waining youth to former prime restore : 110
Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,
And, while to love 'tis giv'n, indulge in love !

He ceas'd : th' approving choir with joy renew
Their rapt'rous music, and their loves pursue.
Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill ; 115
The feather'd nations take their am'rous fill.
The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield,
And all the leafy tenants of the field :
The earth and streams one soul appears to move,
All seem impregnate with the seeds of love ! 120

Thro' these alluring scenes of magic pow'r
The virtuous warriors pass'd, and pass'd secure :

When

When 'twixt the quiv'ring boughs they cast their sight,
And see the damsel and the *Christian* knight.

There sat *Armida* on a flow'ry bed;

Her wanton lap sustain'd the hero's head:

Her op'ning veil her iv'ry bosom show'd;

Loose to the fanning breeze her tresses flow'd:

A languor seem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,

And ev'ry feature glow'd with am'rous flame. 130

The pearly moisture on her beauteous face,

Improv'd the blush, and heighten'd ev'ry grace:

Her wand'ring eyes confess'd a pleasing fire,

And shot the trembling beams of soft desire.

Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd, 135

Close to his cheek her lovely cheek she join'd:

While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,

And drank, with eager thirst, new draughts of love.

Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,

She kiss'd his vermil lips and swimming eyes: 140

'Till from his inmost heart he heav'd a sigh,

As if to hers his parting soul would fly!

All this the warriors from the shade survey,

And mark, conceal'd, the lovers' am'rous play.

Dependent from his side (unusual sight!) 145

Appear'd a polish'd mirror, beamy bright:

This in his hand th' enamour'd champion rais'd;

On this, with smiles, the fair *Armida* gaz'd.

She in the glass her form reflected 'spies;

And he consults the mirror of her eyes: 150

One proud to rule, one prouder to obey;

He bless'd in her, and she in beauty's sway.

Ah!

B. XVI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 115

Ah! turn those eyes on me (exclaims the knight)
Those eyes that bles^s me with their heav'ly light!
For know the pow'r that ev'ry lover warms, 155
In this fond breast *Armida*'s image forms.

Since I alas! am scorn'd! here turn thy sight,
And view thy native graces with delight:
Here on that face thy ravish'd looks employ,
Where springs eternal love, eternal joy! 160
Or rather range thro' yon celestial spheres,
And view thy likeness in the radiant stars.

The lover ceas'd; the fair *Armida* smil'd,
And still with wanton play the time beguil'd.
Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair; 165
Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care.
Part, with her hand, in shining curls she roll'd,
And deck'd, with azure flow'rs, the waving gold.
Her veil compos'd, with roses sweet she dress'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breast. 170

Not half so proud, of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock sets to view his glitt'ring train:
Not *Iris* shews so fair, when dewy skies
Reflect the changeful light with various dies.

But o'er the rest her wond'rous cestus shin'd, 175
Whose mystic round her tender waist confin'd.
Here unembodi'd forms th' Enchantress mix'd,
By potent spells, and in a girdle fix'd:
Repulses sweet, soft speech, and gay desires,
And tender scorn that fans the lover's fires; 180
Engaging smiles, short sighs of mutual blis^s,
The tear of transport, and the melting kiss.

All

316 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. E. XVI.

All these she join'd, her pow'rful work to frame,
And artful temper'd in th' annealing flame.

Now with a kiss, the balmy pledge of love, 185
She left her knight, and issu'd from the grove.
Each day, awhile apart, the dame review'd
Her magic labours, and her spells renew'd ;
While he, deep-musing, in her absence stray'd,
A lonely lover 'midst the conscious shade. 190
But when the silent glooms of friendly night,
To mutual bliss th' enamour'd pair invite ;
Beneath one roof, amid the bow'r's they lay,
And lov'd, entranc'd, the fleeting hours away.

Soon as *Armida* (so her arts requir'd) 195
From gentle love to other cares retir'd ;
The warriors, from their covert, rush'd to fight,
In radiant arms that cast a gleamy light.

As when, from martial toil, the gen'rous steed
Releas'd, is giv'n to range the verdant mead ; 200
Forgetful of his former fame, he roves,
And wooes in slothful ease his dappled loves :
If chance the trumpet's sound invade his ears,
Or glitt'ring steel before his sight appears,
He neighs aloud, and, furious, pants to bear 205
The valiant chief, and pierce the files of war !
So fares *Rinaldo*, when the knights he 'spies ;
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes :
At once the glorious beams his soul inspire ;
His breast rekindles with a martial fire. 210
Then sudden, forth advancing, *Ubald* held
Before the youth his adamantine shield :

To

To this he turn'd, in this at once survey'd
 His own resemblance full to view display'd :
 His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair 215
 With odours breathing, his luxuriant air.

His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,
 Estrang'd from fight, hung idly at his side ;
 And, wreath'd with flow'rs, seem'd worn for empty show ;
 No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe. 220

As one, whom long lethargic slumber ties,
 Recovers from his sleep with wild surprize :
 So from his trance awakes the *Christian* knight,
 Himself beholds and sickens at the fight ;
 And wishes op'ning earth his shame would hide, 225
 Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.

Then *Ubald* thus began — All *Europe* arms,
 And *Asia*'s kingdoms catch the loud alarms.
 Now all that cherish fame, or *CHRIST* adore,
 In shining armour press the *Syrian* shore : 230
 While thee, *Bertaldo*'s son ! from glory's plains,
 A narrow isle in shameful rest detains ;
 Alone regardless of the voice of fame,
 Th' ignoble champion of a wanton dame !
 What fatal pow'r can thus thy sense controul ? 235
 What sloth suppress the virtues of thy soul ?
 Rise ! rise ! — thee *Godfrey*, thee the camp incites :
 'Tis fortune calls, and victory invites !
 Come, fated warrior ! bid the fight succeed ;
 And crush those foes thou oft hast made to bleed ; 240
 Now let each impious sect thy vengeance feel,
 And fall extinct beneath thy conq'ring steel.

118 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XVI,

He ceas'd ; awhile the youth in silence mus'd,
 All motionless he stood, with looks confus'd :
 Till shame gave way, and stronger anger rose ; 245
 (A gen'rous anger that from reason flows)
 O'er all his face a noble ardor flies,
 Flames on his cheek and sparkles from his eyes.

Now, hast'ning from the bow'r, their way they hold,
 And safely pass the lab'rinth's winding fold. 150
 Meanwhile *Armida* view'd, with deep dismay,
 Where, breathless at the gate, the keeper lay :
 Then first suspicion in her bosom grew ;
 And soon her lover's flight too well she knew :
 Herself beheld the darling hero fly : 255
 O direful prospect to a lover's eye !

Where wouldst thou go, and leave me here alone ?—
 She strove to say ; but, with a rising groan,
 Too mighty grief her feeble words suppress'd,
 Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breast. 260
 Ah wretched Fair ! a greater pow'r disarms,
 A greater wisdom mocks thy frustrate charms !
 This sees the dame, who ev'ry art applies
 To stay his flight ; in vain each art she tries.
 Whate'er the witches of *Theffalia*'s strain, 265
 E'er mutter'd to the shades with lips profane,
 That could the planets in their spheres controul,
 Or call from prisons drear the parted soul,
 Full well she knew ; but all in vain essay'd ;
 No hell, responsive, her commands obey'd. 270
 Abandon'd thus, she next resolv'd to prove
 If suppliant beauty more than spells could move.

See !

See! where regardless of her former fame,
 All wild with anguish runs the furious dame.
 She who so late the laws of love despis'd, 275
 Who scorn'd the lover, tho' the love she priz'd;
 Whose conqu'ring eyes could ev'ry heart subdue;
 Behold her now a lover's steps pursue!
 With soft persuasive grief her look she arms,
 And bathes with tears her now neglected charms. 280
 O'er rocks and snows her tender feet she plies,
 And sends her voice before her as she flies.

O thou! who bear'st away my yielding heart,
 Who robb'st me of my best, my dearest part,
 O! give me death—or once again restore
 My murder'd peace—thy hasty flight give o'er!
 Hear my last words—I ask no parting kiss;
 For happier lips reserve that mighty bliss:
 What canst thou fear, ah cruel! to comply,
 Since still with thee remains the pow'r to fly? 290

Then *Ubald* thus—Awhile thy speed forbear,
 And lend her woes, O Prince! a courteous ear:
 The praise be thine thy virtue to retain,
 And hear unmov'd the vanquish'd *Syren*'s strain:
 So reason shall extend her sacred sway, 295
 And teach the subject passions to obey.

He said, *Rinaldo* stay'd; and sudden came,
 Breathless, o'erspent with haste, the hapless dame.
 Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air;
 Yet sweet in woe and beauteous in despair! 300
 Silent on him her eager looks she bent;
 Disdain, and fear, and shame her speech prevent;

While

120 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XVI.

While from her eyes the knight abash'd withdrew,
Or snatch'd, with wary glance, a transient view.

As fam'd musicians, ere the notes they raise 305
To charm the lift'ning ear with tuneful lays,
With accents low, in prelude soft, prepare
The rapt attention for the promis'd air:
So she, yet mindful of her fraudulent art,
Would soften, ere she spoke, the hearer's heart; 310
First breath'd a sigh to melt the tender breast;
Then thus, at length, these plaintive words address'd.

Ah cruel! think not now I come to prove
The pray'rs that lovers might to lovers move!
Such once we were! — But if thou scorn'st the name,
Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim. 315
If me thy hate pursues, enjoy thy hate;
I seek not to disturb thy happy state!
A *Pagan* born, I ev'ry means employ'd
T' oppress the *Christians* and their pow'r divide. 320
Thee I pursu'd, and thee secluded far,
In distant climates, from the sound of war.
But more, which deeper seems thy scorn to move,
Add how I since deceiv'd thee to my love.
O foul deceit! — to yield my virgin flow'r, 325
To give my beauties to another's pow'r!
To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,
Which thousands fondly fought, but fought in vain!
These are my frauds; let these thy wrath engage;
Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage! 330
So may'st thou part without one tender thought,
And be these dear abodes at once forgot!

Haste!

B. XVI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 121

Haste! — pass the feas! — thy flying sails employ,
Go, wage the combat, and our faith destroy! —
Our faith, alas! — Ah, no! — my faith no more; 335
I worship thee, and thee alone adore!

Yet hence with thee deceiv'd *Armida* bear;
The vanquish'd still attends the victor's car:
Let me be shewn, to all the camp display'd,
The proud betrayer by thy guile betray'd. 340

Wretch as I am! shall still these locks be worn,
These locks that now are grown a lover's scorn?
These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,
And o'er my limbs a servile habit spread:
Thee will I follow 'midst surrounding foes, 345

When all the fury of the battle glows.
I want not soul, so far at least to dare,
To lead thy courser, or thy jav'lin bear.
Let me sustain, or be myself thy shield;
Still will I guard thee in the dang'rous field. 350

No hostile hand so savage can be found,
Thro' my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound:
Soft mercy ev'n may fell revenge restrain,
And these neglected charms some pity gain —
Ah, wretch! and dare I still of beauty boast, 355
My pray'r's rejected, and my empire lost!

More had she said; but grief her words withheld.
Fast from her eyes distill'd the trickling flood:
With suppliant act she sought to grasp his hand,
She held his robe; unmov'd the Chief remain'd. 360
Love found no more an entrance in his breast,
And firm resolves the starting tear suppress'd.

Yet pity soften'd soon his gen'rous foul ;
 Scarce could he now the tender dew controul :
 But still he strove his secret thoughts to hide, 365
 Compos'd his looks and thus at length reply'd.

Armida ! thy distress with grief I see ;
O ! could I now thy lab'ring bosom free
From this ill-omen'd love ! — Ah ! hapless fair !
No scorn I harbour, and no hatred bear : 370
I seek no vengeance ; no offence I know ;
Nor canst thou be my slave, nor art my foe.
On either side I fear thy thoughts have stray'd,
As Love deceiv'd thee, or as anger sway'd.
But human frailties human pity claim ; 375
Thy faith, thy sex, thy years acquit thy fame.
I too have err'd, and shall I dare reprove
Thy tender bosom with the faults of love ?
Here ever shall thy dear remembrance rest,
In joy and grief the partner of my breast ! 380
Still must I be thy champion — thine as far
*As *Christian* faith permits, and *Asia*'s war.*
But ah ! let here our mutual weakness end ;
No further now our mutual shame extend :
Here, from the world, on this extremest coast, 385
Be all our follies in oblivion lost !
*Midst all my deeds in *Europe*'s clime reveal'd,*
O ! still be these, and these alone conceal'd !
Then let no rash ignoble thoughts disgrace
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy royal race. 390
With me thou seek'st in vain to quit the land ;
Superior pow'rs thy fond desire withstand.

Reina;

Remain; or seek some happier place of rest,
And in thy wisdom calm thy troubled breast.

As thus the warrior spoke, the haughty dame 395
Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame;
Awhile she view'd him with a scornful look,
Then from her lips these furious accents broke.

Boast not *Bertoldo*'s nor *Sophia*'s blood !
Thou sprung'st relentless from the stormy flood: 400
Thy infant years th' *Hyrcanian* tigress fed;
On frozen *Caucasus* thy youth was bred! —
See! if he deigns one tender tear bestow,
Or pay one sigh in pity to my woe !
What shall I say, or whither shall I turn? 405
He calls me his! — yet leaves me here in scorn.
See how his foe the gen'rous victor leaves,
Forgets her error, and her crime forgives !
Hear how sedate, how cool his counsels prove,
This rigid *Zeno* in the school of love ! 410
O Heav'n! — O Gods! — and shall this impious race
Your temples ravage, and your shrines deface?
Go, wretch — Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind
As I, forsaken here, am doom'd to find!
Fly hence! — be gone! — but soon expect to view 415
My vengeful ghost thy trait'rous flight pursue:
A fury arm'd with snakes and torch I'll prove,
With terrors equal to my former love!
If fate decrees thee safe to pass the main,
Escap'd from rocks, to view th' embattled plain, 420
There shalt thou, sinking in the fatal strife,
Appease my vengeance with thy dearest life:

124 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XVI.

Oft shalt thou then by name *Armida* call
In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall !

She could no more ; as these last words she spoke, 42 ;
Scarce from her lips the sounds imperfect broke.

She faints ! she sinks ! all breathless pale she lies
In chilly sweats, and shuts her languid eyes.

Do'st thou, *Armida* ! now thy eyelids close ?
Heav'n envies sure one comfort to thy woes. 430

Ah ! raise thy sight ; behold thy deadly foe ;
See down his cheek the kindly sorrows flow.

O ! could'st thou now, ill-fated lover ! hear
His sighs soft breaking on thy raptur'd ear !

What fate permits (but this thou canst not view) 435 ;
He gives, and pitying takes the last adieu.

What should he do ? — thus leave her on the coast,
'Twixt life and death her struggling senses lost ?

Compassion pleads, and courtesy detains ;
But dire necessity his flight constrains. 440

He parts : — and now a friendly breeze prevails,
(The pilot's tresses waving in the gales)

The golden sail o'er surging ocean speeds,
And from the sight the flying shore recedes.

But when, recover'd from her trance, she stood, 445
And all around the land forsaken view'd :

And is he gone ? — Has then the traitor fled ?
Left me in life's extremest need ? (she said)

Would he not to my hapless state dispense
One moment's stay, or wait returning sense ? 450

And do I love him still ? still here remain,
And unreveng'd in empty words complain ?

What

E. XVI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 123

What then avail these tears, these female arms !
Far other arts are mine and stronger charms.
I will pursue — nor Hell th' ingrate shall shield, 455
Nor Heav'n shall safety from my fury yield :
Now ! now I seize him ! now his heart I tear,
And scatter round his mangled limbs in air.
He knows each various art of torture well,
In his own arts the traitor I'll excell ! — 460
But ah ! I wander ! — O ! untimely boast !
Unbless'd *Armida*, whither art thou tost ?
Then should'st thou to thy rage have giv'n the rein,
When he lay captive in thy pow'rful chain.
Then did the wretch no less thy hatred claim ; 465
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame !
O beauty scorn'd ! since you th' offence sustain'd,
Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.
Lo ! with my person shall his worth be paid,
Who from the battle brings that hated head. 470
Ye gallant youths ! whom faithful love inspires,
A dang'rous, glorious task my soul requires !
Ev'n I, to whom *Damascus*' realms shall bow,
The price of vengeance with myself bestow.
But, if contemn'd, I must not this obtain, 475
Then nature gave these boasted charms in vain :
Take back th' unhappy gift ! — myself I hate,
My birth, my being, and my regal state.
One soothing hope alone can comfort give ;
For sweet revenge I still consent to live ! 480
Thus with wild grief she ran her frenzy o'er,
Then turn'd her footsteps from the desart shore :

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In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall!

She could no more; as these last words she spoke, 425
Scarce from her lips the sounds imperfect broke.

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E. XVI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 125

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One soothing hope alone can comfort give ;
For sweet revenge I still consent to live ! 480
Thus with wild grief she ran her frenzy o'er,
Then turn'd her footsteps from the desert shore :

Her fiery looks her stormy passions show ;
 Loose in the wind her locks dishevell'd flow ;
 And in her eyes the flashing sparkles glow ! 485 }

Now, at her dome, she calls with hideous yell,
 Three hundred Deities from deepest Hell :
 Soon murky clouds o'er all the skies are spread ;
 Th' eternal planet hides his sick'ning head.

On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow ; 490
 Deep rocks the ground ; *Avernum* groans below.

Thro' all the palace mingled cries resound ;
 Loud hissings, howls and screams are heard around.
 Thick glooms, more black than night, the walls enclose,
 Where not a ray its friendly light bestows ; 495
 Save that, by fits, sulphureous lightnings stream,
 And dart thro' fallen shades a dreadful gleam !

At length the night dispers'd ; and faintly shone,
 With scarce recover'd looks, the doubtful sun :
 No longer now the stately walls appear'd ; 500

No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.
 Like cloudy vapours of the changing skies,
 Where tow'rs and battlements in semblance rise,
 That fleet before the winds or solar beam :
 Like idle phantoms of a sick man's dream : 505
 So vanish'd all the pile, and nought remain'd
 But native horrors 'midst a rocky land !

Then swift th' Enchantress mounts her ready car,
 And, girt with tempests, cleaves the fields of air.
 Declining from the pole, where distant lie 510
 Nations unknown beneath the southern sky ;

Alcides' pillars now she journeys o'er ;
 Nor seeks *Hesperia*'s strand, nor *Afric*'s shore ;
 But o'er the subject seas suspended flies,
 'Till *Syria*'s borders to her view arise. 515

She seeks not then *Damascus*' regal dome,
 But shuns her once-lov'd seats and native home :]
 And guides her chariot to the fatal lands,
 Where, 'midst *Asphaltus*' waves, her castle stands.
 There, from her menial train and damsels' eyes, 520
 All pensive, in a lone retreat she lies :
 A war of thought her troubled breast assails ;
 But soon her shame subsides, and wrath prevails.

Hence will I haste, (she cry'd) ere *Egypt*'s King
 To *Sion*'s plains his num'rous force can bring ; 525
 Try ev'ry art, in ev'ry form appear,
 Bend the tough bow, and shake the missile spear.
 My charms shall ev'ry leader's soul inspire,
 And ev'ry breast with emulation fire.
 O let the sweet revenge I seek be mine, 530
 And virgin honour I with joy resign !
 Nor thou, stern guardian, now my conduct blame ;
 Thine are my deeds, to thee belongs the shame :
 Thy counsel first impell'd my tender mind
 To acts that ill besem'd the female kind. 535
 Then all be thine, whate'er my errors prove,
 What now I give to rage, or once to love !

She said ; and thus resolv'd, she calls in haste
 Knights, squires, and damsels in her service plac'd.
 A splendid train in duteous order wait ; 540
 All richly clad, attendant on her state.

128 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XVI.

With these, impatient, on her way she goes:
Nor sun, nor moon beholds her take repose;
'Till near she comes to where the friendly bands
Lie wide encamp'd on *Gaza's* sultry sands.

545

The END of the SIXTEENTH BOOK.

J E R U -

P

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are mustered before the Caliph, seated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces: She enflames the Leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that shall kill Rinaldo. A contest, thereupon, ensues between Adraustus and Tisaphernes, but the Caliph, interposing, puts a stop to it. Rinaldo and the two knights return to Palestine. On their landing they are met by the Hermit, who had before entertained Charles and Ubald: He gives Rinaldo counsel for his future conduct, presents him with a suit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his ancestors that are represented in the shield. He then conducts the three warriors within sight of the camp, and dismisses them.

PLAC'D where *Judæa's* utmost bounds extend
Tow'rs fair *Pelusium*, *Gaza's* walls ascend :

Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,
 Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
 Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep, 5
 Like mountain billows of the stormy deep ;
 That scarce th' affrighted trav'ller, spent with toil,
 Escapes the tempest of th' unstable soil.

Th' *Egyptian* Monarch holds this frontier town,
 Which from the *Turkifb* pow'rs of old he won : 10
 Since opportunely near the plains it lies,
 To which he bends his mighty enterprize ;
 He left awhile his court and antient state,
 And hither now transferr'd his regal seat ;
 And hither brought, encamp'd along the coast, 15
 From various provinces a countless host.

Say Muse ! what arms he us'd, what lands he sway'd,
 What nations fear'd him, and what pow'rs obey'd :
 How from the south he mov'd the realms afar,
 And call'd the natives of the East to war : 20
 Thou only canst disclose the dire alarms,
 The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.

When *Egypt* 'gainst the *Grecian* sway rebell'd,
 The faith forsaking which her fathers held,
 A warrior, sprung from *Macon*, seiz'd the throne, 25
 And fix'd his seat in *Cairo*'s stately town,
 A Caliph call'd ; from him each Prince who wears
 Th' *Egyptian* crown the name of Caliph bears.
 Thus *Nile* beheld succeeding *Pharoahs* shine,
 And *Ptolemies* enroll'd from line to line. 30

And now revolving years their course pursu'd,
 And well secur'd the empire's basis stood,

O'er

O'er *Lybia* wide and *Afia* spread its pow'r,
 From far *Cirenè* to the *Syrian* shore ;
 Where sev'n-fold *Nile* o'erflows the fatten'd land, 35
 And where *Syene*'s sun-burnt dwellings stand ;
 Where proud *Euphrates* laves *Affyria*'s fields ;
 Her spicy stores where rich *Maremma* yields :
 And far beyond extends the potent sway,
 To climes that nearer greet the rising day. 40

Vast in itself the mighty kingdom show'd,
 But added glories now its Lord bestow'd :
 Of blood illustrious, and by virtues known,
 The arts of peace and war were all his own !
 Against the *Turks*' and *Perians*' force engag'd, 45
 With various fortune mighty wars he wag'd ;
 Success and loss by turns ordain'd to meet,
 In conquest great, but greater in defeat !
 At length, with creeping age his strength decay'd,
 Reluctant at his side he sheath'd the blade : 50
 For yet his soul retain'd the martial flame,
 The thirst of empire and the lust of fame.
 His chiefs, abroad, their Sov'reign's wars maintain'd,
 While he, at home, in regal splendor reign'd.
 His name the realms of *Afric* trembling heard, 55
 And furthest *Ind* his distant rule rever'd :
 Some sent their martial bands, a willing aid,
 And some, with gold and gems, their tribute paid.

Such was the man who drew his various force
 From climes remote, t' oppose the *Christians*' course: 60
Armida hither came, in happy hour,
 What time the King review'd his num'rous pow'r.

High

High on a stately throne himself was plac'd,
 Th' ascent a hundred steps of iv'ry grac'd:
 A silver canopy o'erspread his seat, 65
 And gold and purple lay beneath his feet:
 Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,
 His turban form'd of many a winding fold:
 The sceptre in his better hand was seen,
 His beard was white, and awful was his mien. 70
 His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows,
 Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardor glows.
 Alike maintain'd, in ev'ry act, appears
 The pomp of pow'r, or dignity of years.
 So when or *Phidias'* or *Apelles'* art 75
 To lifeless forms could seeming life impart;
 In such a shape they shew'd to mortal eyes
 Majestic *Joce* when thund'ring from the skies.
 Beside the Caliph, waits on either hand
 A mighty Peer, the noblest of the land: 80
 This holds the seal, ministrant near the throne,
 And bends his cares to civil rule alone:
 But greater *that* the fword of justice bears,
 And, Prince of armies, guides the course of wars.
 Beneath, with thronging spears, a circling band, 85
 In deep array his bold *Circassians* stand:
 The cuirass-plates their manly breasts defend;
 And crooked sabres at their sides depend.
 Thus fate the Monarch, and from high beheld
 Th' assembled nations marshall'd on the field; 90
 While as the squadrons pass'd his lofty seat,
 They bow'd their arms and ensigns at his feet.

First march'd the forces drawn from *Egypt's* lands,
 Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.
 Two came from upper, two from lower *Nile*, 95
 Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil :
 Now lie far distant from the briny flood
 Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.

First of the squadrons mov'd the ready train
 That dwell in *Alexandria's* wealthy plain; 100
 Along the land that westward far declines,
 Whose wide extent with *Afric's* border joins.
Araspes was their chief, who more excell'd
 In close device, than action in the field.
 The troops succeed, on *Afia's* coast who lie, 105
 Against the beams that gild the morning sky :
 These leads *Aronitus*, not by virtue fir'd,
 But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd :
 No massy helm, ere this, had press'd his brows,
 Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose : 110
 But now from ease to scenes of toil he came,
 By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.
 The next that march'd, appear'd no common band,
 But a huge host that cover'd all the land :
 It seem'd that *Egypt's* fields of waving grain 115
 Could scarce suffice their numbers to sustain :
 Yet these within one ample city dwell'd ;
 These mighty *Cairo* in her circuit held.
 From crowded streets she sends her sons to war ;
 And these *Campiones* brings beneath his care. 120
 Then, under *Gazel*, march'd the troop who till'd
 The neig'ring glebe with gen'rous plenty fill'd ;

And

134 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B. XVII.

And far above, where loud the river roars,
 And from on high its second cat'raet pours.
 No arms but swords and bows th' *Egyptians* bear, 125
 Nor weighty mail, nor shining helmets wear :
 Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,
 But rouze to plunder with the pompous show.

Next *Barca*'s tawny son's, a barb'rous throng,
 Beneath their chief *Alarcon* march'd along : 130
 Half-arm'd they came ; these, long to plunder train'd,
 A hungry life on barren sands sustain'd.
Zumara's King a fairer squadron leads ;
 To him the King of *Tripoly* succeeds :
 Both weak in steady fight, but skill'd to dare 135
 In sudden onset, and a flying war.
 Then those whose culture each *Arabia* claim'd,
 The *stony* that, and this the *happy* nam'd.
 The last ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)
 The fierce extremes of heat or cold to bear. 140
 Here odorif'rous gums their sweets diffuse ;
 Th' immortal *Phænix* here his youth renews ;
 Here, on a pile of many a rich perfume,
 Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb !
 Less costly these their vests and armour wore ; 145
 But weapons, like the troops of *Egypt*, bore.
 To these succeed the wand'ring *Arab* train,
 Who shift their canvas towns from plain to plain.
 Their accents female and their stature low ;
 A sable hue their gloomy features show, 150 }
 And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.

Long

B. XVII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 135

Long *Indian* canes they arm with pointed steel,
And round the plain their steeds impetuous wheel:
Thou would'st have thought the winds impell'd their
course,

If speed of winds could match the rapid horse. 155

Arabia's foremost squadron *Syphax* leads;

Before the second bold *Aldine* proceeds.

The third have *Albazar* at their head,
A chief in rapine, not in knighthood bred.

Then from the various Islands march'd a train, 160

Whose rocks are 'compass'd by th' *Arabian* main:

There were they wont, in arts of fishing skill'd,
To draw rich pearls from ocean's watry field.

And join'd with those, the neighb'ring lands that lie
Beside the red-sea shore, their aids supply. 165

Those *Agricaltes*; these *Mulasses* guides,
Who ev'ry faith and ev'ry law derides.

Next march'd the swarthy troops from *Meroe's* soil,

That dwell 'twixt *Astabora* and fruitful *Nile*;

Where *Ethiopia* spreads her sultry plains, 170
Whose vast extent three diff'rent states contains:

Two *Affimirus* and *Canarius* sway'd;

These *Macon's* laws and *Egypt's* rule obey'd,
And 'gainst the *Christian* host their forces led.

The third, whose sons the pure religion knew, 175
Mix'd not its warriors with the *Pagan* crew.

Two tributary Kings their squadrons show,
That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.
Soldan of *Ormus* one, a barren land,
Where the vast gulph of *Persia* laves the strand. 180

One

One in *Boëcan* held his regal place,
 Whose kingdom oft the rising tides embrace ;
 But when the ebbing waves forsake the shore,
 With feet unbath'd the trav'ller passes o'er.

Not thee, O *Altamorus* ! from the plain 185

Thy faithful spouse could in her arms detain :

She wept, she beat her breast, she tore her hair,
 And begg'd thee oft thy purpose to forbear.

Dost thou to me prefer, unkind ! (she cry'd)

The dreadful aspect of the stormy tide ? 190

Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms,

Than thy dear son who smiles in infant charms ?

Samarcant's realms this pow'rful King obey ;
 No subject crown, no tributary sway :

In fields he shone, conspicuous in the fight, 195

And stood supreme in courage as in might.

The cuirass on their breast his warriors brace ;

Their side the sword, their saddle bears the mace.

Next, from the seats of morn, beyond the shores

Of *Ganges'* stream, *Adraſtus* brings his pow'rs : 200

Around his limbs a serpent's skin he drew,

Diversify'd with spots of sable hue ;

While for his steed he press'd (tremendous fight !).

A mighty elephant of tow'ring height.

Then came the regal band, the Caliph's boast, 205

The flow'r of war and vigor of the host :

All arm'd in proof, well furnish'd for the field,

On foaming steeds their rapid course they held.

Rich purple vestments gleam upon the day,

And steel and gold reflect a mingled ray ! 210

Alarcus

Alarcus here and *Hidraotes* came ;
 Here *Odemarus* rode, a mighty name !
 Here 'midst the valiant *Rimedon* appear'd,
 Whose daring soul nor toil nor danger fear'd.
Tigranes here and *Ormond* fierce were found ; 215
Ripoldo once for piracy renown'd :
 And *Marlabustus* bold, th' *Arabian* nam'd,
 Since late his might the rebel *Arabs* tam'd.
 Here *Pirgas*, *Arimon*, *Orindus* shone ;
Brimartes fam'd for many a conquer'd town : 220
Syphantes skill'd the bounding steed to rein :
 And thou, *Aridumantes* ! form'd to gain
 The prize of wrestling on the dusty plain ! }
 Here *Tisaphernes*, with a dauntless air,
 Tow'r'd o'er the rest, the thunderbolt of war ! 225
 Whose force in battle ev'ry force excell'd,
 To lift the jav'lin or the faulchion wield.
 O'er these the sway a brave *Armenian* bears,
 Who left the *Christian* faith in early years
 For *Pagan* lore ; his former name estrang'd, 230
 To *Emirenes* then was *Clement* chang'd :
 Yet was he well esteem'd for faith sincere,
 And far o'er all his Sov'reign held him dear.
 No more remain'd ; when now, to sudden view,
 The fair *Armida* with her squadron drew. 235
 High on a stately car, the royal dame
 In martial pomp (a female archer !) came :
 A slender belt her flowing robe restrain'd ;
 Her side the shafts, her hand the bow sustain'd.

Ev'n sweet in wrath, her charms the gazer move, 240
 And while she threats her threat'ning kindles love!
 Her radiant car, like that which bears the sun,
 Bright with the jacinth and pyropus shone.
 Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,
 Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd. 245
 A hundred maids, a hundred pages round
 Attend; the quivers on their shoulders found:
 Each in the field bestrides a milk-white steed,
 Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in speed.
 Her troop succeeds, which *Aradine* commands, 250
 And *Hidractes* rais'd in Syria's lands.

As when, again reviv'd, the *Phœnix* soars
 To visit *Ethiopia*'s much-lov'd shores,
 And spreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright,
 (Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light!)
 On either hand the feather'd nations fly, 255
 And wond'ring trace his progress thro' the sky:
 So pass'd the fair, while gazing hosts admire
 Her graceful looks, her gesture and attire.
 If thus her face, with awful anger arm'd,
 Such various throngs with pow'r resolute charm'd; 260
 Well might her softer arts each bosom move,
 With winning glances and the smiles of love.

Armida past; the King of Kings commands
 Brave *Emirenes*, from the martial bands, 265
 T' attend his will; to him he gives the post,
 O'er all the chiefs, to guide the num'rous host.
 He came, his looks with grace majestic shin'd,
 And spoke him worthy of the rank design'd.

B. XVII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 139

At once the guard divides; a path is shown; 270
He treads the steps ascending to the throne:
There, on his humble knee, the ground he press'd,
And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breast.
To him the King — This sceptre, chief! receive,
To thee the rule of yonder host I give. 275
Thou, *Emirenes!* now my place supply;
Deliver *Sion's* King, our old ally:
Swift on the *Franks* my dread resentment pour;
Go — see — and conquer — in th' avenging hour
No *Christian* 'scape! their name no more be known,
And bring the living, bound, before my throne. 281

The Monarch spoke; the warrior from his hand
Receiv'd the sov'reign ensign of command.

This sceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cry'd)
I take, O King! thy fortune is my guide. 285
Arm'd in thy cause I go, thy captain sworn,
T' avenge the wrongs which *Afia's* realms have borne:
Nor will I e'er return, but crown'd with fame;
Death, if I fail, shall hide a warrior's shame!
Should unexpected ills, ye pow'rs! impend, 290
On me alone let all the storm descend:
Preserve the host, while, victors, from the plain
They bring their chief in glorious triumph slain.

He ceas'd; the troops with loud applause reply,
And barb'rous clangors echo to the sky. 295

And now departs, amid the mingled sound,
The King of Kings, with peers encompas'd round:
These, summon'd to the lofty tent of state,
In equal honours with the Monarch fate:

At Himself

Himself benignant ev'ry chief address'd, 300
 And gave to each a portion of the feast.

There, for her arts, fit time *Armida* found,
 While pleasure reign'd, and festive sport went round.
 The banquet o'er, the dame, who well descries,
 That all beheld her charms with wond'ring eyes ; 305
 Slow from her seat arose, with regal look,
 And thus respectful to the Caliph spoke.

O mighty King ! behold with these I stand
 To guard our faith, and combat for the land.
 A damsel, yet I boast a royal name ; 310
 Nor scorns a Queen to mix in fields of fame.
 Who seeks to reign, in arts of ruling skil'd,
 By turns the sceptre and the sword must wield.
 This hand in battle can the jav'lin use,
 And, where it strikes, the wound the stroke pursues.
 Hast thou not heard how once I pris'ners made 315
 The bravest knights whose arms the *Cross* display'd ?
 These overcome, in rugged chains confin'd,
 To thee a glorious present I design'd :
 So had thy pow'rs (their bravest champions lost) 320
 With sure success o'erthrown the *Christian* host.
 But fierce *Rinaldo*, who my warriors flew,
 Releas'd, in evil hour, the captive crew.
 'Tis he ! the wretch of whom I wrong'd complain,
 And unreveng'd these wrongs I yet sustain. 325
 A just resentment hence my bosom warms,
 And fires with added zeal my soul to arms.—
 But what my wrongs hereafter times shall speak ;
 Let this suffice — a great revenge I seek !

Revenge

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Revenge be mine! — and sure, not sent in vain, 330
Some pointed shaft may fix him to the plain.
Heav'n oft from righteous hands directs the dart,
And guides the weapon to the guilty heart.
But should some knight, by thirst of glory led,
Bring me, from yonder field, the *Christian's* head;
These eyes with joy the welcome gift shall view; 335
The victor-chief shall find a victor's due:
My hand in marriage shall the hero gain,
With ample dow'ry and a large domain.
Say — is there one who will the prize regard, 340
And dare the peril meet for such reward?

While thus the damsel spoke, with longing eyes
Adraſtus views her, and at length replies.

Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er *Rinaldo's* heart
Should feel the vengeance of *Armida's* dart: 345
Shall such a wretch to thee resign his breath,
And sweetly perish by an envy'd death?
In me thy minister of wrath survey,
His forfeit head before thy feet I'll lay;
This hand shall rend his breast, and scatter far 350
His mangled body to the fowls of air.

While thus the *Indian* proud *Adraſtus* spoke,
These haughty words from *Tisaphernes* broke.

And what art thou, whose empty pride can dare
Before our Monarch thus thy vaunts declare? 355
Know many a chief (tho' silent here) exceeds
Thy boasted valour with his martial deeds.

To him his rival with indignant scorn:
Lo! one for action not for vaunting born:

And

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And elsewhere had'st thou dar'd our wrath provoke,
Thy last of words, infensate! had'st thou spoke. 361

Thus furious they ; but with his awful hand,
Their common Lord the growing strife restrain'd;
Then to *Armida* thus — Thy manly mind
Seems far exalted o'er thy softer kind : 365
With thee remains the pow'r, transcendent dame!
To calm these warriors and their rage reclaim ;
'Tis thine, at will, to bid their fury glow
With nobler vengeance on the public foe :
Then shall each champion's valour stand confess'd,
While emulation breathes from breast to breast. 371

This said, the Monarch ceas'd; and either knight
Vow'd in her cause to wield the sword in fight.
Nor these alone, but all, whom glory warms,
Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms: 375
All to the damsel proffer certain aid,
And vow deep vengeance on *Rinaldo*'s head.

While thus against the hero, once belov'd,
Such various pow'rs, such mighty foes she mov'd,
He, whom her hate pursu'd, the land forsook, 380
And thro' the main his prosp'rous voyage took.
The wind, that late impell'd the pilot's sails,
Now favour'd her return with western gales.
The youth the pole and either bear survey'd,
And all the stars that gild night's fable shade : 385
He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains steep,
Whose shaggy fronts o'ershade the silent deep :
Now of the camp he asks, and now enquires
Of diff'rent nations, and their rites admires.

Thus

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Thus thro' surrounding waves the warriors fly, 390
'Till the fourth morning paints the eastern sky ;
And when the setting sun to fight was lost,
The rapid vessel gain'd the destin'd coast.

Then thus the virgin — Here our voyage ends,
Here *Palestine* her welcome shore extends. 395

The heroes land, and from their wond'ring eyes,
The mystic pilot in a moment flies.

Now o'er the prospect eve her mantle threw,
And ev'ry object from the fight withdrew.

Uncertain 'midst the sandy wilds they stray, 400
No friendly beam to guide them on their way.
At length the pale-orb'd queen of silent night,
Slow rising, streak'd the parting clouds with light :
Sudden the chiefs a distant blaze behold,

With rays of silver, and with gleams of gold. 405

Approaching then, they radiant arms survey'd,
On which the moon, with full reflexion, play'd.

Thick set as stars, with many a costly stone,
The golden helm and pollish'd cuirass shone.

An aged tree the massy burthen held: 410
Against the trunk was hung the mighty shield ;

Mysterious forms emblaz'd its spacious field.

Beneath the spreading boughs a hermit sate,
Who courteous rose th' adyancing knights to meet.

When now the *Dane* and *Ubald* nearer drew, 415
In him their friend their antient host they knew :

At once they greet the sage with glad surprize,
The sage with mild benevolence replies ;

They

Then tow'rs *Rinaldo*, who with wonder view'd
 His rev'rend form, he turn'd, and thus pursu'd. 420

For thy arrival, chief! and thine alone,
 I here have stay'd in desart shades unknown.
 In me thy friend behold — let these relate
 How far my care has watch'd thy former state.
 These, taught by me, th' Enchantress' pow'r defy'd,
 And freed thy soul in magic fetters ty'd. 426

Attend my words, nor harsh their tenor deem,
 Tho' far unlike the *Syren*'s wanton theme:
 Deep in thy heart repose each sacred truth,
 'Till holier lips instruct thy lift'ning youth. 430

Think not our good is plac'd in flow'ry fields,
 In transient joys which fading beauty yields:
 Above the steep, the rocky path it lies,
 On virtue's hill, whose summit cleaves the skies.
 Who gains th' ascent must many toils engage, 435

And spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age.
 Wilt thou, dismay'd, the arduous height forego,
 And lurk ignobly in the vale below?
 To thee a face erect has nature giv'n,
 And the pure spirit of congenial Heav'n, 440

That far from earth thy gen'rous thoughts might rise
 To gain, by virtuous deeds, th' immortal prize.
 She gave thee courage, not with impious rage
 T' oppress thy friends, and civil combats wage;
 But that thy soul with noble warmth might glow, 445

In fields of fight against the common foe.
 Wisdom to proper objects points our ire,
 Now gentle cools, now fans the rising fire.

He spoke; with downcast eyes the hero stood,
While thus the words of truth resistless flow'd. 450
Full well his secret thoughts the hermit view'd;
Now lift thy eyes, O son! (he thus purſu'd)
See in that shield thy great forefathers shown,
Whose mighty deeds to diſtant times are known:
Wilt thou the honours of thy line diſgrace, 455
And lag behind in glory's ſacred race?
Rife! gallant youth! and while thy ſires I name,
From their example catch the gen'rous flame.

He ſaid; with eager gaze the knight beheld
The ſculptur'd ſtories to his fight reveal'd. 460

There, in a narrow space, the master's mind,
With wond'rous art, a thouſand forms deſign'd:
There ſhone great *Eſte*'s race, whose noble blood
From *Roman* ſource in ſtreams unſuſtly'd flow'd.
With laurel crown'd the godlike chiefs appear'd; 465
The ſage their honours and their wars declar'd.

Caius he ſhew'd, who (when th' imperial ſway
Declining fell to alien hands a prey)
A willing people taught to own his pow'r,
And firſt of *Eſte*'s line the ſceptre bore. 470

When now the *Goth* (a rude deſtructive name!)
Call'd by *Honorius*, big with ruin, came;
When *Rome*, oppreſſ'd and captive to the foe,
Fear'd one dire hour would all her ſtate o'erthrew;
He ſhew'd how brave *Aurelius* stood the ſhock, 475
And kept his ſubjects from a foreign yoke.

Foreſtus then he nam'd, whose noble pride
The *Huns*, the tyrants of the north, defy'd:

Fierce *Attila* their lord, of savage mien,
By him subdu'd in single fight was seen. 480

See next the patriot-chief, with ceaseless care,
For *Aquileia*'s strong defence prepare ; }
Th' *Italian Hector* in the task of war ! }
But ah ! too soon he ends his mortal state,
And in his own includes his country's fate. 485

Then *Acarinus* to his father's fame
Succeeds, the champion of the *Roman* name.
Not to the *Huns*, but fate, *Altinus* yields,
And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds :
Deep in the vale of *Po* his city rose, 490
(A thousand scatter'd cots his town compose)
Which distant ages shall with pride proclaim
The seat of empire of th' *Eugenian* name.
He quells th' *Alani* ; but, in stern debate
With *Odoacer*, meets the stroke of fate : 495
For *Italy* he bravely yields his breath,
And shares paternal honour by his death.
With him the gallant *Alphorius* dies :
To exile *Aetius*, with his brother, flies ;
But soon return'd (th' *Erulean* king o'erthrown) 500
Again in council and in arms they shone.
Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel,
A second brave *Epaminondas* fell :
See ! where with smiles he seems his life to yield,
Since *Totila* is fled, and safe his shield. 505
His son *Valerian* emulates his name,
And treads the footsteps of paternal fame :

Scarce

Scarce yet a man, of manly force possess'd,
 His daring hand th' encroaching *Goth* repress'd.
 Near him with warlike mien *Ernestus* rose, 510
 Who routs in field the rough *Sclavonian* foes.
 With these intrepid *Aldoard* is shwon,
 Who 'gainst the *Lombard* King defends *Monselce*'s town.
 Henry and *Berengarius* then appear'd,
 Who serv'd where *Charles* his glorious banners rear'd.
 Then *Lewis* follow'd, who the war maintain'd 516
 Against his nephew that in *Latium* reign'd.
 Next *Otho* with his sons, a friendly band ;
 Five blooming youths around their father stand.
 There *Almeric*, *Ferrara*'s Marquis, came, 520
 (*Ferrara* plac'd by *Po*'s majestic stream)
 See ! where he lifts to Heav'n his pious eyes ;
 Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes arise !
 The second *Actius* fill'd a diff'rent fide,
 Who bloody strife with *Berengarius* try'd ; 525
 But after many various turns of fate,
 Subdu'd his foe, and rul'd th' *Italian* state.
Albertus now appear'd, his valiant son,
 Who from *Germania* mighty trophies won ;
 Who foil'd the *Danes* ; and to his nuptial bed, 530
 With ample dow'ry, *Otho*'s daughter led.
 Next *Hugo*, who the haughty *Romans* quell'd,
 And o'er the *Tuscan* lands dominion held.
 Edaldo then ; and now the sculpture shew'd,
 With *Beatrice* where *Bonifacius* stood. 535
 male succeeded to the large domain,
 For the father's honours to maintain.

Matbilda follow'd, who with virtues try'd,
Full well the want of manly sex supply'd :
In arts of sway the wife and valiant dame

540

O'er crowns and sceptres rais'd the female fame :
The *Norman* there she chac'd ; here quell'd in field
Guiscard the brave, before untaught to yield :
Henry she crush'd (the fourth that bore the name)
And with his standards to the temple came ;

545

Then in the *Vatican*, with honours grac'd,
In *Peter's* chair the sov'reign Pontiff plac'd.

See the fifth *Actius* near her person move,
With looks of rev'rence and of duteous love.

Actius the fourth a happier race has known ;

550

'Thence *Guelpho* issues, *Kunigunda's* son ;

Retiring, to *Germania's* call he yields,

By fate transplanted to *Bavarian* fields :

There on the *Guelphian* tree, with age decay'd,

Great *Efti's* branch its foliage fair display'd :

555

Then might you soon the *Guelphian* race behold
Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold.

From hence *Bertoldo* rose, of matchless fame ;

Hence the sixth *Actius*, bright in virtue, came.

Such were the chiefs whose forms the shield exp'res'd ;

And emulation fir'd *Rinaldo's* breast :

560

In fancy rapt each future toil he view'd,

Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.

Swift o'er his limbs the burnish'd mail he throws,

Already hopes the fight, and triumphs o'er the foes.

565

And now the *Dane*, who told how *Sweno* fell

In fatal strife beneath the *Pagan* steel,

T

To brave *Rinaldo* gave the destin'd blade ;
 In happy hour receive this sword (he said)
 Avenge its former lord, whose worth demands, 570
 Whose love deserves this vengeance at thy hands.

Then thus the hero — Grant, O gracious Heav'n !
 The hand to which this fated sword is giv'n,
 With this may emulate its master's fame,
 And pay the tribute due to *Sveno*'s name. 575

So they. But now the sage without delay
 Impell'd the warriors on their purpos'd way :
 Haste, let us seek the *Christian* camp (he cry'd)
 Myself will thro' the waste your journey guide.

He said ; and strait his ready car ascends ; 580
 (Each knight obsequious at his word attends :)
 He gives the steeds the rein, the lash applies ;
 Swift to the east the rolling chariot flies.
 Again the hoary hermit silence broke,
 And sudden, turning to *Rinaldo*, spoke. 585

To thee 'twas giv'n the antient root to trace,
 Whence sprung the branches of th' *Estenian* race :
 Still shall that stock succeeding years supply,
 Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.
 O ! could I now, as late the past I told, 590
 The future ages to thy view unfold,
 Succeeding heroes should thy wonder rase,
 Great as the first in number as in praise :
 But truths, like these, are hidden from my sight,
 Or seen thro' dusky clouds with doubtful light. 595
 Yet hear and trust to what my words disclose ;
 Since from a purer source this knowledge flows ;

(From him *, to whose far piercing mind 'tis giv'n
 To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heav'n)
 Thy sons, the heroes of the times to come, 600
 Shall match the chiefs of *Carthage, Greece or Rome!*
 But o'er the rest shall rise *Alphonso's* fame,
Alphonso, second of the glorious name!
 Born when an age corrupt, to vice declin'd,
 Shall boast but few examples to mankind: 605
 He while a youth, in mimic scenes of war,
 Shall certain signs of early worth declare;
 In forest-wilds shall chace the savage train,
 And the first honours of the list obtain;
 In riper years in war unconquer'd prove, 610
 And hold his subjects in the bands of love!
 'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,
 'Midst mighty pow'rs and jarring states in arms;
 To cherish arts, bid early genius grow,
 And splendid games and festivals bestow; 615
 In equal scales the good and bad to weigh;
 And guard with care for ev'ry future day.
 O! should he rise against that impious race,
 Whose deeds shall then the earth and seas deface,
 Who, in those times, shall hold mankind in awe, 620
 And give to more enlighten'd minds the law;
 Then shall his righteous vengeance wide be known,
 For shrines profan'd, and altars overthrown:
 In that great hour, what judgment shall he bring
 On the false sect, and on their tyrant king! 625

* PETER.

The

The *Turk* and *Moor*, with thousands in their train,
 Shall seek to stop his conqu'ring arms in vain :
 Beyond the climate where *Euphrates* flows,
 Beyond mount *Taurus*, white with endless snows,
 Beyond the realms of summer shall he bear 639
 The *Cross*, the *Eagle*, and the *Lily* fair ;
 The secret source of antient *Nile* shall trace,
 And in the faith baptize the fable race.

He spoke : and transport fill'd the warrior's breast,
 To hear the glories of his line express. 635
 Now had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,
 And the East redden'd with a warmer ray ;
 When high above the tents they view'd afar
 The streaming banners trembling in the air.

Then thus the rev'rend fire anew begun : 640
 Behold before us beams the golden sun,
 Whose friendly rays discover wide around
 The plains, the city, and the tented ground.
 Hence may you pass without a further guide ;
 A nearer prospect is to me deny'd. 645

He said ; and instant bade the chiefs adieu ;
 And these, on foot, their ready way pursue.
 Meanwhile the news of their arrival came
 To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame ;
 And *Godfrey*, rising from his awful seat, 650
 With speed advanc'd the welcome knights to meet.

The END of the SEVENTEENTH Book.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo returns to the camp, and is graciously received by Godfrey. After offering his devotions on mount Olivet, he enters upon the adventure of the Enchanted Wood. He withstands all the illusions of the Demons, and dissolves the enchantment. The Christians then build new machines: In the mean time Godfrey has intelligence of the approach of the Egyptian army to raise the siege. Vafrino is sent as a spy to the Egyptian camp. Godfrey attacks the city with great resolution: The Pagans make an obstinate defence. Rinaldo particularly signalizes himself, and first scales the walls. Ismeno is killed. The Arch-angel Michael appears to the Christian General, and shewes him the celestial army, and the souls of the warriors, that were slain in battle, engaged in his cause. Victory now declares for the Christians: Godfrey first plants his standard on the wall, and the city is entered on all sides.

AND now they met: Rinaldo first began,
And thus sincere address'd the godlike man.

O prince ! the care t'efface my honour's stain
 Impell'd my vengeance on the warrior slain :
 But, late convinc'd, the rash offence I own ; 5
 And deep contrition since my soul has known.
 By thee recall'd, I seek the camp again ;
 And may my future deeds thy grace obtain.

Him lowly bending, with complacent look
Gaufrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus bespoke. 10

No more remembrance irksome truths shall tell ;
 The past shall ever in oblivion dwell :
 Lo ! all th' amends I claim — thy weapons wield,
 And shine th' wonted terror of the field.
 'Tis thine t' assist thy friends, amaze thy foes, 15
 And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppose.
 Yon wood, from whence our warlike piles we made,
 Conceals deep magic in its dreadful shade ;
 Horrid it stands ! of all our num'rous host,
 No hands to fell th' enchanted timbers boast. 20
 Then go ! — 'tis thine the mighty task to try ;
 There prove thy valour where the valiant fly.

Thus he. In brief again the warrior spoke,
 And dauntless on himself th' adventure took.
 Then to the rest he stretch'd his friendly hand, 25
 And gladly greeted all the social band.
 Brave *Tancred* now and noble *Guelpho* came,
 With each bold leader of the *Christian* name.
 The vulgar next he view'd with gracious eye,
 And affable receiv'd the gen'ral joy. 30

Nor round him less the shouting soldiers press'd,
 Than if the hero, from the conquer'd East,

Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with spoils of war,
Had rode triumphant on his glitt'ring car.
Thence to his tent he pass'd; there plac'd in state, 35
Encircled by his friends the champion fate.
There much he answer'd; much to know desir'd;
Oft of the war and wond'rous wood enquir'd.
At length, the rest withdrawn, the Hermit broke
His silence first, and thus the youth bespoke. 40

O Chief! what wonders have thy eyes survey'd!
How far remote thy erring feet have stray'd!
Think what thou ow'st to him who rules on high;
He gave thee from th' enchanted seats to fly:
Thee, from his flock a wand'ring sheep, he sought, 45
And, now recover'd, to his fold has brought:
By Godfrey's voice he calls thee to fulfill
The mighty purpose of his sacred will.
But think not yet, impure with many a stain,
In his high cause to lift thy hand profane: 50
Nor *Nile*, nor *Ganges*, nor the boundless sea,
With cleansing tides, can wash thy crimes away.
Sincere to God thy secret sins declare,
And sorrowing seek his grace with fervent pray'r.

He said; and first the Prince in humble strain, 55
Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain:
Then low before the sage's feet he kneel'd,
And all the errors of his youth reveal'd.
The pious Hermit then absolv'd the knight,
And thus pursu'd — With early dawn of light, 60
On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay,
That rears its front against the morning ray.

Thence

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Thence seek the wood whose monsters thou must quell,
Let no vain frauds thy daring steps repel :
Ah! let no tuneful voice, no plaints beguile, 65
Nor beauty win thee with enticing smile :
Sternly resolv'd, avoid each dang'rous snare,
And scorn the treach'rous look and well-dissembled
pray'r.

So counsell'd he. The youth obsequious heard,
And eager for th' important deed prepar'd: 70
In thought he pass'd the day, in thought the night;
And ere the clouds were streak'd with growing light,
Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw
A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.
Alone, on foot, his silent way he took, 75
And left his comrades and the tents forsook.
Now night with day divided empire held,
Nor this was fully ris'n, nor that expell'd :
The cheerful East the dawning rays display'd,
And stars yet glimmer'd thro' the western shade. 80
To *Olivet* the pensive Hero pass'd,
And, musing deep, around his looks he cast,
Alternate viewing here the spangled skies,
And there the spreading light of morning rise.

Then to himself he said—What beams divine 85
In Heav'n's eternal sacred temple shine !
The day can boast the chariot of the sun,
The night the golden stars and silver moon !
But ah! how few will raise their minds so high !
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye, 90

The transient lightnings of a glance, a smile
From female charms, our earthly sense beguile!

While thus he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's ascent;
There low on earth with humble knee he bent :
Then on the east devoutly fix'd his eyes, 95
And rais'd his pious thoughts above the skies.

Almighty Father; hear! — my pray'rs approve !
Far from my sins thy awful fight remove :
O let thy grace each thought impure controul,
And purge from earthly dross my erring soul ! 100

Thus while he pray'd; *Aurora*, rising bright,
To radiant gold has chang'd her rosy light :
O'er all his arms th' increasing splendor plays,
'The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.
Full in his face the morn her breeze renews, 105
And scatters on his head ambrosial dews :
His robe, with lucid pearls besprinkled o'er,
Receives a snowy hue unknown before.
So with the dawn the drooping flow'ret blooms;
The serpent thus a second youth assumes. 110

Surpriz'd his alter'd vest the warrior view'd,
Then turn'd his steps to reach the fatal wood.
And now he came where late the bands retir'd,
Struck with the dread the distant gloom inspir'd :
Yet him nor secret doubts nor terrors move, 115
But fair in prospect rose the magic grove.
While, like the rest, the knight expects to hear
Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear,
A dulcet symphony his sense invades,
Of Nymphs or Dryads warbling thro' the shades. 120

Soft

B. XVIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 157

Soft sighs the breeze, soft purls the silver rill,
The feather'd choir the woods with music fill :
The tuneful swan in dying notes complains ;
The mourning nightingale repeats her strains :
Timbrels and harps and human voices join ; 125
And in one concert all the sounds combine !

In wonder rapt awhile *Rinaldo* stood,
And thence his way with wary steps purfu'd :
When lo ! a crystal flood his course oppos'd,
Whose winding train the forest round enclos'd. 130
On either hand, with flow'rs of various dies,
The smiling banks perfum'd the ambient skies.
From this a smaller limpid current flow'd,
And pierc'd the bosom of the lofty wood :
This to the trees a welcome moisture gave, 135
Whose boughs, o'erhanging, trembled in its wave.

Now here, now there, the ford the warrior try'd,
When sudden rais'd a wond'rous bridge he 'spy'd ;
That, built of gold, on stately arches stood,
And shew'd an ample passage o'er the flood : 140
He trod the path, the further margin gain'd ;
And now the magic pile no more remain'd :
The stream so calm, arose with hideous roar,
And down its foamy surge the shining fabric bore.

The hero, turning, saw the tide o'erflow, 145
Like sudden torrents swell'd with melting snow.
Then new defires incite his feet to rove
Thro' all the deep recesses of the grove.
As searching round, from shade to shade he strays,
New scenes at once invite him and amaze. 150

Where'er

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Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours
 In gushing springs, or voluntary flow'rs :
 Here blooms the lily ; there the fragrant rose ;
 Here spouts a fountain ; there a riv'let flows :
 From ev'ry spray the liquid manna trills ; 155
 And honey from the soft'ning bark distills.
 Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears
 Of plaints and music mingling in his ears :
 Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,
 Nor harp nor timbrel whence the music came. 160

As fix'd he silent stands in deep surprize,
 And reason to the sense her faith denies ;
 He sees a myrtle near, and thither bends,
 Where in a plain the path far-winding ends :
 Her ample boughs the stately plant display'd 165
 Above the lofty palm or cypress' shade ;
 High o'er the subject trees sublime she stood,
 And seem'd the verdant Empress of the wood.

While round the champion cast a doubtful view,
 A greater wonder his attention drew : 170
 A lab'ring oak a sudden cleft disclos'd,
 And from its bark a living birth expos'd ;
 Whence (passing all belief !) in strange array,
 A lovely damsel issu'd to the day.
 A hundred diff'rent trees the knight beheld, 175
 Whose fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd.
 As oft in pictur'd scenes we see display'd
 Each graceful goddess of the sylvan shade ;
 With arms expos'd, with vesture girt around,
 With purple buskins, and with hair unbound : 180

Alike

Alike to view, before the hero stood
 These shadowy daughters of the wond'rous wood ;
 Save that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield ;
 But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.

Now, in a circle form'd, the sportive train, 185
 With song and dance their mystic rites began ;
 Around the myrtle and the knight they fung :
 And in his ear these tuneful accents rung.

All hail ! and welcome to this pleasing grove,
Armida's hope, the treasure of her love ! 190
 Com'st thou ! (O long expected !) to relieve
 The painful wounds the darts of absence give ?
 This wood, that frown'd so late with horrid shade,
 Where pale despair her mournful dwelling made,
 Behold at thy approach reviv'd appears, 195
 At thy approach a gentler aspect wears !

Thus they — Low thunders from the myrtle rose,
 And strait the bark a cleft wide-op'ning shows ;
 In wonder rapt have antient times survey'd
 A rude *Silenus* issuing from the shade ; 200 }
 A fairer form the teeming tree display'd.
 A damsel thence appear'd, whose lovely frame
 Might equal beauties of celestial name :
 On her *Rinaldo* fix'd his heedful eyes,
 And saw *Armida's* features with surprize : 205
 On him a sad yet pleasing look she bends,
 And in the glance a thousand passions blends.

Then thus — And art thou now return'd from flight,
 Again to bless forlorn *Armida's* sight ?

Com'st

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Com'st thou the balm of comfort to bestow, 210
 To ease my widow'd nights, my days of woe?
 Or art thou here to work me further harms,
 That thus thy limbs are sheath'd in hostile arms?
 Com'st thou a lover or a foe prepar'd?
 Not for a foe the stately bridge I rear'd; 215
 Not for a foe unlock'd th' impervious bow'rs,
 And deck'd the shade with fountains, rills, and flow'rs.
 Art thou a friend? — that envious helm remove;
 Disclose thy face, return the looks of love:
 Press lips to lips, to bosom bosom join; 220
 Or reach at least thy friendly hand to mine!

Thus as she spoke, she roll'd her mournful eyes,
 And bade soft blushes o'er her features rise:
 Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,
 Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm: 225
 While, well advis'd, the knight no longer stay'd,
 But from the scabbard bar'd the shining blade;
 Then, swift advancing, near the myrtle drew:
 With eager haste to guard the plant she flew;
 The much lov'd bark with eager arms enclos'd, 230
 And, with loud cries, the threat'ning stroke oppos'd.

Ah! dare not thus with savage rage invade
 My darling tree, the pride of all the shade!
 O cruel! — lay thy dire design aside,
 Or thro' *Armida*'s heart the weapon guide! 235
 To reach the trunk this bosom shall afford
 (And this alone) a passage to thy sword!

But, deaf to pray'rs, aloft the steel he rear'd;
 When lo! new forms, new prodigies appear'd!

Thus

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Thus, oft in sleep we view, with wild affright, 240

Dire monstrous shapes, the visions of the night!

Her limbs enlarge ; her features lose their grace ;

The rose and lily vanish from her face :

Now, tow'ring high, a giant huge she stands,

An arm'd *Briareus* with a hundred hands. 245

With dreadful action fifty swords she wields,

And shakes aloft as many clashing shields !

Each nymph, transform'd, a horrid *Cyclop* shew'd ;

Unmov'd the hero still his task pursu'd ;

Against the tree redoubled strokes he bent ; 250

Deep groans, at ev'ry stroke, the myrtle sent :

Infernal glooms the face of day deform ;

And winds, loud roaring, raise a hideous storm :

With thunders hoarse the distant fields resound,

And lightnings flash, and earthquakes rock the ground.

But not these horrors can his force restrain, 256

And not a blow his weapon aims in vain :

Now, sinking low, the nodding myrtle bends :

It falls — the phantoms fly — th' enchantment ends.

The winds are hush'd, the troubled æther clears,

The forest in its wonted state appears : 261

No more the dark retreat of magic made,

Tho' awful still and black with native shade.

Again the victor try'd if ought withstood

The lifted steel to lop the spreading wood : 265

Then smiling thus he said — O phantoms vain !

Shall these illusions e'er the brave restrain ?

Now to the camp with hasty steps he press'd ;

Meanwhile the Hermit thus the troops address'd :

Already

Already freed I see th' enchanted ground ! 270
 Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd !
 He said : when from afar, confess'd to sight,
 In dazzling arms appear'd the victor-knight :
 High on his crest the silver eagle shone,
 And blaz'd with brighter beams against the sun. 275
 The troops salute him with triumphant cries ;
 From man to man the spreading clamors rise.
 Then to his valour pious *Godfrey* pays
 The willing tribute of unenvy'd praise :
 When to the Leader thus *Rinaldo* said : 280
 At thy command I sought yon dreadful shade ;
 The deep recesses of the grove I view'd,
 The wonders saw, and ev'ry spell subdu'd :
 Now may thy train the region safe explore,
 No magic charms shall vex their labours more. 285

Thus he ; and strait the band the forest sought,
 Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.
 O'er all their work an able chief presides ;
William, *Liguria*'s lord, the labour guides.
 But late the empire of the feas he held, 290
 Till forc'd before the *Pagan* fleets to yield,
 With all their naval arms the sailor train
 He brings, t' increase the forces on the plain.
 To him superior knowledge Heav'n imparts :
 A searching genius in mechanic arts ! 295
 A hundred workmen his commands obey,
 Their tasks performing as he points the way.
 Vast batt'ring rams against the city rise,
 And missive engines of enormous size.

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Of timbers huge he built a spacious tow'r; 300
A hundred wheels the mighty fabric bore:
With junctures strong he fix'd the solid sides,
And 'gainst the fire secur'd with moisten'd hides.
Suspended from below, with horned head,
The ram resistless on the bulwarks play'd; 305
While from the midst a bridge was form'd to fall,
That join'd th' approaching engine to the wall:
And from the top was seen at will to rise
A lesser tow'r, high-pointing to the skies.
The gazing throngs admire in ev'ry part 310
The strange invention and the workman's art:
Soon, like the first, two other piles they frame,
The same their figure and their height the same.

Thus they: While from the walls the *Pagan* spies
Observ'd the *Christian* camp with heedful eyes: 315
They saw the pines and elms in many a load
Drawn to the army from the friendly wood:
They saw them rise in warlike structures high,
But scarce could thence their distant forms descry.
They too machines compose with equal care, 320
Their ramparts strengthen, and their walls repair.
Ijmeno 'midst the rest his engines brought,
From *Sodom*'s lake, with fatal sulphur fraught,
From Hell's black flood, whose waters foul and flow
Nine times enfold the realms of endless woe! 325
Horrid with these, a fiery pest he stood,
Resolv'd t' avenge his violated wood.

While thus the city and the camp prepar'd,
This to assault, and that the works to guard,

High

High o'er the tents in all the army's view, 339
 An airy dove with rapid pinions flew;
 Now from the lofty clouds declining down,
 With nearer flight approach'd the sacred town:
 When lo! a falcon chac'd her from above,
 And threat'ning to the high pavilion drove: 333
 Just as his claws the trembling bird oppress'd,
 She shelter sought in pious Godfrey's breast:
 The pitying Chief the dove from fate repriev'd,
 Then round her neck a slender band perceiv'd:
 Beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd, 340
 Which, open'd, to his sight these words reveal'd.

To thee th' *Egyptian* chief his zeal commends,
 And health to great *Judaea*'s Sov'reign sends.
 Fear not, O Monarch! still thy tow'rs defend,
 'Till the fifth morn her welcome light extend: 345
 Then shall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall;
Sion shall conquer, and the *Christians* fall.

Such was the secret in the tablet seal'd,
 In barb'rous phrase and characters reveal'd.
 These winged heralds thus the mandates bear 350
 Of Eastern nations thro' the fields of air.

The Prince now set the captive dove at large,
 But she (a guiltless trait'ress to her charge)
 As conscious of th' event, no more return'd,
 But distant from her lord in secret mourn'd. 355

The leader then conven'd the princely train,
 The tidings strak disclos'd, and thus began.

Behold

Behold, O friends! how Heav'n's high Monarch
shows

Th' important secrets of our wily foes.

No more delay — this present time demands 360

Our boldest hearts and most experienc'd hands.

Be ev'ry toil, be ev'ry peril try'd,

The way to conquer on the southern side.

There, well by nature fenc'd on ev'ry part,

The forts are less secur'd by works of art: 365

There, *Raymond*, let thy strength resistless fall,

There, with thy engines, shake the doubtful wall:

While I, upon a diff'rent side, prepare,

Against the northern gate, the storm of war.

So may the foes their forces thither bend,

370

And there deceiv'd, our chief assault attend.

From thence convey'd, shall then my lofty tow'r

On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.

Near me, *Camillus*, thou the toils shalt share,

And the third pile be trusted to thy care. 375

He ceas'd; when *Raymond* pond'ring in his breast
The public welfare, *Godfrey* thus address'd.

So well for all, O Chief! thy cares provide,

Nor ought can be retrench'd nor ought supply'd.

Yet let me wish some artful spy were sent 380

To *Egypt*'s camp, to sound their deep intent;

Who to our host might all their motions tell,

And certain tidings of their force reveal.

Then *Tancred* spoke: A faithful squire is mine

Who seems well form'd to further your design; 385

He

He ev'ry wile, with ready wit, prepares ;
 He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.
 Swift in the race he lightly skims the field ;
 His pliant tongue in ev'ry speech is skill'd :
 He shifts his mien, his action and his tone, 390
 And makes the modes of ev'ry clime his own.

The squire, now call'd, before th' assembly stands,
 And chearful hears the task his lord demands ;
 Then smiling thus : To me confign the care,
 This instant see me for th' attempt prepare : 395
 Swift will I reach (an unexpected spy)
 The distant land where *Egypt*'s forces lie ;
 There pierce the swarming vale at noon of day,
 And ev'ry man and ev'ry steed survey.
 I promise soon (nor vain esteem my boast) 400
 To bring the state and numbers of their host ;
 To penetrate their Leader's secret thought,
 And view each purpose in his bosom wrought.

Thus bold *Vafrino* spoke ; nor more delay'd,
 But strait in vesture long his limbs array'd : 405
 He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd
 A turban huge in many a winding fold :
 His back the *Syrian* bow and quiver bore,
 And all his looks a foreign semblance wore.
 The wond'ring crows admir'd his ready tongue, 410
 On which each nation's various accents hung ;
 That *Egypt* well might claim him for her own,
 Or *Tyre* receive him as her rightful son.
 Now from the camp he issu'd on a steed
 That scarcely bent the grass beneath his speed. 415
 Ere

Ere yet they view'd the third succeeding day,
 The *Franks*, industrious, gain'd the rugged way:
 In vain the rolling hours to rest invite,
 They join to day the labours of the night:
 'Till all is for the great assault prepar'd, 420
 And nought remains that can their schemes retard.

The *Christian* Chief, on pious thoughts intent,
 In humble pray'r the day preceding spent,
 And bade the faithful host their sins confess,
 And take, from sacred hands, the bread of peace. 425
 He then began his vast machines to show
 On divers parts, t' amuse the thoughtless foe.
 The foe deceiv'd with joyful looks descry'd
 His force directed on their strongest side.

But soon as ev'ning stretch'd her welcome shade, 430
 He thence with ease his warlike pile convey'd:
 This tow'rds the ramparts weaker parts he brought,
 Where less expos'd his hardy soldiers fought.
 Experienc'd *Raymond* with his lofty tow'r
 Against the southern hill his forces bore: 435
 And, with the third, the brave *Camillus* press'd
 Against the side declining to the west.

When now the cheerful harbinger of day
 Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray;
 The mighty tow'r the foes with terror view'd 440
 Far distant from the place where late it stood;
 And all around, 'till then unseen, beheld
 Enormous engines thick'ning o'er the field.

With ev'ry art the wary *Pagans* form
 Their best defence 'gainst th' approaching storm. 445

No less intent, the prudent Chief, who knew
 That nearer now th' *Egyptian* army drew,
 Each pass secures; and calling from the bands
Guelpho and either *Robert*, thus commands.

You watchful on your steeds in arms remain,
 While I attempt yon hostile wall to gain,
 Where least defence appears: be yours the care
 To guard our rear from unexpected war.

He ceas'd: and, breathing courage man to man,
 'Three fierce assaults the *Christian* pow'rs began. 455
 Then hoary *Aladine*, with cares decay'd,
 In arms, long since disus'd, his limbs array'd;
 Trembling with feeble feet and tott'ring frame,
 The aged King oppos'd to *Raymond* came.
 Stern *Solyman* for *Godfrey* stood prepar'd;
 And fierce *Argante* good *Camillus* dar'd.
 Here *Tancred*, led by fate, approach'd the wall,
 Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.

The ready archers now their bows apply;
 In deadly poison drench'd their arrows fly. 465
 'The face of Heav'n is all in darkness lost,
 Such clouds of weapons issue from the host.
 With greater force the mural engines pour
 Their sudden vengeance in a mingled show'r.
 Hence, sheath'd with iron, jav'lins huge are thrown
 Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town. 475
 Not in the wound the jav'lins lose their force,
 But furious hold their unremitting course;
 Resistless here their bloody entrance find,
 And issuing there, leave cruel death behind!

Where'

Wher' er the stones alight, with dreadful sway
 Thro' men and arms they force their horrid way;
 Sweep life before 'em, crush the human frame,
 And hide at once the figure and the name!

Still unappall'd the *Pagan* troops remain, 480

And boldly still the bold assault sustain:

Already had they spread with heedful care
 Their woolly fences 'gainst the threat'ning war;
 And where expos'd the thickest ranks they 'spy,
 With missile weapons send a fierce reply. 485

Yet undismay'd the brave assailants press,
 Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, cease.
 Some under vast machines securely move,
 While storms of arrows hiss in vain above.

Some wheel th' enormous engines near the foes: 490

The *Syrians*, from the walls, th' attempt oppose.
 Each ready tow'r to launch its bridge essays;
 Its iron head each ram incessant plays.

Meanwhile in gen'rous doubt *Rinaldo* stands, 495

No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands:

He rolls his ardent eyes; his thoughts aspire

To tempt the pass from which the rest retire.

Then to the warriors, late by *Dudon* led,

Th' intrepid hero turn'd, and thus he said.

O shame to fight! while here our squadrons press,

Behold yon fortress still remains in peace. 501

No perils e'er can brave designs controul,

All deeds are open to the dauntless soul.

Haste, let us thither march, and 'gainst the foes

A sure defence, with lifted shields, oppose. 505

He spoke : The warriors with one soul obey'd,
And o'er their heads extend an ample shade.

The bucklers join'd secur'd the moving train,
While from on high the ruins roll in vain.

Now to the walls they came ; with eager haste 510

A scaling-ladder bold *Rinaldo* plac'd ;

A hundred steps it bore ; the hero's hand

Aloft with ease th' enormous weight sustain'd.

Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour ;

Dauntless he mounts amid the pond'rous shew'r : 515

Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread,

Tho' pendent rocks had nodded o'er his head.

His ample shield receiv'd a feather'd wood ;

His back sustain'd a falling mountain's load :

This arm the bulwarks shook ; and that before 520

His tow'ring front the fencing buckler bore.

His great example ey'ry warrior fir'd ;

Each gallant chief to scale the works aspir'd.

But various fates they prove : Some headlong fall ;

And some are slaughter'd ere they mount the wall ;

While he, ascending still, securely goes, 526

His friends encourages, and threats his foes.

The thronging numbers, with collected might,

Attempt in vain to hurl him from his height ;

Still in th' unequal combat firm he stands, 530

And bears alone th' united furious bands.

And now his sword the spacious rampart clears,

And frees the passage for his brave compeers.

To one the hero gave a wish'd relief,

(*Eustatius*, brother to the pious chief)

535

With

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With ready hand he stopp'd his fatal fall,
And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.

The *Christian* Leader, on a diff'rent side,
With various perils various fortune try'd :
Nor men with men alone the combat sought, 543
There pile with pile, with engine engine fought.

Above the walls a trunk the *Syrians* raise ;
(A vessel's tow'ring mast in antient days)
To this athwart a massy beam suspend ;
Thick iron plates the solid head defend : 545
This with strong cables back the *Pagans* drew,
Then, swift recoiling, on the tow'r it flew.
The yielding timbers with the fury shook,
The joints gave way before the frequent stroke :

But soon the tow'r its needful arms supplies ; 553
Two scythes prepar'd are rais'd of mighty size,
That closing, with their sharpen'd edge divide
The twisted cords to which the beam is ty'd.

As loos'd by time, or by rude tempests torn,
A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne, 555
Impetuous whirling down the craggy steepes,
Woods, cots, and herds before its fury sweeps :
So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,
Arms, men, and ruins from the shatter'd wall.
The tow'r's vast summit nodded from on high ; 563
The bulwarks tremble, and the hills reply.

Victorious *Godfrey* now, advancing on,
Already deem'd the hostile ramparts won :
When from the foes, with roaring thunders, broke
Whirlwinds of flame and deluges of smoke ! 565

Not *Ætna* from her raging womb expires
 Such pois'rous steams and suffocating fires:
 Not such dire fumes the clime of *India* yields,
 When noxious vapours taint her sultry fields.
 Thick sulphur pours and burning jav'lins fly; 570
 Dark clouds arise and intercept the sky.

The tow'r's strong planks the scorching mischief meet;
 The moisten'd hides now shrivel in the heat:
 Around ascends a black and sanguine flame,
 And the last ruin threatens the mighty frame. 575

Before the rest the glorious leader stood,
 With looks unchang'd the growing danger view'd,
 And on the pile commands his troops to pour
 The cooling waters in a copious show'r.
 Now deep distress the troubled host assails; 580
 The fire increases and the water fails;
 When from the north a sudden wind arose,
 And turn'd the raging flames against the foes:
 The blazing fury on the *Pagans* falls,
 Where num'rous works were rais'd to guard the walls. 586
 The light materials catch; the sparks aspire;
 And all their fences crackle in the fire.

O favour'd chief! th' Almighty's care approv'd;
 By him defended and by him belov'd:
 Heav'n in thy cause auxiliar arms supplies, 592
 And at thy trumpet's call the winds obedient rise!

But dire *Ismeno*, who the flames beheld
 By *Boreas*' breath against himself repell'd,
 Resolv'd once more to prove his impious skill,
 And force the laws of nature to his will. 595

With two magicians, that his arts pursue,
 The dreadful sorc'rer tow'rs in open view:
 Black, squalid, foul! he rises o'er the bands :
 So twixt two furies *Dis* or *Charon* stands.
 And now the murm'ring of the words was heard 603
 By *Phlegethon* and deep *Cocytus* fear'd:
 Already now the air disturb'd was seen,
 The sun with clouds obscur'd his face serene :
 When from an engine flew, with hideous shock,
 A pond'rous stone, the fragment of a rock, 605
 Thro' all the three its horrid passage tore,
 Crash'd ev'ry bone and drench'd their limbs in gore :
 With groans the sinful spirits take their flight
 From the pure air and seats of upper light,
 And seek th' infernal shades of endless pain : 610
 O mortals! hence from impious deeds refrain.
 At length the tow'r preserv'd from threaten'd flame
 By friendly winds, more near the ramparts came :
 Now, from the midft, the bridge was seen to fall,
 And now was fix'd upon the lofty wall: 615
 But thither *Solyman* intrepid flies,
 And there to cut the bridge his faulchion tries :
 Nor had he try'd in vain, but sudden rear'd,
 Another tow'r upon the first appear'd :
 Above the loftiest spires was seen on high 620
 The wond'rous fabric rising to the sky.
 Struck with the sight th' astonish'd *Pagans* stood,
 While far beneath the pile the town they view'd.
 But still the fearless *Turk* his post maintain'd,
 Tho' on his head a rocky tempest rain'd; 625
 Nor

Nor yet despairs to part the bridge, and loud,
With threats and cries, incites the tim'rous crowd.

To *Godfrey* then, unseen by vulgar eyes,
Appear'd th' Archangel *Michael* from the skies,
In glorious panoply, divinely bright, 630
More dazzling than the sun's unclouded light.

Lo! *Godfrey* (he begun) the hour at hand
To free from bondage *Sion's* sacred land :
Decline not then to earth thy looks dismay'd :
Behold where *Heav'n* assists with heav'nly aid ! 635
I now remove the film, and teach thy fight
To bear the presence of the sons of light.
The souls of those, now heav'nly beings, view,
That champions once for *CHRIST* their weapons drew :
With thee they fight, with thee they come to share
The glorious triumph of the sacred war. 641
There, where thou see'st the dust and smoke on high
In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,
There, wrapt in darkness, *Hugo* holds his place,
And heaves the bulwark from its lowest base. 645
See ! *Dudon*, arm'd against the northern tow'rs,
With fire and sword celestial vengeance pours.
Yon sacred form that on the mount appears,
Who solemn robes with wreaths of priesthood wears,
Is *Ademar* ; a saint confess'd he stands ; 650
See ! still he follows, blesses still the bands.
But higher raise thy looks, behold in air
Where all the pow'rs of *Heav'n* combin'd appear.
The hero rais'd his eyes, and saw above
A countless army of celestials move. 655

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Three squadrons rang'd the wond'rous force display'd ;
Three fulgent circles ev'ry squadron made,
Orb within orb ; by just degrees they rose,
And nine bright ranks the Heav'ly host compose.

His sense no more sustain'd the blaze of light, 660
And all the vision vanish'd from his sight.

Then round the plain his martial bands he 'spy'd,
And saw how conquest smil'd on ev'ry side.

With brave *Rinaldo* numbers scale the wall ;
Before his arms in heaps the *Syrians* fall ; 665
No longer *Godfrey* then his zeal restrain'd,
But snatch'd the standard from *Alfiero*'s hand ;
And, rushing o'er the bridge, the passage try'd :
The furious *Turk* all passage there deny'd :

A little space is now the glorious field 670
Where valour's deeds a great example yield !

Here let me nobly fall ! (the *Pagan* cries)

Be glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.

O burst the bridge ! and me alone expose ;

I shall not meanly sink beneath the foes. 675

But now he sees th' affrighted numbers fly,

And now beholds the dread *Rinaldo* nigh :

What should I do ? (the wav'ring Soldan said)

If here I fall ; in vain my blood is shed.

Then, other schemes revolving in his mind, 680

He slowly to the chief the pass resign'd,

Who threat'ning follow'd, with impetuous haste,

And on the wall the holy standard plac'd.

The conqu'ring banner, to the breeze unroll'd,

Redundant streams in many a waving fold : 685

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The winds with awe confess the heav'ly sign,
 With purer beams the day appears to shine:
 'The swords seem bid to turn their points away,
 And darts around it innocently play :
 The sacred mount the purple *Cross* adores, 690
 And *Sion* owns it from her topmost tow'rs.

Then all the squadrons rais'd a shouting cry,
 The loud acclaim of joyful victory !
 From man to man the clamor pours around ;
 The distant hills re-echo to the sound. 695
 And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,
 Against *Argantes* *Tancred* forc'd his way ;
 At once he launch'd his bridge, the passage made,
 And strait his standard on the walls display'd.

But tow'rs the south where aged *Raymond* fought,
 And 'gainst the *Pagan* king his forces brought ;
 There deeper toil engag'd the *Christian* pow'r,
 There rocky paths delay'd the cumb'rous tow'r,
 At length th' assaillants and defenders hear
 The echoing shouts of conquest from afar. 705
 To *Aladine* and *Raymond* soon 'tis known
 That tow'rs the plain are *Sion*'s ramparts won :
 Then thus the Earl aloud—O hear, my friends !
 Before the *Christian* arms the city bends !
 And does she, when subdu'd, our courage dare ? 710
 Shall we alone no glorious triumph share ?

But soon the *Syrian* king withdrew his force,
 Nor longer strove t' oppose the victor's course ;
 Retreating thence a lofty fort he gain'd,
 From which he hop'd their fury to withstand. 715
 Then

Then all the conqu'ring bands, oppos'd no more,
Swarm o'er the walls and thro' the portals pour:
The thirsty sword now rages far and wide,
Death stalks with grief and terror at his side :
Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows, 720
And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid scene compose !

The END of the EIGHTEENTH Book.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tancred and Argantes retire together from the walls, and engage in single combat: After an obstinate defence the latter is slain; and Tancred himself, weakened by the loss of blood, falls into a swoon. In the mean time Rinaldo pursues the Infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in Solomon's temple: Rinaldo at length bursting open the gate, the Christian troops enter, and make a terrible slaughter. Solyman and Aladine fortify themselves in David's tower. Solyman defends the pass with great intrepidity, but at last retires within the fort at the appearance of Godfrey and Rinaldo: Night puts an end to the operations on both sides. Vafrino enters the Egyptian camp, where he meets with Erminia. In their way to the Christian tents, they find Tancred in appearance dead: Erminia's lamentation; she recovers Tancred from his swoon, and, at his desire, he is conveyed with the body of Argantes to the city. Vafrino gives an account to Godfrey of the discoveries he has made;

made ; upon which the General determines to hold his army in readiness to encounter the Egyptian forces.

NO wide-destroying death, or pale affright,
Remov'd the *Pagans* from their ramparts' height:
Alone, still fix'd to triumph or to fall,
Argantes turns not from th' abandon'd wall :
Secure he stands, his front undaunted shows, 5
And singly combats 'midst a host of foes :
Far more than death he dreads a fully'd name,
And, if he dies, would close his days with fame.

Before the rest intrepid *Tancred* flies,
And lifts his faulchion and the chief defies : 10
Well, by his mien and arms confess'd to view,
His plighted foe the fierce *Argantes* knew.
Thus do'st thou, *Tancred* ! keep thy faith ? (he cry'd)
Late art thou come our battle to decide :
We meet not here as heroes heroes dare ; 15
Thou com'st a base artificer of war !
Those engines are thy guard, those troops thy shield ;
Thou bring'st strange weapons to disgrace the field !
Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful strife,
(Thou woman's murd'rer !) now t' escape with life ! 20

He said ; and *Tancred* smiling with disdain,
In words indignant thus reply'd again.

Late am I come ? — suppress thy senseless scorn ;
Soon shalt thou find too speedy my return ;
When thou shalt wish, to ease thy doubtful soul, 25
That 'twixt us *Alps* might rise, or oceans roll ;
And

And know, by fatal proof too well display'd,
 Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor sloth delay'd.
 Come, glorious chief! thou terror of the plain,
 By whom are heroes quell'd and giants slain ! 30
 With me retire, and prove thy boasted might,
 The woman's murd'rer dares thee to the fight !

Then to his troops—With-hold your wrathful hands,
 This warrior now my sword alone demands :
 No common foe ; by challenge him I claim ; 35
 By former promise mine, and mine by fame.

Descend (again the proud *Circassian* cry'd).
 Or singly, or with aid, the cause decide :
 The place frequented or the desart try ;
 With ev'ry odds thy prowess I defy ! 40

The stern convention made, at once they move,
 With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.
 Already *Tancred* hopes the glorious strife,
 And burns with zeal to take the *Pagan's* life :
 He claims him wholly, all his blood demands, 45
 And envies ev'n a drop to vulgar hands.
 He spreads his shield, forbids the threat'ning blow,
 And guards from darts and spears his mighty foe.
 They leave the walls, impatient of delay,
 And thro' a winding path pursue their way. 50
 At length, amid surrounding hills, they view'd
 A narrow valley black with shady wood ;
 That seem'd a sylvan theatre, design'd
 For chace or combat with the savage-kind.
 Here both the warriors stopp'd ; when, penfive grown, 55
 Argantes turn'd towards the suff'ring town.

Tancred,

Tancred, who saw his foe no buckler wield,
 Strait cast his own at distance on the field ;
 Then thus began — What means this sudden gloom ?
 Think'st thou, at last, thy destin'd hour is come ? 60
 If such foreboding thoughts a doubt create,
 Too late thy prescience, and thy fears too late.

Yon city fills my mind (the chief reply'd)
 The Queen of nations, and *Judæa*'s pride,
 That vanquish'd now must fall, while I in vain 65
 Attempt her sinking ruins to sustain :
 How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,
 'Thy life by Heav'n devoted to my sword !

He ceas'd ; then wary each to combat drew,
 For each his adverse champion's valour knew.
Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,
 Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.
Argantes tow'r'd superior by the head,
 With larger limbs, with shoulders broader spread :
 Now *Tancred* wheels, now bends t' elude the foe, 75
 Now, with his sword, averts th' impending blow.
 But high, erect, the bold *Argantes* stood,
 And equal art, with diff'rent action, shew'd :
 Now here, now there, impetuous from above,
 Against the prince the brandish'd steel he drove. 80
 That, on his art and courage most relies ;
 This, on his mighty strength and giant size.

Two vessels thus their naval strife maintain,
 When no rude wind disturbs the watry plain :
 Their bulk tho' diff'rent, equal is the fight, 85
 In swiftness one, and one excels in height.

But

But while the *Christian* seeks to reach the foe,
 And shuns the sword that seems to threat the blow,
 Full at his face the point *Argantes* shook ;
 Then swift, as *Tancred* turn'd to ward the stroke, 90
 He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exultings said :
 Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd !

With rage and shame indignant *Tancred* burn'd,
 And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd ;
 Then with his faulchion to the boast replies, 95
 Where to his aim the vizor open lies.

Argantes breaks the blow : with shorten'd sword
 On him intrepid rush'd the *Christian* lord :
 'The *Pagan*'s better hand he feiz'd, and dy'd
 With many a ghastly wound his bleeding side. 100
 Receive this answer (loud the hero cries)
 The vanquish'd to his victor thus replies !

The fierce *Circassian* foams with rage and pain,
 But strives to free his captive arm in vain :
 At length, dependent from the chain, he leaves 105
 The trusty faulchion, and his hand reprieves.
 Each other now in rude embrace they prest,
 Arms lock'd in arms, and breast oppos'd to breast.
 Not with more vigor on the sandy field,
 Great *Hercules* the mighty giant held. 110

Such is their conflict, so the warriors strain,
 'Till both together, fidelong, press the plain.
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or skill,
 Bore high his better arm releas'd at will :
 But *Tancred*'s hand that should the weapon wield, 115
 Was held beneath him pris'ner on the field.

Full well the *Frank* th' unequal peril view'd,
And, soon recov'ring, on his feet he stood.

More slow the *Saracen* the ground forsook,
And, ere he rose, receiv'd a sudden stroke, 120
But as the pine, whose leafy summit bends
To *Eurus'* blast, at once again ascends :
So from his fall arose the *Pagan* knight
With equal wrath and unabated might.

Again, with flashing swords, the war they wag'd : 125
Now less of art and more of horror rag'd.
From *Tancred*'s wounds appear'd the trickling blood ;
But from *Argantes* pour'd a crimson flood :
Tancred full soon his feeble arm beheld
Slow and more slow the weighty faulchion wield : 130
All hatred then his gen'rous breast forsook,
And, back retreating, mildly thus he spoke.

Yield, dauntless chief ! enough thy worth is shown :
Or me, or fortune, for thy victor own :
I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight, 135
Nor to myself reserve a conqu'ror's right.

At this with rage renew'd the *Pagan* burn'd :
Use what thy fortune gives — (he fierce return'd)
And dar'st thou then from me the conquest claim ?
Shall base concessions stain *Argantes'* fame ? 140
Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize ;
This arm shall yet thy senseless pride chastise.

As, near extinct, the torch new light acquires,
Revives its flame and in a blaze expires :
So he, when scarce the blood maintain'd its course, 145
With kindled ire recruits his dying force ;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd his last of days with fame to spend,
And crown his actions with a glorious end.
Grap'st in each hand, his vengeful steel he took :
In vain the *Christian*'s sword oppos'd the stroke : 150
Full on his shoulder fell the deadly blade;
Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury stay'd,
But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his side,
And stain'd his armour with a purple tide.
Yet *Tancred*'s looks nor doubt nor fear confess'd ; 155
For Nature's self had steel'd his dauntless breast.
A second stroke the haughty *Pagan* try'd ;
The wary *Christian* now his purpose 'spy'd,
And slipt, elusive, from the steel aside. }
Then, spent in empty air thy strength in vain, 160
Thou fall'st, *Argantes* ! headlong on the plain :
Thou fall'st ! yet (unsubdu'd alike in all)
None but thyself can boast *Argantes*' fall !

Fresh stream'd the blood from ev'ry gaping wound,
And the red torrent delug'd all the ground : 165
Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight
His bulk supported, and provok'd the fight.
Again his hand the courteous victor stay'd :
Submit, O chief ! preserve thy life (he said :)
But, while he paus'd, the fierce insidious foe 170
Full at his heel directs a treach'rous blow,
And threats aloud : Then flash from *Tancred*'s eyes
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries :
And do'st thou, wretch ! such base return afford
For life so long preserv'd from *Tancred*'s sword ? 175

He said ; and as he spoke, no more delay'd,
 But thro' his vizor plung'd th' avenging blade.
 Thus fell *Argantes* ; as he liv'd he dy'd ;
 Untam'd his soul, unconquer'd was his pride :
 Nor droop'd his spirit at th' approach of death, 180
 But threats and rage employ'd his latest breath.

Then *Tancred* in the sheath his sword bestow'd,
 And paid to *God* the thanks his conquest ow'd :
 But dear his triumph has the victor cost ;
 His senses fail, his wonted strength is lost. 185
 Again he strives to pass the valley o'er,
 And tread the steps his feet had trod before.
 Not far his tott'ring knees their load sustain,
 His utmost strength he tries, but tries in vain.
 Now, laid on earth, his arm supports his head, 190
 (His arm that trembles like a feeble reed)
 Each object swims before his giddy sight :
 'The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night ;
 He faints ! — he swoons ! and scarce to mortal eyes
 The victor diff'ring from the vanquish'd lies. 195

While these, enflam'd with private hate, engag'd,
 The wrathful *Christians* thro' the city rag'd.
 What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,
 And speak the horrors of a conquer'd town ?
 Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd ; 200
 The ghastly slain appear in mountains pil'd.
 There on th' unbury'd corse the wounded spread ;
 The living here interr'd beneath the dead.
 With flowing hair pale mothers fly distress'd,
 And clasp their harmless infants to the breast : 205
 The

'The spoiler here, impell'd by thirst of prey,
Bears on his laden back the spoils away :
'The soldier there, by lust ungovern'd sway'd,
Drags by her graceful locks th' affrighted maid.

But tow'rds the mountain where the temple stood, 210
'The bold *Rinaldo* drove the trembling crowd :
Nor helm nor buckler could his force withstand ;
Th' unarm'd alone escap'd his vengeful hand.
He sought the brave, but scorn'd with great disdain
'To wreak his fury on a helpless train. 215
Then might you wond'rous deeds of valour view,
How these he threat'ning chac'd, and those he slew ;
How with unequal risk, but equal fear,
The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.

Already, mingled with th' ignobler band, 220
A troop of warriors had the temple gain'd,
That oft o'erthrown, and oft consum'd by flame,
Still bears its antient founder's glorious name.
Great *Solomon* the stately fabric rear'd,
Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd : 225
Less costly now ; but 'gainst the hostile pow'rs,
Secur'd with iron gates, and guarded tow'rs.

Rinaldo rais'd his threat'ning looks on high,
And view'd the fortress with an angry eye :
Now here, now there, he seeks some pass to meet, 230
And twice surrounds it with his rapid feet.
So when a wolf, beneath the friendly shades,
With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades ;
He traverses the ground with fruitless pain,
Licks his dry chaps, and thirsts for blood in vain. 235

The

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The chief now paus'd before the lofty gate,
The *Pagans*, from above, th' encounter wait.
While thus the hero stood, by chance he 'spies
A beam beside him of enormous size ;
(Whate'er the use design'd) so high, so vast, 240
The largest ship might claim it for a mast :
This in his nervous arms aloft he shook,
And with repeated blows the portal struck :
Not the strong ram with greater fury falls,
Nor bombs more fiercely shake the tott'ring walls. 245
Nor steel, nor marble could the force oppose ;
The fence gives way before the driving blows :
The bars are burst, the sounding hinges torn,
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.
Swift thro' the pafs, the victor to sustain, 250
Fierce as a torrent rush th' exulting train.

Then, dire to see ! the dome devote to GOD,
With carnage swell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.
O ! sacred justice of th' Almighty, shed,
Tho' late, yet certain on the guilty head ! 255
Thy awful providence now stands confess'd,
And kindles wrath in ev'ry pious breast.
The *Pagan* with his blood must cleanse from stain
Those sacred shrines which once he durst profane.

But *Solyman*, meanwhile, to *David*'s tow'r 260
Retreated with the remnant of his pow'r :
His troops with sudden works the fort enclose,
And stop each entrance from th' invading foes.
And *Aladine* the Tyrant thither flies ;
To whom aloud th' intrepid Soldan cries. 265

Come

Come, mighty Monarch ! haste ! the fortress gain,
 Whose strength shall yet preserve thy threaten'd reign;
 Here may'st thou still defend thy life, secur'd
 From the dire fury of the wasting sword.

Ah me ! relentless fate (the King reply'd) 270
 O'erturns the city, levels all her pride ! —
 My days are run — my empire now is o'er —
 I liv'd — I reign'd — but live and reign no more !
 'Tis past ! — we once have been ! — behold our doom —
 The last, th' irrevocable hour is come ! 275

To whom with gen'rous warmth the Soldan said :
 Where, Prince ! is all thy antient virtue fled ?
 Tho' of his realms by fortune dispossess'd,
 A Monarch's throne is seated in his breast.
 But come, and here secur'd from hostile rage, 280
 Refresh thy limbs decay'd with toils and age.
 Thus counsell'd he ; and strait with careful haste,
 The hoary King within the bulwarks plac'd.
 Himself to guard the dang'rous pass appear'd,
 With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd : 285
 He girt his trusty faulchion to his side,
 And all the forces of the *Franks* defy'd.
 On ev'ry part his thund'ring weapon flew,
 And these he overturn'd, and those he slew.
 All fled the guarded fort, with wild affright, 290
 Where'er they saw his mace's fury light.
 Now, led by fortune, with his dauntless train,
 The fearless *Raymond* rush'd the pass to gain :
 Against the *Turk* in vain he aim'd the blow ;
 But not in vain return'd his haughty foe : 295

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Full in his front the rev'rend chief he found,
And stretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.

Again the vanquish'd breathe, the victors fly,
Or in the well-defended entrance die.

The Soldan then, who, midst the vulgar dead, 300
Beheld on earth the *Christian* leader spread,
Incites his followers, with repeated cries,
To drag within the works their prostrate prize.

All spring to take him (a determin'd band)
But toils and dangers their attempt withstand. 305
What *Christian* can his *Raymond*'s care forego ?
At once they fly to guard him from the foe.
There rage, here piety maintains the fight;
No common cause demands each warrior's might;
For *Raymond*'s life or freedom they contend; 310
And those would seize the chief, and these defend.
Yet had the Soldan's force at length prevail'd,
For shields and helms before his weapon fail'd:
But sudden, to relieve the faithful band,
A pow'rful aid appear'd en either hand; 315
At once the Chief of Chiefs, resolute, came,
And he*, the foremost of the martial name.

As when loud winds arise and thunders roll,
And glancing lightnings gleam from pole to pole,
The shepherd-swain, who sees the dark'ning air, 320
Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care;
And, thence retreating, to some covert flies
To shun the fury of th' inclement skies;

* RINALDO.

And

And with his voice and crook his flock constrains;
Himself, behind them, last forsakes the plains. 325

So the fierce *Pagan* who the storm beheld,
That like a whirlwind swept the dusty field,
Who heard the shouts of legions rend the air,
And saw the flash of armour from afar,
Compell'd his troops within the shelt'ring tow'r: 330
Himself, reluctant, from superior pow'r
Retires the last, with unabated heat,
In caution brave, intrepid in defeat.

Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong haste,
Rinaldo o'er the broken fences pass'd; 335
Desire to vanquish one so fam'd in fight,
His plighted vows the hero's soul excite;
For still he keeps his solemn oath in view
To take the warrior's life who *Sweno* slew.
Then had his matchless arm the walls assail'd, 340
Then had their strength to shield the Soldan fail'd:
But here the *Gen'ral* bade surcease the fight,
For all th' horizon round was lost in night.
There *Godfrey* strait encamp'd his martial train,
Resolv'd at morn the hostile fort to gain. 345
Then cheerful thus his list'ning host he warms:
Th' Almighty favours now the *Christian* arms!
At early dawn yon fortress shall be ours;
The last weak refuge of the faithless pow'r's!
Meantime your thoughts to pious duties bend, 350
The sick to comfort, and the wounded tend.
Go—pay the rights those gallant friends demand,
Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land;

This

This temper better suits the *Christian* name,
Than souls with av'rice or revenge on flame. 355

Too much, alas ! has slaughter stain'd the day ;
Too much has lust of plunder borne the sway.
Then cease from spoil, each cruel deed forbear ;
And let the trumpet's sound our will declare.

He said ; and went, where scarce repriev'd from death,
Still *Raymond* groan'd with new-recover'd breath. 361
Nor *Solyman* less bold, his friends address'd,
While in his thought the chief his doubts suppress'd.
O warriors ! scorn the change of fortune's pow'r ;
Still cheerful hope maintains her blooming flow'r : 365
Safe is your King, and safe his chosen train ;
These walls the noblest of the realm contain.

Then let the *Franks* their empty conquest boast ;
Swift fate impends o'er all th' exulting host :
While rage and plunder ev'ry soul employ, 370
And lust and murder are their savage joy ;
Amidst the mingled tumult shall they fall,
And one destructive hour o'erwhelm 'em all ;
If *Egypt*'s bands, now hast'ning to our aid,
With num'rous force their scatter'd pow'r's invade. 375
From hence our missile weapons can we pour,
Towhelm the city with a rocky show'r ;
And with our engines from afar defend
The paths that to the sepulchre ascend.

350 While deeds like these were wrought ; *Vafreno* goes,
A trusty spy, amidst a host of foes : 381
ad, The camp he left, his lonely way he took,
What time the sun the western sky forsook :

By

By *Ascalon* he pass'd, ere yet the day
 Shed from his orient throne the golden ray: 385
 And when his car had reach'd the midmost height,
 The hostile camp appear'd in open fight.
 There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he sees,
 Unnumber'd streamers waving to thee breeze.
 Discordant tongues assail his wond'ring ears; 390
 Timbrels and horns and barb'rous notes he hears.
 'The elephant and camel mix their cries;
 'The gen'rous steed, with shriller sound, replies.
 Surpriz'd he sees such num'rous forces join'd,
 Where *Asia*'s realms and *Afric*'s seem combin'd. 395

Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,
 And marks what diff'rent works the camp enclose:
 Nor seeks in unfrequented parts to lie;
 Nor shuns th' observance of the public eye;
 But boldly to each high pavilion goes, 400
 And fearless communes with th' unconscious foes.
 Wise were his questions, well his answers made,
 And deepest prudence all his actions sway'd.
 The warriors, steeds, and arms attract his view,
 Full soon each leader's rank and name he knew. 405
 At length, as wand'ring thro' the vale he went,
 Chance led his footsteps to the Gen'ral's tent:
 'There, while immers'd in deepest thought he stay'd,
 His searching eyes a friendly gap survey'd;
 From this each voice within distinct was heard, 410
 Thro' this reveal'd th' interior parts appear'd.
 There watch'd *Vafrino*, while he seem'd employ'd
 'To mend the torn pavilion's op'ning side.

Bare-headed there he saw the Chief confess'd,
 With limbs in armour sheath'd, and purple vest: 415
 Two pages bore his helmet and his shield;
 His better hand a pointed jav'lin held;
 He view'd a warrior, who beside him stood,
 Of limbs gigantic, and of semblance proud.
Kafrino stay'd intent their words to hear, 420
 And sudden *Godfrey*'s name assail'd his ear.

Think'st thou (the Leader thus the knight bespake)
 That *Godfrey* sure shall fall beneath thy stroke?

Then he: He surely falls! and here I swear
 Ne'er to return, but victor from the war. 425
 This hand my fellows' swords shall render vain;
 And let my deed this sole reward obtain;
 A glorious trophy of his arms to raise
 In *Cairo*'s town, and thus inscribe my praise:
 " These from the *Christian* chief, whose force o'er-run
 " All *Asia*'s lands, in battle *Ormond* won; 431
 " And fix'd them here, that future times might tell
 " How, by his prowess vanquish'd, *Godfrey* fell."

Think not our grateful King (the leader cries)
 Will view th' important act with thankless eyes: 435
 Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,
 And crown thy service with a bounteous hand.
 But now with speed the vests and arms prepare;
 Th' approaching day of combat claims thy care.
 All, all is now prepar'd — the knight reply'd: 440
 And here the converse ceas'd on either side.

Thus they: A stranger to the hidden sense,
 The words *Kafrino* heard in deep suspense;

Oft-times debating, in his anxious mind,
What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles design'd. 445

He parted thence and sleepless pass'd the night,
And watch'd impatient for the dawning light ;
But when the camp, as early morning shin'd,
Unfurl'd the waving banners to the wind,
Mix'd with the rest he went, with these he stay'd ; 450
And round from tent to tent uncertain stray'd.

One day he came to where, in regal state,
Amidst her knights and dames *Armida* sate :
Pensive she seem'd, with various cares oppres'd,
A thousand thoughts revolving in her breast : 455
On her fair hand her lovely cheek she plac'd,
And prone to earth her starry eyes she cast,
All moist with tears : Full opposite he saw
Adraustus motionless with silent awe :
Fix'd on her charms he gaz'd with fond desire, 460
And with the prospect fed his am'rous fire.
But *Tisaphernes* both by turns beheld,
While diff'rent passions in his bosom swell'd ;
His changing looks a quick succession prove,
Now fir'd with hatred, now enflam'd with love. 465
From thence *Vafrino* cast his sight aside,
And 'midst the damsels *Altamorus* 'spy'd ;
Who curb'd the licence of his roving eyes,
Or snatch'd his wary glances by surprize ;
Her hand, her face with secret rapture view'd, 470
And oft, by stealth, a sweeter search pursu'd,
T' explore the passage where th' uncautious vest
Reveal'd the beauties of her iv'ry breast.

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At length her downcast looks *Armida* rears,
While thro' her grief a transient smile appears. 475
O brave *Adraſtus*! in thy glorious boast,
I feel (she cries) my former anguish lost:
And soon I trust a sweet revenge to find,
For sweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.

To whom the *Indian*: Bid thy sorrows ceafe, 480
O royal Fair! compose thy foul to peace.
Doubt not to view (ere many days are fled)
Cast at thy feet *Rinaldo*'s impious head;
Else shall he come, if so thy will ordains,
To servile dungeons, and eternal chains. 485

To *Tisaphernes* smiling then she said:
And wilt not thou, O chief! *Armida* aid?

It suits not me (he taunting thus reply'd)
With such a knight to combat fide by fide.
But I more slow, in fields of battle new, 490
Must far behind thy champion's steps pursue.

Sternly he said; the word the Monarch took,
And strait incens'd with pride ungovern'd spoke:
'Tis thine, indeed, a distant war to wage,
Nor dare like me in nearer fight engage. 495

Then *Tisaphernes* shook his haughty head:
O were I master of this arm! (he said)
Could I, at will, this faithful faulchion wield,
We soon should see who best could brave the field.
Fierce as thou art, thy threats with scorn I hear; 500
Not thee, but Heav'n and Tyrant Love I fear.

He ceas'd: *Adraſtus* stern his force defy'd;
But here *Armida* interpos'd, and cry'd:

O warriors! wherefore now, your promise vain,
Will you so soon resume your gift again?

505

My champions are ye both—let this suffice

To bind your jarring souls in friendly ties:

At my command this rash contention cease;

He meets my anger first who wounds the peace.

Thus she: At once the rage their breasts forsook, 510
And hearts discordant bow'd beneath her yoke.

Vafrino, present, all their converse knew,

Then, pensive, from the lofty tent withdrew:

He saw, tho' deeply yet in clouds enshrin'd,

Some treason 'gainst the *Christian* chief design'd: 515

He question'd oft, resolv'd each means to try,

To bear the secret thence, or bravely die.

In vain his search—'till chance at length display'd

The treach'rous snares for pious *Godfrey* laid.

Again he sought the tent, and view'd again 520

The Princess seated 'midst her warrior-train:

Then near a damsel with familiar air

He drew, and sportive thus address'd the fair.

I too would gladly draw th' avenging blade,

Th' elected champion of some lovely maid:

525

Perhaps this arm *Rinaldo*'s self may feel,

Or *Godfrey* breathless sink beneath my steel.

Ask from this hand (to me that service owe)

The head devoted of some barb'rous foe.

So spoke the 'squire; and smiling as he spoke, 530

A virgin view'd him with attentive look:

Sudden her eyes his well-known face confess'd,

Beside him soon she stood, and thus address'd,

From

B.XIX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 197

From all the train I here thy sword demand,
Nor ask ignoble service at thy hand: 535
I choose thee for my champion; hence retire,
I now thy converse, as my knight, require.

She said; and drew him from the throng aside:
I know thee well, *Vafrino!* (then she cry'd)
Know'st thou not me? — Confus'd the *Christian* stood,
'Till with a smile he thus his speech renew'd. 541

Ne'er have I seen thy charms, exalted fair!
Nor is the name thou speak'st the name I bear:
Born on *Biserta*'s shore, my birth I claim
From *Lesbin*, and *Almanzor* is my name. 545

Long have I known thy state (the maid reply'd)
Then seek not thus in vain thyself to hide:
Dismiss thy fear — thou see'st a faithful friend
For thee prepar'd her dearest life to spend.
Behold *Erminia*! born of royal kind, 550
And once with thee in *Tancred*'s service join'd:
Two happy moons, a blissful captive there,
I liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care.

Then on her face he bent his earnest view,
And soon the features of *Erminia* knew. 555

Rest on my faith secure (the damsel cries)
I here attest the sun and conscious skies!
Ah! let me now thy pitying aid implore;
Erminia to her former bonds restore!
In irksome freedom since my hours were led, 560
Care fills my days, and slumber flies my bed.
Com'st thou the secrets of the host to spy?
In happy time — on me thou may'st rely:

I shall at full their purpos'd frauds explain,
Which thou, perchance, had'st long explor'd in vain.

Thus she; while doubtful still *Vafrino* mus'd 566
In silent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd :
He call'd *Armida's* former arts to mind :
Woman's a changeful and loquacious kind :
A thousand schemes their fickle hearts divide, 570
Insensate those that in the sex confide !

At length he spoke : If hence you seek to fly,
Haste, let us go — your trusty guide am I.
Be this resolv'd — but let us yet beware,
And further speech, 'till fitter time, forbear. 575

Thus having said, they fix'd without delay,
Before the troops decamp'd, to take their way.
Vafrino parted thence ; the cautious maid
Awhile in converse with the damsels stay'd ;
Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd, 580
And with a plausible tale each ear detain'd :
'Till at the appointed time the 'squire she join'd ;
Then mounts her steed and leaves the camp behind.

The *Pagan* tents were vanish'd from the view ;
And near an unfrequented place they drew ; 585
When bold *Vafrino* spoke — Now, courteous fair !
The treason, fram'd for *Godfrey's* life, declare.

Eight knights (she cry'd) the dire adventure claim,
But *Ormond* fierce excels the rest in fame :
These, urg'd by hatred, or enflam'd with ire, 590
In murd'rous league against your chief conspire :
Then hear their arts — what time on *Syria's* plain
Th' embattled hosts contend for *Asia's* reign ;

These

These on their arms the purple *Cross* shall bear,
Disguis'd as *Franks* in white and gold appear, 595 }
Like *Godfrey's* guard, amid the mingled war.

But on his helm, shall each a signal show,
Which, in the thick'ning fight, their friends may know.
These shall the *Christian* leader's life pursue,
And deadly venom shall their steel imbrue. 600

To me 'twas giv'n each false device to frame ;
Compell'd to act what now I loath to name !
Hence from the camp I fly with just disdain,
From the dire mandates of an impious train :
I scorn my thoughts with treason to defile, 605
T' assist the traitor and partake the guile.

For this — yet not for this alone I fled —
She ceas'd ; and ceasing blush'd with rosy red :
Declin'd to earth she held her modest look,
And half again recall'd what last she spoke. 610

But what her virgin scruples strove to hide,
He sought to learn, and gently thus reply'd.
Why wilt thou strive thy sorrows to conceal,
Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal ?
She breath'd a sigh that instant from her breast, 615
Then, with a fault'ring voice, the 'squire addres'd.

Farewell ill-tim'd reserve ! no more I claim
The modesty that fits a virgin's name.
Such thoughts should long ere this my heart have sway'd ;
But ah ! they suit no more a wand'ring maid ! 620
That fatal night, my country's overthrow,
When *Antioch* bow'd before the *Christian* foe ;

From that, alas ! my following woes I date,
 'The early source of my disast'rous fate !

Light was a kingdom's loss, an empire's boast, 625
 For with my regal state myself I lost !

'Thou know'st, *Vafrino* ! how I trembling ran,
 'Midst heaps of plunder and my subjects slain,
 To seek thy lord and mine ; when, first in view,
 All sheath'd in arms he near my palace drew: 630

Low at his feet I breath'd this humble pray'r :
 Unconquer'd chief ! a helpless virgin hear !

Not for my life I now thy mercy claim ;
 But save my honour, guard my spotless fame !

Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took, 635
 And rais'd me from the earth and courteous spoke.

O lovely maid ! in vain thou shalt not sue ;
 In me thy friend, thy kind preserver view.

He said ; a sudden pleasure fill'd my breast,
 A sweet sensation ev'ry thought possess'd,
 That, deeply spreading thro' my soul, became 640

A wound incurable, a quenchless flame !

He saw me oft ; he gently shar'd my grief ;
 With words of comfort gave my woes relief.

To thee (he cry'd) thy freedom I resign ; 645
 Nor ought of all thy treasures shall be mine.

O cruel gift ! O bounty vainly shown,
 For giving me myself, myself he won !

And while he thus restor'd th' ignobler part,
 Usurp'd the sov'reign empire o'er my heart. 650

Alas ! in vain I sought to hide my shame —
 How oft with thee I dwelt on *Tancred's* name !

Thou

B. XIX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 201

Thou saw'st the tokens of a mind distres'd,
And said'st—*Erminia!* love disturbs thy breast.
Still I deny'd, but still deny'd in vain: 655
My looks, my sighs reveal'd my secret pain.
At length, resolv'd my wishes to pursue,
Love all respect of fear and shame o'erthrew.
To seek my Lord I went; in luckless hour:
(He gave the wound, and he alone could cure) 660
But lo! new dangers in my way I met,
A band of barb'rous foes my steps beset:
From these I scarce with life and freedom fled:
'Thence to the distant woods my course I sped;
There chose with shepherd-swains retir'd to dwell, 665
A humble tenant of the lonely cell.
But when my flame, awhile by fear suppress'd,
Once more, returning, kindled in my breast;
Again I sought the paths I sought before;
Again was cross'd by fickle Fortune's pow'r: 670
A troop of spoilers in my way I found;
(*Egyptian* forces, and to *Gaza* bound)
Me to their chief they led; with gentle ear
Their chief vouchsaf'd my mournful tale to hear:
So was my virtue safe preserv'd from stain, 675
'Till plac'd in safety with *Armida*'s train.
Behold me thus (so changing fate decreed)
Now made a captive, now from bondage freed:
Yet thus enslav'd, and thus releas'd again,
I still am held in fond affection's chain. 680
O thou! for whom such soft distress I prove,
Repulse not with disdain my proffer'd love;

But to a maid a kind reception give,
And to her bonds a wretch forlorn receive.

Thus spoke *Erminia*. All the night and day 685
They journey'd on, and commun'd on their way.

Vafrino shunn'd the beaten track, and held
His course thro' shorter paths, and ways conceal'd.
Now near the town they came at ev'ning light,
Whattime the shade foretold th' approach of night: 690
When here they saw the ground distain'd with blood,
And, stretch'd on earth, a slaughter'd warrior view'd;
His face was upward turn'd, with dauntless air,
His aspect menac'd, ey'n in death severe.

In him, as near the 'squire attentive drew, 695
Some *Pagan* warrior by his arms he knew.
Not far from thence another prone was seen,
His garb was diff'rent, diff'rent was his mien.
Behold some *Christian* there (*Vafrino* said)
Then mark'd his well-known vest with looks dismay'd:
He quits his steed, the features views and cries — 701
Ah me! here slain unhappy *Tancred* lies!

Meanwhile th' ill-fated maid behind him stood,
And with attentive gaze the *Pagan* view'd;
But soон her ear the cruel sounds confess'd, 705
As if a shaft had pierc'd her tender breast.
At *Tancred*'s name she starts in wild despair,
No bounds can now restrain th' unhappy fair:
She sees his face with paleness all o'er-spread;
She leaps, she flies impetuous from her steed : 710
Low-bending o'er him, forth her sorrow breaks;
And thus, with interrupted words, she speaks.

Was

B. XIX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 203

Was I, for this, by fortune here convey'd ?
O dreadful object to a love-sick maid !
Long have I sought thee with unweary'd pain, 715
Again I see thee ! — yet I see in vain !
Tancred no more *Erminia* present views ;
And, finding *Tancred*, I my *Tancred* lose !
Ah me ! — and did I think thou e'er should'st prove
A sight ungrateful to *Erminia*'s love ? 720
Now could I wish to quench the beams of light,
And hide each object in eternal night !
Alas ! where now are all thy graces fled !
Where are those eyes that once such lustre shed !
Where are those cheeks, replete with crimson glow, 725
Where all the beauties of thy manly brow !
But senseless thus and pale thou still canst please !
If yet thy gentle soul my sorrow sees,
Yet views, not wholly fled, my fond desires,
Permit th' embolden'd theft which love inspires : 730
Give me (since fate denies a further bliss)
From thy cold lips to snatch a parting kiss :
Those lips from whence such soothing words could flow
To ease a virgin's, and a captive's woe !
Let me, at least, this mournful office pay, 735
And rend in part from death his spoils away.
Receive my spirit ready wing'd for flight,
And guide from hence to realms of endless light.

She said ; her bosom swell'd with lab'ring sighs,
And briny torrents trickled from her eyes. 740
At this the knight, who seem'd of sense depriv'd,
Wash'd with her tears, by slow degrees reviv'd ;

A sigh he mingled with the virgin's sighs,
He sigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.
His breath, returning, soon the dame perceiv'd; 745
A dawn of hope her fainting soul reliev'd.

See, *Tancred!* see! (exclaim'd the tender maid)
The mournful rites by dear affection paid.
Behold I come thy fortune to divide—
Thus will I sink, thus perish by thy side! 750
Yet, yet awhile thy fleeting life retain—
O! hear my last request, nor hear in vain!

Then *Tancred* strove to view the cheerful light;
But soon again withdrew his swimming sight:
Again *Erminia* vents her tears and sighs, 755
Again she mourns: Forbear! (*Vafrino* cries)
Still, still he breathes, be then our care essay'd,
To heal the living ere we weep the dead.

He strait disarms the chief, she trembling stands,
And to the office lends her friendly hands; 760
Then views the hero's wounds with skilful eyes,
And feels new hopes within her bosom rise:
But midst those desarts nought the fair can find,
Nought but her slender veil his wounds to bind:
Yet love, inventive, ev'ry scheme ran o'er; 765
Love taught her various arts untry'd before.
Her locks she cut, with these she gently dry'd
The clotted blood; the bandage these supply'd.
Tho' there nor *Dittany* nor *Crocus* grew,
Yet diff'rent herbs of lenient pow'r she knew. 770
Already now, his mortal sleep disspell'd,
The languid Prince again his eyes unseal'd:

He view'd his 'squire, he saw th' attending maid
In foreign vesture clad, and faintly said.

From whence, *Vafrino!* dost thou hither stray? 775
And who art thou, my kind preserver! say?

She doubtful still, 'twixt joy and sorrow, sighs;
Then blushes rosy red, and thus replies.

All shalt thou know; but now from converse cease:
Hear my commands, and calm thy thoughts to peace.
I, your physician, will your health restore; 781
Be grateful for my care—I ask no more.

Then in her lap his head she gently laid:
In anxious doubt awhile *Vafrino* stay'd,
How to the camp his wounded Lord to bear, 785
Ere dewy night advane'd to chill the air:
When sudden near a band of warriors drew,
And soon his eyes the troops of *Tancred* knew;
Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,
As fill'd with fear their absent chief they sought. 790
These rais'd th' enfeebled hero from the field,
And gently in their faithful arms upheld.

Then *Tancred* thus—Shall brave *Argantes* slain,
Be left, a prey to vultures, on the plain?
Ah no!—forbid it, Heav'n! nor let him lose 795
A soldier's honours, or sepulchral dues.
I wage no battle with the silent dead;
In fight the glorious debt he boldly paid:
Then on his worth the rightful praise bestow;
'Tis all the living to the lifeless owe. 800

So he. Obsequious to their lord's command,
His breathless foe they rear'd from off the land.

Behind

Behind they bore him, while with guardian care
Vafrino rode beside the royal fair.

Then spoke the Prince, as thus they journey'd on : 805
 Seek not my tents, but seek th' imperial town :
 What chance soe'er this mortal frame shall meet,
 There let me find it, in that holy seat :
 From thence, where *CHRIST* a prey to death was giv'n,
 My soul may wing her readier flight to Heav'n : 810
 So shall I then my pilgrimage have made,
 And the last vows of my devotion paid.

He said: to *Sion*'s walls the train address'd
 Their ready course: There soon the warrior press'd }
 The welcome couch, and sunk to gentle rest. 815 }
 And now *Vafrino* for the virgin-fair
 A secret place provides with silent care :
 That done, to *Godfrey*'s fight with speed he goes ;
 And enters boldly, (none his steps oppose)
 Where fate the leader bending o'er the bed 820
 On which the wounded *Raymond*'s limbs were spread :
 And round their Prince (a great assembly !) stand
 The best, the wifest of the *Christian* band.
 All gaz'd in silence, with attentive look,
 While thus *Vafrino* to the Gen'ral spoke. 825

O sacred chief! thy high commands obey'd,
 I sought the faithless crew, their camp survey'd :
 But here my skill, to tell their number, fails ;
 I saw them hide the mountains, fields and vales :
 Theirthirst the copious streams and fountains dries ; 830
 And *Syria*'s harvest scarce their food supplies.

,

But

But many a troop of horse and foot, in vain,
Unskill'd in battle, load th' encumber'd plain :
Nor order these obey, nor signals hear,
Nor draw the sword, but wage a distant war : 835
Yet some are forces prov'd, not new to fame,
Who once beneath the *Perſian* standards came :
But chief o'er all those mighty warriors stand,
Th' *Immortal Squadron* call'd, the Monarch's chosen
The ranks unthinn'd no slaughter can deface ; [band.
Still, as one falls, another fills his place. 841
Brave *Emirenes* leads the num'rous hoft ;
And few can equal ſkill or courage boast.
And him, in ev'ry art of battle ſkill'd,
The Caliph truſts to draw thee to the field. 845
Ere twice returning morn the day renew,
Expect to find th' *Egyptian* camp in view.
But thou *Rinaldo* ! moft thy life defend ;
For which, ere long, ſuch warriors shall contend :
For this the nobleſt champions wield their arms ; 850
With rival hate each breast *Armida* warms :
For with her beauty ſhall his deed be paid,
Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.
'Midſt these, the noble chief from *Perſia*'s lands,
Samarcand's monarch, *Altamorus* stands. 855
Adraſtus there is ſeen, of giant size,
Whose kingdom near *Aurora*'s confines lies.
No common courſer in the field he reins ;
His bulk a tow'ring elephant ſustains.
There *Tiſaphernes* boasts his glorious name, 860
Who bears in hardy deeds the foremost fame.

Thus

Thus he: the youth, enflam'd with gen'rous ire,
 Darts from his ardent eyes the sparkling fire:
 He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,
 And all his soul with martial ardor glows. 865

Then to the Chief the 'squire his speech renew'd:
 Yet more remains to speak (he thus pursu'd)
 For thee the *Pagans* deeper wiles prepare;
 For thee has treason spread its blackest snare!
 He said; and to the list'ning peers explain'd 870
 The fatal purpose of th' insidious band;
 Fierce *Ormond*'s boast and proud demand disclös'd,
 And all the murd'rōus fraud at full expos'd.

Much was he ask'd; and much again reply'd:
 Short silence then ensu'd on ev'ry side. 875
 At length the Leader, lost in various thought,
 From hoary *Raymond*'s wisdom counsel sought.

Then he: Attend my words, at morning hour,
 With forces deep enclose yon hostile tow'r;
 And let the troops awhile recruit their might, 880
 And rouze their vigour for a greater fight.
 Thou, as shall best be seem, O chief! prepare,
 For open action, or for covert war.
 Yet this I most o'er ev'ry care command,
 In ev'ry chance thy valu'd life defend: 885
 Thou giv'st succeſs to crown our favour'd host,
 And who shall guide our arms if thou art lost?
 That all the *Pagan* fraud may stand confess'd,
 Command thy guard to change their wonted vest:
 So shall the traitors thro' the field be known, 890
 And on their heads their impious treason thrown.

B.XIX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 209

O still the same! (the Leader thus replies)
Thou speak'st the friend and all thy words are wise!
Now hear the purpose in our thoughts decreed:
Against the foe our battle will we lead: 895
In walls or trenches ne'er shall basely rest
A camp triumphant o'er the spacious East!
'Tis ours to meet yon barb'rous troops in fight,
And prove our former worth in open light.
Before our swords shall fly the trembling train: 900
Thus shall we firmly fix our future reign:
The tow'r shall soon our stronger force obey,
And, unsupported, yield an easy prey.

He ceas'd; and to his tent his steps address'd;
For now the sinking stars invite to rest. 905

The END of the NINETEENTH Book.

J E R U-

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian army arrives. The generals, on both sides, prepare for the battle. The speeches of Godfrey and Emirenes. The Christians make the onset: Gildippe signalizes herself and engages Altamorus, who had made great havock of the Christians. Ormond is killed by Godfrey, and his associates are all cut to pieces. Rinaldo attacks the Moors and Arabs, and defeats them with great slaughter: He passes by Armida's chariot; her behaviour on that occasion. Solyma from the tower, takes a prospect of the battle, and fired with emulation, leaves his fortress: Aladine, and the rest of the Pagans, accompany him. Raymond is felled to the ground by Solyma, but Tancred, hearing the tumult, issues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy. Aladine is slain by Raymond. The Soldan having forced his way through the Syrians and Gascons that surrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of Edward and Gildippe. Adraustus

is

is killed by Rinaldo, and Solyman falls by the same hand. Emirenes endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops. Tisaphernes performs great actions till he is slain by Rinaldo. Armida flies from the field; Rinaldo pursues her: The interview between them. Godfrey kills Emirenes, and takes Altamorus prisoner. The Pagans fly on all sides; and Godfrey enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotions at the tomb.

THE sun had rouz'd mankind with early ray,
 And up the steep of Heav'n advanc'd the day:
 When from the lofty tow'r the *Pagans*' spy
 A dusty whirlwind that obscur'd the sky,
 Like ev'ning's shade: At length reveal'd to sight, 5
 Th' Egyptian host appear'd in open light:
 The num'rous ranks the spacious champain fill'd,
 Spread o'er the mountains and the plains conceal'd.
 Then sudden, from the troop besieg'd, ascends
 A gen'ral shout that all the region rends. 10
 With such a sound the cranes embody'd fly
 From *Thracian* shores to seek a warmer sky;
 With noise they cut the clouds, and leave behind
 The wintry tempest, and the freezing wind.
 Now hope, rekindling, fires the *Pagan* band; 15
 Swells ev'ry threat, and urges ev'ry hand.
 This soon the *Franks* perceiv'd, and instant knew
 From whence their foes' recover'd fury grew.
 They look'd; and 'midst the rolling smoke, beheld
 The moving legions that o'er-spread the field. 20
 At

At once a gen'rous rage each bosom warms ;
 At once each valiant hero pants for arms :
 Around their Chief with eager looks they stand,
 And loud the signal for the war demand.

But, well advis'd, the prudent Chief denies
 To wage the battle till the morn arise :
 He rules their ardor, he controuls their might,
 And points a fitter season for the fight.
 They hear, observant, and his voice obey,
 But burn impatient for the dawning ray.

At length, high seated on her eastern throne,
 The breezy morn with welcome lustre shone ;
 Wide o'er the skies she shed her ruddy streams,
 And glow'd with all the sun's enliv'ning beams :
 While Heav'n serene, and cloudless would survey
 The glorious deeds of that auspicious day.

Soon as the dawn appears, with early care,
 His army *Godfrey* leads in form of war ;
 But leaves, t' enclose the foes' beleaguer'd tow'r,
 Experienc'd *Raymond* with the *Syrian* pow'r,
 That from the neighb'ring lands auxiliar came,
 And hail'd with joy their great deliv'r'r's name ;
 A num'rous throng ! — nor these alone remain,
 To these he adds the hardy *Gascon* train.

Now tow'r'd the Leader with exalted mien,
 While certain conquest in his eyes was seen :
 With more than wonted state he seem'd to tread ;
 A sudden youth was o'er his features spread :
 Celestial favour beam'd in ev'ry look,
 And ev'ry act a more than mortal spoke.

Now

B. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 213

Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd
Where, deply throng'd, th' *Egyptian* squadrons stood;
And strait to seize a fav'ring hill he sends,
Whose height his army's left and rear defends.
His troops he rang'd; the midst the foot contain'd; 55
In either wing the lighter horse remain'd.
The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,
The chief to either *Robert's* care confign'd:
The midst his brother held; himself the right,
Where open lay the dangers of the fight: 60
Here mix'd with horse, accustom'd thus t' engage,
A distant war on foot the archers wage.
Behind, th' Advent'rers to the right he led,
And plac'd the bold *Rinaldo* at their head.

In thee, intrepid warrior! (*Godfrey* cries) 65
Our strong defence, our hope of conquest lies.
Behind the wing awhile remain conceal'd;
But when the foes advance t' invade the field,
Assail their flank, as vainly they contend
To wheel around us, and our rear offend. 70

Then on a rapid steed, in open view,
From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot, he flew:
From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast;
His eyes, his figure lighten'd as he pass'd!
The cheerful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd, 75
And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.
He bade the bold their antient boasts regard;
Some urg'd with honour's, some with gold's reward.
At length he stays where thick'ning round him stand
The first, the bravest of the martial band: 80

Then

Then from on high his speech each hearer warms,
 Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.
 As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,
 Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow ;
 So from his lips, with swift effusion, pours 8;
 Mellifluous eloquence in copious flow'rs.

O you, the scourge of JESUS' foes profess'd,
 O glorious heroes ! conqu'lers of the East !
 Behold the day arriv'd so long desir'd,
 The wish'd-for day to which your hopes aspir'd ! 93
 Some great event th' Almighty sure designs,
 Who all his rebels in one force combines :
 See ! in one field he brings your various foes,
 That one great battle all your wars may close.
 Despise yon *Pagans*, an ungovern'd host, 95
 Lost in confusion, in their numbers lost !
 Our mighty force can troops like these sustain ?
 A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train !
 From sloth or servile labours brought from far,
 Compell'd, reluctant, to the task of war ! 100
 Their swords now tremble, trembles ev'ry shield ;
 Their fearful standards tremble on the field.
 I hear their doubtful sounds, their motions view,
 And see death hov'ring o'er the fated crew.
 Yon leader fierce and glorious to behold, 105
 In flaming purple and resplendent gold,
 Might quell the *Moorish* and *Arabian* train,
 But here his valour, here his worth is vain :
 Wise tho' he be, what methods shall he prove
 To rule his army, or their fears remove ? 110

Scarce

Scarce is he known, and scarce his troops can name,
Nor calls them partners of his former fame :
We ev'ry toil and ev'ry triumph share,
Fellows in arms, and brothers of the war !

Is there a warrior but your chief can tell 115
His native country, and his birth reveal ?
What sword to me unknown ? What shaft that flies
With missile death along the liquid skies ?
I ask but what I oft have gain'd before :
Be still yourselves, and *Godfrey* seeks no more. 120
Preserve your zeal ! your fame and mine attend ;
But, far o'er all, the faith of *CHRIST* defend !
Go — crush those impious on the fatal plain :
With their defeat your sacred rights maintain.
What should I more ? — I see your ardent eyes ! 125
Conquest awaits you ! — seize the glorious prize.

He ceas'd ; and instant, like a flashing light,
When stars or meteors stream thro' dusky night,
A sudden splendor on his brow was shed,
And lambent glories play'd around his head. 130
All wond'ring gaze ! and some the sign explain
The certain omen of his future reign.
Perchance (if mortal thoughts so high may soar,
Or dare the secrets of the skies explore)
From Heav'ly seats his guardian Angel flew, 135
And o'er the Chief his golden pinions threw.

While *Godfrey* thus the *Christian* host prepares,
Th' *Egyptian* leader, press'd with equal cares,
Extends his num'rous force to meet the foes :
The midst the foot, the wings the horse compose : 140
Himself

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Himself the right ; the midst *Mulasses* guides ;
 There, in the central war, *Armida* rides.
 In pomp barbaric near the Leader stand
India's stern King, and all the regal band :
 There *Tisuphernes* lifts his haughty head ; 145
 But where the squadrons to the left were spread,
 (A wider space) there *Altamorus* brings
His Afric Monarchs, and his *Perſian Kings* :
 From thence their flings, their arrows they prepare,
 And all the missile thunder of the war. 150

Now *Emirenes* ev'ry rank inspires,
 The fearful raises, and the valiant fires :
 To those he cry'd — What mean your looks depress'd ?
 What fear unmanly harbours in your breast ?
 Our near approach shall daunt yon hostile train, 155
 Our shouts alone shall drive them from the plain.
 To these — No more delay, ye gen'rous bands !
 Redeem the pillage from the spoilers' hands.
 In some he 'waken'd ev'ry tender thought,
 Each lov'd idea to remembrance brought : 160
 O ! think by me your country begs (he cries)
 And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies !
 Preserve my laws, preserve each sacred fane,
 Nor let my children's blood my temples stain :
 Preserve from ruffian force th' affrighted maid ; 165
 Preserve the tombs and ashes of the dead !
 To you, oppress'd with bending age and woe,
 Their silver locks your hoary fathers show :
 To you, your wives, your lisping infants sue ;
 All ask their safety, and their lives from you. 170

E. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 217

He said, and ceas'd ; for nearer now was seen
Th' advancing pow'rs, and small the space between.
Now front to front in dreadful pause they stand,
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.
The streaming banners to the wind are spread, 175
The plumage nods on ev'ry crested head ;
Arms, vests, devices catch the sunny rays,
And steel and gold with mingled splendor blaze !
Each spacious host on either side appears
A steely wood, a grove of waving spears. 180
They bend their bows, in rest their lances take,
They whirl their slings, their ready jav'lins shake.
Each gen'rous steed to meet the fight aspires,
And seconds, with his own, his master's fires ;
He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath, 185
And smoke and flame his swelling nostrils breathe.

Ev'n horror pleas'd in such a glorious fight,
Each beating bosom felt severe delight :
While the shrill trumpets, echoing from afar,
With dreadful transports animate the war. 190
But still the faithful bands superior stood,
More clear their notes, more fair their battle shew'd :
Their louder trumpets rouz'd a nobler flame,
And from their arms a brighter lustre came !

The *Christians* found the charge ; the foes reply ; 195
And the mix'd clangors rattle in the sky :
Strait on their knees the *Franks* the soil adore,
And kiss the hallow'd earth, and Heav'n implore.
And now between the troops the space is lost ;
With equal ardor joins each adverse host. 200

What hero first, amidst the *Christian* name,
 Gain'd from the faithless bands a wreath of fame ?
 'Twas thou *Gildippe* ! whose resistless hand
 O'erthrew *Hircanes*, who in *Ormus* reign'd :
 (Such glory Heav'n on female arms display'd) 205
 Deep in his breast the spear a passage made ;
 Headlong he falls ; and, falling, hears the foe
 With joyful shouts applaud the forceful blow.
 Her jav'lin broke, her trusty sword she drew,
 And pierc'd the *Perians*, and *Zopyrus* slew ; 210
 Cleft where the circling belt his armour bound,
 He falls, divided, on the purple ground.
 Thro' fierce *Alarcus*' throat her weapon hew'd
 The double passage of the voice and food ;
 Then *Artaxerxes* in the dust she laid, 215
 And thro' *Argeus* thrust her furious blade.
 At *Ishmael*'s arm her rapid steel she guides,
 And the close juncture of the hand divides :
 The sever'd hand at once the rein forsook ;
 Above the startled courser hiss'd the stroke ; 220
 He rear'd aloft, and feiz'd with sudden fright,
 Broke thro' the ranks, and discompos'd the fight.
 All these and numbers more her fury feel,
 Whose names in silence ages past conceal :
 But 'gainst her now the thronging *Perians* came, 225
 And *Edward* ran t' assist the matchless dame.
 With force united then, the faithful pair
 Undaunted bore the rushing storm of war.
 Neglectful of themselves amidst the strife,
 Each guards, with watchful care, the other's life. 230
 Her

Her ready shield the warlike damsel spread,
And turn'd the weapons aim'd at *Edward's* head.
He, o'er his spouse, his fencing buckler throws :
Each seeks for each the vengeance on the foes.

By him the daring *Artaban* was slain, 235
Who in *Boecan's* island held his reign :
By him his instant fate *Alvantes* found,
Who durst at fair *Gildippe* aim the wound.

Then *Arimontes'* brow she cleft in two,
Who, with drawn sword, against her consort flew. 240
While these resolute 'midst the *Persians* rag'd ;
More dire *Samarcand's* King the *Franks* engag'd.
Where-e'er he turn'd his steed, or drove his steel,
The horse and foot before his fury fell :
And those that 'scape the faulchion's milder death, 245
Beneath the courser's feet groan out their breath !

By *Altamorus* on the dreadful plain,
Brunello strong, *Ardonio* huge was slain :
Of that the helm and head the sword divides ;
The gory visage hangs on equal sides. 250
This, pierc'd where laughter first derives its birth,
And the glad heart dilates to pleasing mirth,
(Wond'rous and horrid to the gazer's eyes !)

Now laughs constrain'd, and as he laughs he dies !

With these *Gentonio*, *Guasco*, *Guido* dy'd ; 255
And good *Rofmondo* fwell'd the crimson tide.

What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,
The wounds describe, or dwell on ev'ry death ?

None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,
Who durst sustain his valour hand to hand. 260

Alone *Gildippe* 'gainst the Monarch came ;
 No fear could damp her gen'rous thirst of fame.
 Less bold on fair *Thermodoön*'s winding shore,
 Each warlike *Amazon* her buckler bore,
 Or rear'd her axe ; than now, with glorious heat, 265
Gildippe rush'd the *Perſian*'s rage to meet.
 She rais'd her sword, and struck the regal crown
 That round his helm with pomp barbaric shone.
 The glitt'ring honours from his brows she rent ;
 Beneath the force the mighty warrior bent. 270
 The King with shame the pow'ful arm confes'd,
 And swift t' avenge the blow his steel address'd :
 Full on her front so fierce the dame he struck,
 That sense her mind, and strength her limbs forsook.
 Then had she fall'n, but near with ready hand 275
 Her faithful lord her sinking weight sustain'd.
 No more the lofty foe his stroke purſu'd,
 But with disdain an easy conquest view'd :
 So the bold lion, with a scornful eye,
 Scowls on the prostrate prey and paſſes by. 280

Meantime fierce *Ormond*, who, with murd'rous care,
 Had spread for *Godfrey*'s life the fatal snare,
 Disguis'd, was mingled with the *Christian* band,
 And near their chief his dire associates stand.
 So prouling wolves an entrance seek to gain, 285
 Like faithful dogs, amongst the woolly train ;
 They watch the folds when welcome shades arise,
 And hide their quiv'ring tails between their thighs.
 Th' infidious band advanc'd, and now in view
 Near pious *Godfrey*'s fide the *Pagan* drew. 290

Soon as the Prince the white and gold survey'd,
(The certain token which their wile betray'd)
Behold the traitor there confess'd (he cries)
Who veils his treason with a *Frank's* disguise!
At me his followers aim the deadly blow — 295
He said, and rush'd against the treach'rous foe:
On *Ormond* swift th' avenging blade he rais'd;
Th' astonish'd wretch, without resistance, gaz'd:
And, while a sudden terror froze his blood,
With stiff'ning limbs, a senseless statue stood. 300
Each sword was turn'd against the fraudulent crew,
At these the shafts from ev'ry quiver flew:
In pieces hewn their bodies strew the plains;
And not a single corse entire remains!

Now, stain'd with slaughter, *Godfrey* bent his course
To where the valiant *Alamorus'* force. 306
His squadrons pierc'd, that fled with tim'rous haste,
Like *Afric* sands before the southern blast.
Loud to his troops th' indignant hero cry'd,
Stay'd those that fled, and him that chace'd defy'd. 310

Between these mighty chiefs a fight ensu'd,
More dire than *Ida* or *Scamander* view'd.
Meanwhile betwixt the foot the battle bled;
Those *Baldwin* rul'd, and these *Mulaffes* led.
Nor less, in other parts, the conflict rag'd, 315
Where next the mountain, horse with horse engag'd.
There *Emirenes* dealing fate was found;
There fought the two * in fields of death renown'd.

* *ADRASTUS* and *TISAPHERNES*.

Two *Roberts* there the *Pagan* force defy'd :
 With *Emirenes* one the combat try'd, 320 }
 While conquest yet declar'd on neither side :
 But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,
 In harder conflict with *Adraustus* stood.
 Still *Tisaphernes* finds no equal foe
 To mate his strength, and measure blow for blow ; 325
 But rushes where he sees the thickest train,
 And with a mingled carnage heaps the plain.

Thus far'd the war ; while neither part prevails,
 And hope and fear are pois'd in equal scales.
 O'erspread with shatter'd arms the ground appears, 330
 With broken bucklers, and with shiver'd spears.
 Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors kill'd,
 And useless there are scatter'd o'er the field.
 Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie ;
 There turn their ghastly features to the sky ! 335
 Beside his lord the courser press'd the plain ;
 Beside his slaughter'd friend the friend is slain ;
 Foe near to foe ; and on the vanquish'd spread
 The victor lies ; the living on the dead !
 An undistinguish'd din is heard around, 340
 Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the sound :
 The threats of anger, and the soldier's cry,
 The groans of those that fall, and those that die.
 The splendid arms that shone so gay before,
 Now, sudden chang'd, delight the eyes no more. 345
 The steel has lost its gleam, the gold its blaze ;
 No more the vary'd colours blend their rays :

Torn from the crest the sully'd plumes are lost,
And dust and blood deform the pomp of either host !

Now, on the left, with *Ethiopia's* train, 350

The *Moors* and *Arabs* wheel around the plain.

The flingers next, and archers from afar

Pour'd on the *Franks* a thick and missile war :

When lo ! *Rinaldo*, with his squadron came,

Dire as an earthquake, swift as lightning's flame ! 355

From *Meroe*, first of *Ethiopia's* bands,

Full in his passage *Affimirus* stands :

Rinaldo reach'd him, where the fable head

Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.

Soon as his sword the taste of blood confess'd, 360

New ardor kindled in the hero's breast.

Thro' all the throng the dreadful victor storm'd,

And deeds, transcending human faith, perform'd.

As, when th' envenom'd serpent shoots along,

Furious he seems to dart a triple tongue : 365

At once the chief appears three swords to wield,

And hurl a threefold vengeance round the field.

The swarthy Kings, the *Lybian* tyrants die,

Drench'd in each other's blood confus'd they lie.

Fierce with the reit his following friends engage, 370

His great example animates their rage.

Without defence th' astonish'd vulgar fall ;

One universal ruin levels all !

'Twas war no more, but carnage thro' the field ;

Those lift the sword, and these their bosoms yield. 375

No longer now the *Pagans* sink, oppress'd

With wounds before, all honest on the breast ;

Lost are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,
 And pale confusion trembles in their rear:
 Behind, *Rinaldo* pours along the plain, 380
 And breaks and scatters wide the tim'rous train.
 At length his gen'rous arm from slaughter ceas'd,
 And 'gainst a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.
 So when high hills or tufted woods oppose,
 With double force the wind indignant blows; 385
 No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,
 But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.
 So midst the rocks the sea resounding raves,
 But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves.
 Next on the foot the warrior bent his force, 390
 Where late the *Afric* and *Arabian* horse
 'The squadrons flank'd; but now dispers'd around,
 'They take their flight, or gasp upon the ground.
 Swift on th' unguarded files *Rinaldo* flew;
 As swift behind his brave compeers pursue: 395
 Spears, darts, and swords in vain his might withstand,
 Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand!
 Not with such rage a bursting tempest borne,
 Sweeps o'er the field, and mowes the golden corn.
 'The streaming blood in purple torrents swell'd; 400
 And arms, and mangled limbs the earth conceal'd:
 There, uncontrol'd, the foaming coursers tread,
 Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead!

Now came *Rinaldo* where, with martial air,
 Appear'd *Armida* in her glitt'ring car. 405
 A train of lovers near her person wait,
 A glorious guard, the nobles of the state!

She

She sees! she knows! — conflicting passions rise,
Desire and anger tremble in her eyes.

A transient blush the hero's visage burns; 410

But heat and cold possess her heart by turns.

The knight, declining from the car, withdrew,
Not unregarded by the rival-crew:

Those lift the sword, and these the lance pretend;

Ev'n she prepares her threat'ning bow to bend. 415

She fits the shaft, disdain her thoughts impell'd,
But love awhile the purpos'd stroke with-held.

Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries;

And thrice her fault'ring hand its strength denies.

At length her wrath prevails, she twangs the string, 420

And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing:

Swift flies the shaft — as swiftly flies her pray'r

That all its fury may be spent in air!

She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,

And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky. 425

The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,

Against the warrior's stubborn cors'let came:

Harmless it fell; aside the hero turn'd:

She deem'd her pow'r despis'd, her anger scorn'd:

Again she bent her bow, but fail'd to wound, 430

While love with surer darts her bosom found.

And is he then impervious to the steel,

And fears he not (she cry'd) the stroke to feel?

Does tenfold adamant his limbs invest,

That adamant which guards his ruthles's breast? 435

So well secur'd that safely he defies

'The sword of battle, or the fair one's eyes?

What further arts for wretched me remain?—

Attempt no more—for ev'ry art is vain!

Arm'd or disarm'd an equal fate I know, 440

Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe!

Where now, alas! is ev'ry former boast?—

Behold my warriors faint!—my hopes are lost!

Against his valour ev'ry strength must fail;

Nor courage can withstand, nor arms avail! 445

While thus she thought, her champions round she view'd
O'erthrown, or ta'en, or welt'ring in their blood.

What should she do?—alone, unhelp'd remain?

Already now she dreads the victor's chain:

Nor dares (the bow and jav'lin at her side) 450

In *Pallas'* or *Diana's* arms confide.

As when the fearful cygnet sees on high

The strong-pounc'd eagle stooping from the sky,

Trembling she cow's beneath th' impending fate;

So seem'd *Armida*, such her dang'rous state. 455

But *Altamorus*, who from shameful flight

Still held the *Perians*, and maintain'd the fight,

Her peril view'd, and, careless of his fame,

His troops forsook, and to her rescue came.

With rapid sword he breaks amid the war,

And wheels around her, and defends the car:

While dire destruction rages thro' his bands,

O'erthrown by *Godfrey* and *Rinaldo*'s hands.

This sees th' unhappy Prince, but sees in vain:

Armida succour'd now, he turn'd again,

But flew too late t' assist his routed train! 465 }

There

B.XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 227

There all was lost; a gen'ral panic spread;
Dispers'd around the broken *Perſians* fled.
In other parts the fainting *Chriſtians* yield;
Two *Roberts* there in vain direct the field; 470
One ſcarce escap'd with life; his wounded breast
And bleeding front the hostile ſteel confefs'd;
While fierce *Adraſtus* one his pris'ner made:
Thus equal chance the dubious battle ſway'd.

But *Godfrey* now his hardy warriors warm'd, 475
Again to fight his ready bands he form'd;
Then bravely on the victor-forces flew:
They join, they thicken, and the war renew.
Each ſide appears diſtain'd with adverſe gore;
Each ſide the glorious ſigns of triumph bore. 480
Conqueſt and Fame on either part are ſeen,
And *Mars* and *Fortune* doubtful ſtand between.

While thus the combat rages on the plain
Betwixt the *Chriſtian* and the *Pagan* train;
High on the tow'r the haughty *Soldan* stood, 485
From whence, intent, the diſtant ſtrife he view'd.
Struck with the fight, his breast with envy ſwell'd,
He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.
All arm'd beſides, he ſnatch'd with eager hafe,
And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd: 490
Rife! rife! (he ſaid) no longer flothful lie—
Behold the time to conquer or to die!
Then, whether Heav'n's high proviſe inspir'd
His daring purpose, and his fury fir'd,
That thus at once the *Pagan* reign might end, 495
And all its glories on that day descend:

Or, whether conscious of his death to come,
 He felt an impulse now to meet his doom:
 Sudden he bade the sounding gates unbar,
 And issu'd forth with unexpected war; 500
 Nor waits his following band, but singly goes;
 Himself alone defies a thousand foes.
 But soon the rest his martial rage partook,
 Ev'n aged *Aladine* the fort forsook:
 'The base, the cautious catch at once the fires; 505
 Not hope excites them, but despair inspires.

The first the *Turk* before his passage found,
 His valour tumbled breathless to the ground.
 So swift he thunder'd on the faithful train,
 That ere they view th' assault, their friends are slain.
 First of the *Christians*, struck with panic fear, 511
 The trembling *Syrians* for their flight prepare.
 But still unrouted stood the *Gascon* band,
 Tho' nearer these the Soldan's rage sustain'd,
 And fell in heaps beneath his flaught'ring hand. 515 }
 Not with such wrath the savage beast indu'd,
 Leaps o'er the fold, and dies the ground with blood;
 Not with such fury, thro' th' ethereal space,
 Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.
 'Thro' plated steel his strength resistless drives, 520
 While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors' lives!
 With *Aladine* the *Pagans* quit the tow'r,
 And furious on their late besiegers pour.

But *Raymond* now advanc'd with fearless haste,
 And saw where *Solyman* his squadron pres' d; 525

B. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 229

Nor yet the hoary chief his steps forbore,
Nor shunn'd that arm whose force he felt before.
Again to combat he defies the foe,
Again his front receives a dreadful blow;
Again he falls; in vain declining age 530
With strength unequal would such pow'r engage.
Behold a hundred swords and shields display'd;
And these defend the knight, and those invade.
But thence with speed th' impetuous Soldan flies;
(He deems him slain, or deems an easy prize) 535
Descending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes
To distant plains, where fiercer battle glows:
Far other scenes his barb'rous rage demands,
Far other deaths must glut his cruel hands!

Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tow'r, 540
New vigour still inspir'd the *Pagan* pow'r;
The warmth their leader breath'd they still retain;
And with the *Christians* still their fears remain.
Those seek to finish what their chief begun;
And these, retreating, seem the fight to shun. 545
In due array the hardy *Gascons* yield;
The *Syrians* wide are scatter'd o'er the field.
The tumult thickens near where *Tancred* lies,
He hears the din of arms, the soldier's cries:
Strait from the couch his wounded limbs he rears, 550
And lo! at once the mingled scene appears:
He sees on earth th' ill-fated *Raymond* laid,
Some slowly yield, and some in flight survey'd.
That courage true to ev'ry noble breast,
Nor lost by weakness, nor by pain suppress'd, 555
Now

Now swell'd the hero's soul; he grasp'd his shield,
 Nor seem'd too faint the pond'rous orb to wield;
 His right hand held unsheathe'd the glitt'ring blade,
 Nor other arms he sought, nor more delay'd;
 But issuing thus—O! whither would you fly, 560
 And leave your lord neglected here to die?
 Shall then these *Pagans* rend his arms away,
 And in their fanes suspend the glorious prey?
 Go—seek your country—to his son reveal
 That, where you fled, his noble father fell! 565

He said; and durst against a thousand foes
 His breast, still feeble with his wounds, oppose;
 While with his ample shield (a fencing shade,
 With sev'n tough hides and plates of steel o'erlaid)
 He kept the hoary *Raymond* safe from harms, 570
 From swords, and darts, and all the missile arms:
 He whirls his faulchion with resistless sway;
 The foes repuls'd forego their wish'd-for prey.
 But soon the venerable hero rose,
 His face with shame, his heart with anger glows; 575
 In vain he seeks the chief by whom he fell,
 Then 'gainst the vulgar turns his vengeful steel.
 The *Gascons*, rally'd, soon the fight renew,
 And strait their gallant leader's steps pursue:
 Now fears the troop that danger late disdain'd, 580
 And courage now succeeds where terror reign'd.
 They chace that yielded, those that chac'd give way:
 So chang'd at once the fortune of the day!
 While *Raymond* rag'd with unresisted hand,
 And sought the noblest of the hostile band; 585
 The

The realm's usurper, *Aladine* he view'd,
 Who midst the thickest press the fight pursu'd :
 He saw, and 'gainst him rais'd his fatal steel,
 Cleft thro' the head the dying monarch fell ;
 Prone on his kingdom's soil resign'd his breath, 590
 And groaning bit the bloody dust in death.

Now various passions move the *Pagan* foes :
 Some 'gainst the spear their desp'rate breasts oppose ;
 While some, with terror feiz'd, the fight forsake,
 And in the fort their second refuge take : 595
 But ent'ring, mix'd with these, the victor-train
 At once the conquest of the fortress gain.
 Now all is won—in vain the *Pagans* fly ;
 Within they fall, or at the portal die.

Sage *Raymond* then ascends the lofty tow'r, 600
 The mighty standard in his hand he bore,
 There full in view, to either host display'd,
 The *Cross* triumphant to the winds he spread ;
 Unseen of *Solyman*, who thence afar,
 Impatient flew to mingle in the war : 605
 And now he reach'd the fatal sanguine field,
 Where more and more the purple torrent swell'd.
 There death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,
 There raise his trophies on the dreadful plain.
 The Soldan feiz'd a steed, the combat sought, 610
 And sudden to the fainting *Pagans* brought
 A short but glorious aid—So lightning flies,
 And unexpected falls, and instant dies ;
 But leaves in rifted rocks, with furious force,
 The tokens of its momentary course. 615

A hundred warriors, great in arms, he flew,
 Yet from oblivion Fame has snatch'd but two.
 O *Edward* and *Gildippe*! faithful pair!
 Your hapless fate, your matchless deeds in war,
 (If equal praise my *Tuscan* muse can give) 620
 Consign'd to distant times shall ever live!
 Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,
 Shall grace your fortune and my verse with tears.

Th' intrepid heroine spurr'd her steed, and flew
 To where the raging *Turk* the troops o'erthrew: 625
 Two mighty strokes her valiant arm impell'd,
 One reach'd his side, one pierc'd his plated shield:
 The furious chief her well-known vest descry'd:
 Behold the strumpet with her mate (he cry'd)
 Hence to thy female tasks! the distaff wield, 630
 Nor dare with spear and sword to brave the field.

He said, and dreadful as the words he spoke,
 His thund'ring weapon thro' her cors'let broke:
 Deep in her breast the ruthless faulchion drove,
 Her gentle breast, the seat of truth and love! 635
 Her languid hand foregoes the useless rein;
 Approaching death creeps cold in ev'ry vein.
 To save his wife unhappy *Edward* flies!
 Too late he comes—his lov'd *Gildippe* dies!
 What should he do—distracting thoughts prevail, 640
 Pity and wrath at once his heart assail:
 That, bids his arm a kind support bestow,
 This, prompts his vengeance on the barb'rous foe,
 While with his left he seeks to hold the fair,
 His better hand provokes th' unequal war: 645
 But

But vain his efforts to support his bride,
 Or reach the murd'rous chief by whom she dy'd.
 The sword the *Pagan* thro' his arm impell'd,
 That with a fruitless grasp his confort held.
 As when an axe the stately elm invades, 650
 Or storms uproot it from its native shades,
 It falls—and with it falls the mantling vine,
 Whose curling folds its ample waste entwine :
 So *Edward* sunk beneath the *Pagan* steel ;
 So, with her *Edward*, fair *Gildippe* fell. 655
 They strive to speak, their words are lost in sighs,
 And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.
 Each other still with mournful looks they view,
 And, close embracing, take the last adieu :
 'Till losing both the chearful beams of light, 660
 Their gentle souls together take their flight !

Soon spreading Fame the dire event declares,
 And soon the tidings to *Rinaldo* bears :
 Compassion, grief, and wrath at once conspire,
 And all his gen'rous thoughts to vengeance fire : 665
 But first *Adraftus*, in the Soldan's fight,
 His passage cross'd, and dar'd him to the fight.

Then thus the King—By ev'ry sign display'd,
 Thou sure art he for whom my search is made.
 Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain, 670
 And oft have call'd thee thro' th' embattled plain.
 Now shall my former vows be fully paid,
 And justice fated with thy forfeit head :
 Come!—let us here our mutual valour show,
Armida's champion I, and thou her foe ! 675

Boastful

Boastful he spoke ; then whirl'd his flashing steel ;
 Swift on the *Christian's* head the tempest fell :
 In vain — the temper'd casque the force withstood ;
 But oft the warrior in the saddle bow'd :
Rinaldo's faulchion then *Adraustus* found, 68c
 And in his side impress'd a mortal wound ;
 Prone falls the giant-King, no more a name !
 One fatal blow concludes his life and fame !

With horror seiz'd the gazing *Pagans* stood,
 While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood. 685
 Ev'n *Solyman* surpriz'd the stroke heheld,
 His alter'd looks his troubled thoughts reveal'd :
 He sees his doom, and (wond'rous to relate !)
 Suspended stands to meet approaching fate.
 But Heav'n's high will, for ever uncontrol'd, 690
 Unerves the mighty, and confounds the bold !
 As oft the sick in dreams attempt to fly,
 What time the fainting limbs their speed deny ;
 In vain their lips a vocal sound essay,
 Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way. 695
 So strove the Soldan now th' assault to dare,
 He rouz'd his soul to meet the threaten'd war ;
 In vain — no more the thirst of fame prevail'd ;
 His spirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd ;
 He scorn'd to yield or fly ; yet, unresolv'd, 700
 A thousand thoughts his wav'ring mind revolv'd.

While thus he paus'd, the conqu'ring chief drew nigh,
 Furious he rush'd, tremendous to the eye !
 He seem'd to move with more than mortal course,
 And look'd a match for more than mortal force. 705

The

The *Pagan* scarce resists, yet ev'n in death
 Preserves his fame, and nobly yields his breath ;
 Nor shuns the sword, but 'midst his ruins great,
 Without a groan receives the stroke of fate !
 Thus he, who, when subdu'd by stronger foes, 710
 From ev'ry fall, like old *Antæus* rose
 With force renew'd, now reach'd his destin'd hour,
 And press'd at length the earth to rise no more.

Then Fame from man to man the tidings bears ;
 A doubtful face no longer Fortune wears ; 715
 No longer then the war's event suspends,
 But joins the *Christians* and their arms befriends.
 Soon from the fight recede the regal band,
 The pride, the strength of all the Eastern land ;
 Once call'd immortal ; now the name is lost, 720
 And ruin triumphs o'er an empty boast !
 Th' astonish'd bearer with the standard fled,
 Him *Emirenes* stopp'd, and sternly said.

Art thou not he, selected from the train
 Our Monarch's glorious banner to sustain ? 725
 Was it for this (O ! scandal to the brave !)
 That to thy hand th' important charge I gave ?
 And canst thou, *Rimedon*, thy chief survey,
 Yet basely leave him and desert the day ?
 What dost thou seek ? thy safety ? — here it lies — 730
 With me return — death waits for him who flies.
 Here let him bravely fight who hopes to live ;
 Here honour's deeds alone can safety give.

He heard, and instant to the field return'd ;
 Disdain and shame his conscious bosom burn'd. 735
 No

No less the rest th' intrepid chief retain'd,
 These urg'd by threats, and those by force constrain'd.
 Who dares to fly from yonder swords, (he cries)
 Who dares to tremble, by this weapon dies !

Thus rang'd again his routed files he view'd, 740
 The war rekindled, and his hopes renew'd :
 While *Tisupernes* with resistless might
 Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the flight.
 Brave deeds that day renown'd the warrior's hand ;
 His single force dispers'd the *Norman* band : 745
 By him were chac'd the *Flemings* from the plain,
 And *Gernier*, *Gerrard* and *Rogero* slain.
 When acts like these had grac'd his last of days,
 And crown'd his short but glorious life with praise,
 As careles what succeeding fate might yield, 750
 He sought the greatest perils of the field :
 He saw *Rinaldo*, well the youth he knew,
 Tho' all his arms were dy'd to sanguine hue.
 Lo ! there the terror of the plain (he cries)
 May Heav'n assist my daring enterprize ! 755
 So shall *Armida* her revenge obtain :
 O ! *Macon* ! let my sword this conquest gain,
 And his proud arms shall hang devoted in thy fane. }
 Thus pray'd the knight ; his words are lost in air,
 No *Macon* hears his unavailing pray'r. 760
 As the bold lion, eager to engage,
 With lashing tail provokes his native rage :
 So fares the furious warrior ; love inspires,
 Swells all his soul, and rouzes all his fires.

B.XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 237

He bears aloft his shield ; he spurs his steed : 765
The *Latian* Hero rush'd with equal speed.
At once they meet ; at once, on either hand
In deep suspense the gazing armies stand.
Such skill, such courage either champion shows,
So swift their weapons, and so fierce their blows ; 770
Each side awhile forgot their wonted rage,
And drop their arms to see the chiefs engage.
In vain the *Pagan* strikes ; secur'd from harms,
The *Christian* combats in ethereal arms ;
From him more fatal ev'ry stroke descends ; 775
The foe from wounds no temper'd steel defends ;
His shield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,
And the plain blushes with a stream of blood.

The fair Enchantress, who the fight survey'd,
Beheld how fast her champion's strength decay'd. 780
She saw the rest, a pale and heartless train,
That scarce from flight their trembling feet restrain ;
'Till she who late such guards around her view'd,
Alone, forsaken, in her chariot stood :
She loaths the light, and servitude she fears, 785
Of conquest or revenge alike despairs.
Then leaping from her car in pale affright,
She mounts a steed and takes her speedy flight.
But like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,
Anger and Love her parting steps pursue. 790
When *Cleopatra*, by her fears betray'd,
Of old from *Aetium*'s fatal conflict fled ;
And left, to *Cæsar*'s happier arms expos'd,
Her * *Roman* lord with perils round enclos'd ;

* MARC ANTHONY.

He

238 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B.XX.

He soon, forgetful of his former fame, 795
 Spread ev'ry fail to join the flying dame :
 So *Tisaphernes* (but his foe withstood)
 Had from the field *Armida's* flight pursu'd :
 His fair-one vanish'd from his longing eyes,
 The sun seem'd blotted from the cheerful skies : 800
 Fierce at *Rinaldo* then, in wild despair,
 He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.
 Not with such weight, to frame the fork'y brand,
 The pond'rous hammer falls from *Brontes'* hand.
 Full on his front the thund'ring stroke he sent : 805
 Beneath the force the stagg'ring warrior bent ;
 But, soon recov'ring, whirl'd his beaming sword :
 The thirsty point the *Pagan's* bosom gor'd ;
 A furious passage thro' his cuirass made,
 Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade : 810
 The steel, drawn forth, a double vent supply'd ;
 The foul came floating in a purple tide.

Rinaldo pausing, cast around his view,
 To mark what friends to aid, what foes pursue.
 Wide o'er the field he sees the *Pagans* fly ; 815
 On earth their broken arms and ensigns lie.
 And now his thoughts recall th' unhappy fair,
 Who furious fled abandon'd to despair.
 Her woeful state might well his pity claim,
 Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame ! 820
 For still in mind his tender'd faith he bore,
 Her champion plighted when he left her shore.
 Then, where her rapid courser's track he view'd,
 Th' impatient knight the flying dame pursu'd.

Meanwhile *Armida* chanc'd a vale to find 825
 That seem'd for dire despair and death design'd :
 Well-pleas'd herself she saw by fate convey'd
 To end her woes in such a grateful shade.
 There, 'lighting from her steed, she laid aside
 Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride. 830
 Unfaithful arms ! (she cries) essay'd in vain,
 Return'd unbath'd from such a sanguine plain ;
 Here bury'd lie, and prove the field no more,
 Since you so ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.
 If vainly thus at other hearts you fly, 835
 Dare you a female's tender bosom try ?
 Here—enter mine, that naked meets the blow ;
 Here raise your trophies, here your triumphs show !
 Love knows how well this breast admits the dart ;
 Love that so deep has pierc'd my tender heart ! 840
 Unblest *Armida* ! what is now thy fate,
 When this alone can cure thy wretched slate ?
 The weapon's point must heal the wound of Love,
 And friendly Death my heart's physician prove.
 Fond Love, farewell !—but come, thou fell Disdain !
 For ever partner with my ghost remain ; 846
 Together let us rise from realms below,
 To haunt th' ungrateful author of my woe ;
 To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,
 And fill with horror ev'ry sleepless night ! 850
 She ceas'd ; and, fix'd her mournful life to close,
 The sharpest arrow from her quiver chose :
 When lo ! *Rinaldo* came and saw the fair
 So near the dreadful period of despair :

Already

Already now her frantic hand she rear'd, 855
 And death already in her looks appear'd :
 He rush'd behind her, and restrain'd the dart ;
 The fatal point just bent against her heart.

Armida turn'd, and strait the knight beheld,
 (Unheard he came, and sudden stood reveal'd) 860
 Surpriz'd she sees, and, shrieking with affright,
 From his lov'd face averts her angry sight :
 She faints ! she sinks ! — as falls a tender flow'r,
 Whose feeble stem supports the head no more :
 His arms he threw around her lovely waist, 865
 Her weight supported, and her zone unbrac'd ;
 While, gently bending o'er the fair distress'd,
 His sorrows bath'd her face and tender breast.
 As wet with pearly drops of morning dews,
 The drooping rose her wonted grace renew's : 870
 So she, recov'ring soon, her visage rears,
 All moist and trickling with her lover's tears.
 And thrice she rais'd her eyes the youth to view,
 Thrice from his face her sight averse withdrew.
 Oft from the strict embrace in vain she strove, 875
 With languid hand, his stronger arm to move :
 The pitying warrior still his grasp retain'd,
 And closer to his breast the damsel strain'd.
 At length, as thus in dear restraint she lay,
 Her words with gushing torrents found their way : 880
 Yet still on earth she bent her steadfast look,
 Nor dar'd to meet his glance while thus she spoke.

O cruel ! when thou left'st me first to mourn !
 And O ! as cruel now in thy return !

Why

B. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 241

Why wouldst thou then thy fruitless cares employ 885

To save a life thy perjuries destroy ?

Say, to what future wrongs, what future shame,

What woes unknown is doom'd *Armida*'s name ?

Full well thy wily purpose I descry —

But she can little dare, who dares not die. 892

One triumph still to grace thy pomp remains ;

A hapless Princess bound in captive chains ;

At first betray'd, then made by force thy prize :

From acts like these thy mighty glories rise !

Once life and happiness 'twas thine to give ; 895

Now death alone my suff'rings can relieve !

But not from thee this blessing I demand ;

All gifts are hateful from *Rinaldo*'s hand !

Yet, cruel as thou art, myself can find

Some friendly way t'elude the ills design'd : 903

If to a helpless wretch in bondage ty'd,

Are pois'nous drugs and piercing steel deny'd ;

Yet (thanks to Heav'n !) a path remains to death ;

Thou shalt not long detain this hated breath :

Cease then thy soothing arts, thy feints give o'er,

And move my soul with flatt'ring hopes no more. 906

Thus mournful she ; while love and anger drew

Fast from her beauteous eyes the briny dew.

He, touch'd with pity, melts with equal woe,

And, mix'd with hers, his kindly sorrows flow. 910

At length with tender words he thus reply'd :

Armida ! lay thy doubts, thy fears aside :

Live — not to suffer shame, to empire live ;

In me thy champion, not thy foe receive.

242 JERUSALEM DELIVERED. B.XX.

Behold these eyes, if still thou doubt'st my zeal, 915
 Let these, the truth of what I speak, reveal.

I swear to place thee on thy regal throne,
 The seat of splendor where thy fathers shone.
 O ! would to Heav'n ! the rays of truth as well
 Might from thy mind the *Pagan* mist dispel, 920
 As I shall raise thee to so high a state,
 No eastern dame shall match thy glorious fate.

He spoke ; and speaking, sought her breast to move
 With sighs and tears, the eloquence of love !
 'Till, like the melting flakes of mountain-snow, 925
 Where shines the sun, or tepid breezes blow ;
 Her anger, late so fierce, dissolves away,
 And gentle passions bear a milder sway.

Ah me ! I yield ! (the soften'd Fair replies)
 Still on thy faith my easy heart relies ! 930
 'Tis thine at will to guide my future way,
 And, what thou bid'st, *Armida* must obey !

Thus they. Meanwhile th' *Egyptian* Chief beheld
 His regal standard cast upon the field,
 And *Rimedon* all breathless press the plain, 935
 By one fierce stroke from mighty *Godfrey* slain.
 Or kill'd, or routed, all his troops appear,
 Yet, to the last, he scorns ignoble fear ;
 And seeks, what now his hopes alone demand,
 A death illustrious from a noble hand. 940

He spurs his steed, and swift on *Godfrey* flies ;
 No greater foe amid the plain he spies :
 Fierce as he thunders thro' the ranks of war,
 He shews the last brave tokens of despair :

Then

B. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 243

Then to the Chief he rais'd his voice on high : 945
I come by thee in glorious strife to die !
'Tis death I seek — but ere I yield to fate,
I trust to crush thee with my sinking weight !

Thus he: At once they rush to meet the fight:
At once, on either side, their swords alight. 950
The *Pagan's* steel the *Christian's* buckler cleaves ;
His hand, disarm'd, the sudden wound receives.
From *Godfrey* next descends a mightier blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe :
Half back he fell, and while to rise he strove, 955
Deep in his groin the *Frank* his faulchion drove.

Now *Emirenes* dead, but few remain
Of all the numbers of th' *Egyptian* train :
While *Godfrey* these from place to place pursu'd,
Brave *Altamorus* on the field he view'd, 960
Who 'midst his foes th' unequal fight maintain'd,
Alone, on foot, with hostile blood distain'd :
With broken sword and shield the King appears,
And close surrounded with a hundred spears.

Then to his wariors pious *Godfrey* cry'd : 965
Forbear my friends ! and lay your arms aside :
And thou, O Chief ! no more contest the field ;
Forego thy weapons, and to *Godfrey* yield.

He said; and he, who 'till that fatal hour,
Ne'er bow'd his lofty soul to human pow'r, 970
Soon as the great, the glorious name he heard,
(A sound from *Lybia* to the pole rever'd)
At once resign'd his sword to *Godfrey*'s hands :
I yield ! (he cry'd) nor less thy worth demands.

Thy triumph gain'd o'er *Altamorus'* name,
Is crown'd no less with riches than with fame.
My kingdom with its gold, my pious wife
With jewels, shall redeem my forfeit life.

975

Heav'n has not giv'n me (thus the Chief replies)
A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize :
Still keep whate'er is thine from *India's* shore,
And still in peace enjoy thy *Perſian* store :
No price for life, no ransom I demand,
I war, but traffic not in *Asia's* land.

989

He ceas'd ; and with his guards the Monarch plac'd,
Then from the field the scatter'd remnants chac'd : 986
These to the trench in vain their flight pursue ;
Insatiate Death o'ertakes the trembling crew :
Gigantic slaughter stalks on ev'ry side,
And swells from tent to tent the dreadful tide : 990
Helms, crests, and radiant shields are purpled o'er,
And costly trappings drop with human gore !

Thus conquer'd *Godfrey* ; and as yet the day
Gave from the western waves the parting ray :
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode, 995
The domes where *CHRIST* had made his blest abode :
In sanguine vest, with all his princely train,
The Chief of Chiefs then sought the sacred fane ;
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms display'd,
And there to Heav'n his vow'd devotion paid. 1000

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH AND LAST BOOK.



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— saves *Rambaldo* by a thick darkness ib. 325.

— takes *Tancred* prisoner ib. 333.

— conveys the Knights, who accompanied her, into her castle x. 436.

— prepares a banquet for them ib. 459.

— turns them into fishes ib. 471.

— restores them to their shape ib. 487.

— threatens them with her vengeance, unless they join their arms to the *Pagans* ib. 491.

— keeps the rest prisoners ib. 504.

— sends them to be presented to the King of *Egypt*, and they are released in the way by *Rinaldo* ib. 509.

— her vexation at the news xiv. 379.

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